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The October American Magazine

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beginning

War Drums

by Herbert Ravenel Sass

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TEETH *can* be whitened amazingly—with no more effort or attention than you now give. Two things only are necessary. One: a *modern* brush designed to *polish* your teeth each time you use it. Two: the simple but *correct* method of using this brush.

More than 14 million people daily use Dr. West's Tooth Brushes. *Because this modern brush was specially designed to polish the teeth* —every part of every tooth.

It perfectly fits the inside curve of the teeth. Reaches *behind* teeth farthest back. Wide-spaced tufts sweep clean every crevice between teeth (where decay starts). Special bristles (of premium *quality* and premium cost) always remain *erect*.

And only the *tips* of bristles can polish—or even clean.

* * *

With white, polished teeth your smile cannot lack attractiveness. With dingy, discolored teeth—well, it's better *not* to smile.

Your teeth will whiten quickly if you use Dr. West's brush two minutes each morning, and two each night. *Brush always away from the gums.* Use any good dentifrice; your Dr. West's does the polishing.

Making Others Say "Yes" instead of "No"

Favorable first impression is the most important factor within your control in winning others to your aims. And two-thirds of favorable first impression is an attractive smile—*made* attractive by white gleaming teeth. You like to do business with men you like; whose personal standards are as high as your own. *All* successful men hold this view.

GET one today. At any drug-store: Adult's size, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; special Gum Massage Brush, 75c. Quickly you will see the difference.

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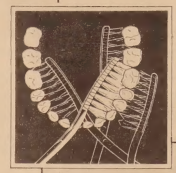
NEVER TRY to wear out your Dr. West's brush. Very durable, it may *look* all right, may *seem* serviceable, *after use has impaired the amazing polishing quality.* If your present brush has been in use for 90 days, better get a new one. Or if bristles soften, lose resilience, immediately when wet. Or when spaces between tufts begin to show bent-over bristles. It costs so little to get a new Dr. West's—and be *sure.*



NOTE THE DIFFERENCES between Dr. West's and all other brushes. It perfectly fits inside curve of teeth. Sweeps clean all crevices between teeth. Tips of special bristles firmly contact every curve, every surface, every tooth.

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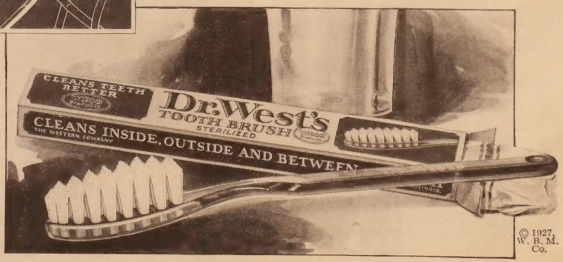

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The American Magazine

Contents for October, 1927

Merle Crowell, *Editor*
James C. Derieux, *Managing Editor*

IT WAS a hard winter. Early in December the lake at the foot of the long hill froze over. We farmers "bushed" it, so that we could find our way to the village in our pungs when the snows were driving from the gaunt north. And the very next day came the first blizzard! ¶ What a winter! Snow! snow! Drifts over the shed roof and up to the eaves of the house. Breaking roads all the time. Barnyards so full that we could hardly get the cows out to the watering troughs. At night the wind hurled new and old snow against the frosted panes of my window in the unfinished attic. By February I was more bored than a farm boy has any right to be. ¶ And then, one day, a neighbor lent me a new book, "When Knighthood Was in Flower." It was the first yarn of its kind I had ever read. And how I thrilled to it! Over and over again I trailed those gallant adventurers. And I blessed Charles Major as I shivered through my prayers. ¶ That winter came back to me while I was reading the manuscript of Herbert Ravenel Sass's romance, "War Drums." What a story! Action, suspense, glamour! Many years have passed since I read my first historical romance. But none has stirred me more than this smashing tale from Sass. . . . It starts on page 7.—THE EDITOR.

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The glory of green valleys, the splendor

THE rolling uplands of a continental plateau have always held a charm that grips the imagination of men. There is a special quality in the splendor of Montana's plains where a man, riding in buffalo grass, may lift up his eyes to the clean hills from which life-giving waters flow.

The thunder of great rivers carving their channels through the rich soil of prairie and bench land, wine-clear atmosphere that sets the blood tingling, lofty canopy of blue sky, green of spring wheat and gold of the harvest, great herds of white-faced Herefords moving down to water, flowing flocks of sheep upon the hillsides, the sparkle of modern towns born in the Twentieth Century—such things contribute to the fascination of this glorious region where there is still elbow room, and a man can grow!

Montana, containing within its borders a greater number of national parks than any other state, possesses in addition tremendous agricultural and industrial resources and potentialities. The great industrial region centers in the mineral-rich mountains. Agricultural Montana sweeps out upon the plains and up the sheltered valleys.

LOCATION: Midway between eastern and western markets, which absorb all Montana can produce. Three-fifths of area lies east of the Rockies; two-fifths west. Altitude less than 2000 feet in the east, sloping up to over 10,000 feet.

CLIMATE: Montana covers a vast and varied region, and localized reports of temperatures are misleading. With an altitude lower by several thousand feet than the average of the Rocky Mountain States, its climate is considerably milder. Cattle range in the open all year round; Snow coverage is the same as New York. The atmosphere is dry, sunny, bracing. There are more open days for farming in Montana than in most agricultural states.

CROPS: With scarcely a third of its agricultural land developed, Montana ranks second in the United States in spring wheat production. First over a period of sixteen years in the average yield per acre of oats, hay, potatoes; second in winter wheat and spring wheat; third in barley and rye; seventh in flax; and already *eleventh in corn*.

LIVESTOCK: Cattle for market sell annually for over $19,000,000; sheep, $14,500,000.

DAIRYING: Diversification is rapidly following the production of corn. Dairy products, poultry, honey produce annually about $18,000,000.

Pioneer of the twentieth century

Like Rhodesia—the upland province of South Africa to which Cecil Rhodes drew the cream of the British Empire in order to dominate a vast nation in the making—Montana looks down from its fertile terraces and treasure mountains out upon the United States. Vast and prodigal, it does not yet know its own strength, though destiny has obviously marked it as the storehouse of all the great Northwest. Beautiful, rich, young, it is hard to believe this magnificent region is still pioneer country and that living men remember the war cries of the Sioux.

SHORTEST AND MOST MODERN ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC AND FAR EAST

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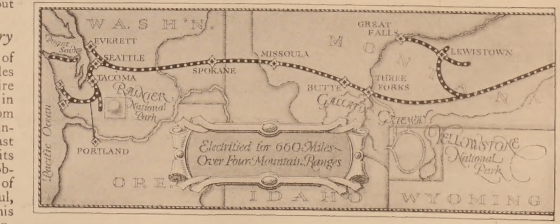

The recognized route between Chicago, Milwaukee and Twin Cities.

of fertile plains—MONTANA!

The railroad brings Montana near

UNTIL quite recent times the lack of adequate transport facilities raised a very great obstacle to the development of Montana. Rich in all resources necessary for the growth of a commonwealth of the first class, it suffered from remoteness. That obstacle has been leveled!

The main trunk line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul runs from end to end of southern Montana, with branch lines and feeders reaching north and south into the most productive districts —agriculturally and industrially.

The Milwaukee Road serves a vast region of which Montana is an integral part. Over 11,000 miles long, it runs from Chicago to Kansas City, Omaha, Des Moines, Sioux City; to Milwaukee and the upper Michigan Peninsula; to Twin Cities and Duluth; and westward to the Black Hills; to Butte, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Olympics and the Pacific.

Six hundred and sixty miles of the line from Harlowton, Montana, to shipside on Puget Sound, *are electrified.*

The latest scientific development in railroading is the use of roller bearings. This revolutionizing equipment on passenger cars is being used *for the first time on any railroad* by the Milwaukee. It results in a tremendous increase in efficiency and comfort.

Where East meets West

Take the trip to the Coast by the *Olympian* or *Columbian* if you wish to enjoy a startling and thrilling experience. On these world-famous limiteds you may travel through the most diversified and beautiful scenery in America, from the calm lovely reaches of the upper Mississippi to the towering heights of Rainier National Park and the glories of Puget Sound. The shortest route to the Sea and the nearest point to the Far East!

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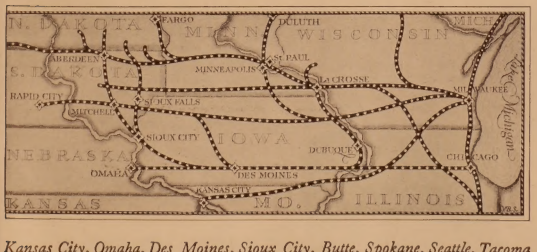

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A short story with a long moral

HERE was Polly in Joyce's gay guest room, taking a mysterious box out of her traveling case. She began to remove its contents—three skin lotions, two kinds of beauty soap, a morning cream, a night cream, a cleansing cream, a vanishing cream—

"Is that *all?*" laughed Joyce in amazement.

"Don't laugh, darling—this beauty outfit cost me fifty dollars and I spend an hour and a half a day with it. But I'm going to have your kind of complexion or die in the attempt."

"But Polly! *I just use Guest Ivory and cold cream.*"

We don't know exactly what Polly did with her traveling beauty parlor—but we know what she did with her complexion, which is more important.

For a month she followed Joyce's simple method:

Twice each day (oftener if necessary) she washes her face with a soft cloth, Guest Ivory and warm water. In the morning, this refreshes and revives her skin. In the evening it removes all dust, oil and make-up. One rinsing in warm water, another in cold; a thorough drying and a gentle massaging with pure cold cream, which she wipes off before going to bed—these finish the cleansing process perfectly.

Polly is now convinced that this perfect cleansing gives her skin all the care it needs. Her complexion is clear and smooth. And she loves the dainty little white cakes of pure Guest Ivory, with their carefully rounded edges and charming blue wrappers, for which she pays the extravagant price of five cents each.

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For the face and hands
As fine as soap can be

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
October, 1927
More Than 2,200,000 Circulation

Beginning

War Drums

A stirring romance of the early American wilderness

By HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

"What are you, boy?" Almayne demanded fiercely. "Are you Lachlan McDonald of Talasé, Prince of the Muskogee Confederacy? Or are you Lachlan McDonald, Gentleman, of Charles Town, with time to waste on every pretty girl who crosses your path?"

TWO songs floated over a garden wall—the song of a bird and the song of a woman. Lachlan McDonald stopped in the lane outside and listened; and for as much as a minute the woman's song went unheeded and he was aware only of the song of the bird.

It was the first sanguilla of the spring, and in an instant its music caught him up and whirled him far from Charles Town, which for five years had been his home. For a little while his thoughts lingered in a distant green country where, long ago, he had first heard the sanguillas sing. Then the woman's voice, richer and sweeter even than that of the black and russet oriole, brought him reluctantly back to the narrow street where he stood beside a high-walled garden.

Slowly that voice won its way into his consciousness. He had listened to the Muskogee girls, daughters of the Wind and of the White Deer, singing in the moonlight beside the clear, rippling waters of Talasé; but they had not sung as this woman was singing. He was aware suddenly that there was a kinship between the woman's song and that of the sanguilla, that somehow this singing woman had caught the very spirit of the singing bird. Yet he was aware too, that while the bird's song was wholly joyous, in the woman's there was a note of yearning and of sadness.

The rich tones stirred him strangely. It was dusk of an April evening, and the air was heavy with the breath of wild blossoms. There must have been some strange prophetic magic in that moment. Somehow Lachlan McDonald knew that he stood at the threshold of a rare adventure.

His black eyes shone with an intenser light, his keen, dark face relaxed in a smile.

"Lady of the divine voice," he murmured, "the Lady Sanguilla, till I know your name: I think—"

ILLUSTRATED BY
STOCKTON MULFORD

A new sound startled him into silence. The song ceased in a little frightened cry. Lachlan heard a man's voice spit forth an oath, then in a moment heard the rasp of swords. Almost at once a deeper voice cried out an exclamation of triumph. There came another cry from the woman—a short, loud cry of terror; and Lachlan, crouching an instant like a poised panther, leaped upward with outstretched hands, and drew his spare, supple body to the top of the wall.

What he saw sent the blood leaping in his veins. It seemed to him that this shadowy garden was a stage set for the fulfilment of his dreams. Of late in those dreams two men had figured often; and now before him he saw those two—a slim, periwigged dandy, recently arrived from London, whom he had seen that morning mincing along the street toward the Governor's Mansion; and the tall, arrogant sea-wanderer, Captain Lance Falcon, whose brig, the "Good Fortune," lay in Charles Town harbor and of whose exploits on many seas and in many lands strange tales were told in the water-front taverns. There was one other also—a woman, slim, graceful, richly dressed in filmy white.

At a glance Lachlan knew what had happened. The gallant from London lay upon his face in the grass, and close to his hand lay his slender sword. Ten paces from him, erect, aloof, insolent even in its stillness and silence, loomed Falcon's powerful form. Plainly, the foppish Londoner had gone down at the first onset; yet Lachlan could detect no blood on Falcon's blade.

FOR a fraction of a second Lachlan's eyes scanned the steel for a telltale sign; then the slight figure of the girl, moving forward slowly as though in a daze, fixed his attention. He watched her stoop beside the prostrate man and bend low above him; and as she bowed her head Lachlan dropped lightly to the ground within the garden.

A low hedge of evergreen cassena skirted the wall, forming an admirable screen. His footfalls made no sound as he ran swiftly parallel with the wall, bending forward to keep his head below the level of the young cassenas. Only a man trained in the woods could have stolen so silently through the clump of stiff-leafed canes close behind Captain Lance Falcon. When Lachlan leaped from the cover of the canes, he leaped upon an antagonist to whose ears no faintest warning had come.

Yet almost at once Lachlan knew that all the skill of his approach had not assured him the victory. His onset all but hurled Falcon to the ground; his long, sinewy arms pinioned those of his opponent; but the surge and heave of that wide-shouldered, long-muscled frame brought instant revelation of such strength as Lachlan had never before encountered.

Lachlan was strong as the catamount is strong; but the tall man with whom he grappled—older, bulkier, heavier—seemed as strong as a mountain bear. The struggle was short. Presently Lachlan was reeling backward toward the cane thicket, hurled thither by a mighty heave of his foeman's arms as Falcon tore himself free.

Panting, disheveled, bleeding from a scratch on his forehead, Lachlan steadied himself at the thicket's edge and stood there, half-dazed, awaiting the onslaught that must come. Falcon, his sun-tanned face a flaming red, his teeth gleaming under his thick brown mustache, ran to the spot where his sword had fallen. Snatching up the weapon, he started furiously forward. But the woman, rising quickly from beside the fallen man, gripped his arm.

He halted and stood breathing hard, while she spoke rapidly, peremptorily, in tones so low that Lachlan could distinguish only a few disconnected words. At last Falcon nodded and answered her briefly in a deep voice which had in it the rumble

When Lachlan leaped from the cover of the canes, he leaped upon an antagonist to whose ears no faintest warning had come

of thunder or the surf. Deliberately he raised her hand to his lips and kissed it, despite her effort to draw it away. Then, without another glance at Lachlan, he strode off along a winding pathway of the garden.

Lachlan watched him go; then turned to face a worse ordeal

than his struggle with Lance Falcon. He knew that, acting upon a sudden inexplicable impulse, he had done an amazingly foolish thing. He had hoped—he did not know why—to play the hero before this girl; but now he stood before her, beaten, outdone, humbled. He saw, or thought he saw, scorn and anger in her eyes as she began to speak. Yet chance gave him a brief respite. The man lying on the grass behind her moaned, stirred, and almost instantly sat upright, looking about him with blinking, uncomprehending eyes. She paused to address him.

"YOU are not hurt, Richard," she said, and it seemed to Lachlan that her tone was not only faintly contemptuous but that there was in it also a strange despairing bitterness.

She turned to Lachlan where he stood against the canebrake, still panting a little but clear-brained now and ready for what would come.

"And you, sir," she said coldly, her head high, her large eyes narrowed; "perhaps you will be so good as to make known to me who you are, and why you take it upon yourself to assault my—my friend (she hesitated a little at the word) here in my garden."

Mr. Francis O'Sullivan, the expatriate Irishman who had schooled Lachlan McDonald in manners and in fencing (both verbal and with the rapier), to say nothing of history and the arts, would have been proud of his pupil at that moment. There was a deep purpose in Lachlan's answer, and that purpose his answer was most skillfully designed to achieve.

He bowed courteously, yet with a certain stiffness. "Mam'selle," he said, "with pleasure I do your bidding. My name is Lachlan McDonald, and I am a Scotchman, a Frenchman, and an Indian, a Prince of the Muskogee Nation, I am a Chief of the Family of Wind. I entered your garden because I heard a clash of swords and saw you bending over a fallen man. I regret, Mam'selle, that my interference was untimely, and I have the honor to bid you good evening."

He bowed again and, stepping swiftly backward, was lost in the gloom of the canes.

The shadowy garden, more shadowy than ever now as the dusk deepened, lay around him like the impalpable landscape of a dream. From the outer edge of the cane thicket Lachlan passed noiselessly amid clumps of myrtles toward the high wall looming beyond. Leaping upward, he clutched the lowest branch of a young sycamore and swung himself to the top of the wall.

The narrow, unlighted lane outside was empty. He perched comfortably on the wall, his knees drawn up under his chin, his lean, brown hands clasped about his ankles. For some minutes he sat silent and motionless, his eyes narrowed, his forehead wrinkled in a frown. At last his straight lips moved.

"Now here," he said to himself, "is Mystery!"

Shifting his position slightly, he looked up at the moon just rising above the trees. Presently his brow relaxed and he smiled, a smile of boyish, reckless abandon which obliterated in an instant the accustomed gravity of his thin, sharply-chiseled face.

"I fought badly," he muttered, stroking his chin with his hand, "but, i' faith, I think I talked surpassing well."

A murmur of voices checked him. He sat bolt upright on the wall, listening; and in a moment he made sure that the voices were those of the lady and the young gallant whom she had called Richard.

The two came on slowly. Tall hawthorns and roses of Sharon hid them from him so that only once could he catch a gleam of her white gown in the moonlight; but presently they were so near that he could hear every word. It was the girl who was speaking, and Lachlan's eyes brightened as he listened.

"A PRINCE of the Muskogee Nation," she said, "and a Chief of the Family of the Wind. Lord! Lord! Here is the very soul and essence of romance. A handsome boy too, and a fearless one. He fought a better fight than you did, Richard, against that ruffian."

"Odds my soul, Jolie!" Richard answered. "I was blind with rage, I think. I had told the scoundrel that if he came again when I was with you I would run him through;

and when, in the midst of your song, I looked up and saw him standing there with his supercilious, sneering smile, I rushed him instantly. Alas, my little bodkin was not meant to parry a rapier."

She laughed. But in the middle the laugh broke, became almost a sob.

"Oh, Richard! Richard!" she cried. "I am in terror—terror of the shame that may come. Falcon grows importunate. And I am losing hope of finding Gilbert. . . ."

They had passed around a bend of the path. Lachlan heard their voices no more and presently a door slammed shut beyond the shrubbery. He jumped lightly down into the street and set off eastward at a brisk pace.

His course took him toward the waterfront of the town. The narrow lane beside the garden wall was deserted; but when he reached the wide thoroughfare fronting the wharves he found it even more crowded and more lively than usual. Two ships from England had come into harbor that day, and in the late afternoon a large pack train had arrived from the mountain country of the Cherokees. Sailors and packhorse drivers, relieved at last from the long tedium of the empty sea and the weary miles of forest path, would own the town that night. Those of the townsfolk who disliked brawls would keep to the quieter streets or retire discreetly within doors; and there would be work for the men of the watch before morning—work, and perhaps some broken heads.

ORDINARILY, Lachlan would have considered this prospect with a little thrill of joyful excitement. But on this evening other matters engaged his thoughts, and he walked on with knit brows, careless of the strange faces that he saw on every hand.

They were, most of them, the faces of sailors and packhorse men, with now and then the stern, impassive face of an Indian or the lean, weatherbeaten face of some buckskin-clad hunter. A few of the latter Lachlan knew; and twice, as he passed an Indian, an almost imperceptible signal of recognition and of greeting flashed between him and the red man. But he stopped to talk with no one amid the groups that he passed strolling along the street or loitering about lighted doorways, until suddenly his way was barred by a stream of men issuing pell-mell from a tavern in front of him.

As they poured out of the doorway, they blocked the path along the street, and Lachlan halted perforce. They were packhorse men, he noted at a glance, wearing the fantastic half-Indian livery of their profession. He saw, too, that some of them had been roughly handled in the house which they had just vacated, that the jackets of two or three of them were torn, and that one—a hulking, scowling youth in a yellow jerkin—nursed an ugly cut on his forehead.

This one, as soon as he had gained the open street, seemed smitten with new courage. He yelled to his comrades to stop, and they rallied 'round him, muttering, cursing, and flourishing their fists, some few of which held long, glittering, evil-looking knives.

Lachlan stood nearer the door than any of the others, and he heard before they did the sound of footfalls just beyond the threshold. At once he jumped back into the dark shadows under the wall of the house; and next moment he saw a tall man standing in the doorway, a man whose face and form he was likely to remember. His lips tightened as he recognized Captain Lance Falcon.

FOR a moment Falcon stood motionless. His handsome, full-blooded face was flushed; his thick, red-brown hair was disheveled; his buff jacket was twisted awry and open under its showy blue sash.

Lachlan read the letter twice, whistled softly, and smiled, his black eyes shining

"So!" he shouted, "you're waiting for me, are you? You want some more o' the same medicine? Aye, aye, you scum, you shall have it!"

The big packhorse driver in the yellow jerkin—he with the bloody forehead—had a knife. He held his ground; but his comrades, less angry and less earnest than their leader, fell back. The street was in a hubbub now, and the man with the knife, confused by the clamor of the swelling crowd behind him, waited too long to strike. His wrist was caught in an iron grip and the knife was wrenched from him. Next moment Falcon had him by the collar, shaking him. The crowd roared and laughed its approval; and, after a little, Falcon thrust the man from him, turned his back, stalked slowly away, reëntered the house and slammed the door after him.

Lachlan, still standing in the shadows apart from the throng, heard a quiet chuckle close to his ear. He turned to face a tall, thin man, white-haired and white-mustached, brown almost as an Indian, and clad in the buckskins of a hunter. Lachlan's eyes lit with pleasure.

"Almayne!" he exclaimed. "The very man! I've been looking for you."

"You'd have found me sooner, boy," the hunter replied, "if you had not been in so huge a hurry. I've trailed you the length of the street. What think you of our gamecock yonder?" and he jerked his head toward the doorway where Falcon had just disappeared.

Lachlan hooked his arm through the other's elbow.

"I would talk with you, Almayne," he said, "about that same gamecock and about certain other more peaceable birds—to wit, a singing sanguilla and a bright-plumaged popinjay from London. Come, let's be going. Jem Marshall's inn is a quiet place, and you like his ale."

"OF THE three," said Almayne, when his second mug of ale was half gone and Lachlan had told as much—and as little—as was necessary in order to gain the information that he sought, "I take it that the sanguilla is of first importance. The gamecock and the popinjay are interesting only because they happened to be in the sanguilla's garden?"

Lachlan nodded, smiling.

Almayne eyed him sharply, then frowned.

"And why do you come to me for knowledge of these matters?" he asked. "I am a man of the woods. I know the savannahs of the Santee and the peaks of the Blue Mountains better than your Charles Town streets."

Lachlan smiled again, more broadly.

"So you like to pretend, old war horse," he said; "but I know you as well as you know those blue overhills of the Cherokees. The gossip of Charles Town is not beneath your notice; and for three months you've been idling here with nothing to do but use your ears. I'll warrant you've used them well."

"While you," grumbled Almayne, "have been idling in Willtown."

The next moment Lachlan saw a tall man standing in the doorway, a man whose face and form he was likely to remember. His lips tightened as he recognized Captain Lance Falcon

Lachlan laughed.

"Behold the proof of my statement," he cried. "Your ears have even caught gossip about my humble self. Now this girl of the garden—this Lady Sanguilla, as I have named her. Who is she? Whence came she? Who is this Gilbert she is seeking? What is she doing in old Stanwicke's garden, where a petticoat was never seen before?"

"She is Lord Stanwicke's daughter," said Almayne quietly.

"His daughter! I did not know that he had a daughter."

"That is not strange," the hunter muttered, and buried his face in his cup.

"Your tongue's lazy, Almayne," said Lachlan, impatiently. "I'll liven it if it takes a hogshead of Marshall's ale!" He gave an order to the black boy in attendance. "Now, what of this mysterious daughter of old Stanwicke, who calls himself a lord? Has he kept her hidden all these years in some dungeon of Stanwicke Hall?"

"He has kept her in England," Almayne answered slowly, "with her mother's kinsfolk there. It is her first taste of this raw New World. She arrived on the ship 'Queen Bess' in (*Continued on page 67*)

I Have Made A Million Dollars But I Haven't Got A Cent

By William C. Freeman

WHILE it is embarrassing, yes, humiliating, publicly to confess to an outstanding fault that has made a good deal of a mess of my life to-day, nevertheless I have decided to make this confession for the good it may do.

I am going to make a clean breast of how I let slip through my fingers all the money I have earned thus far in my lifetime, which approximates one million dollars. This amount I made through my work in the field of advertising, except a few thousand dollars I earned up to twenty-five years of age by teaching in country schools and by writing news letters to some country weeklies and daily newspapers.

Maybe one lone million does not seem a lot of money in these days of many millions and even billions; but it is a big sum of money, just the same. If there are any who think to the contrary, let them count a million. I tried to figure out the other night how long it would take to do so. I found I could count an average of one hundred a minute. On this basis it would take me twenty days of eight hours each, plus six hours and forty minutes on the twenty-first day to do the stint. I doubt very much if you or I were given an assignment to count one million one-dollar bills, upon the promise that all of them would be ours at the end of that time, that we could complete it. It would probably drive us mad—and a lot of use the money would be to us then, wouldn't it?

Let me say at the outset of my story that I do not regret, not for one minute, that I spent ninety per cent of the money I made. To wish any of this ninety per cent back at this time would make me feel that I would have denied much happiness to my family and to many others.

My only regret is that I spent *all* of my money, and more besides. If I had to-day the ten per cent I could have saved easily, I would have one hundred thousand dollars safely invested, and no debts. If I had this money I would feel really and truly that I was rich; and I mean just this, for I have never had a desire to accumulate money for money's sake.

Those school-teaching and newspaper-correspondence days of mine brought some cares and responsibilities, but they were met optimistically.

I married at the age of twenty-one, with the full approval of parents on both sides, who believed thoroughly in the doctrine preached by Henry Ward Beecher, that "early marriages are virtuous marriages."

Just one month and one day after I was married my father met a tragic death. He was suffocated by coal gas. Having been an educator all his life—and one of the best—he had not accumulated any money.

When he passed out of our family circle it was up to all of us to pull together and get along somehow, which we did.

Apart from the void left in our home by my father's death (my wife and I and my mother and only sister lived together), we had a joyful life, despite the fact that it was a tight squeeze to make ends meet.

My mother, who was exceptionally talented and resourceful (she had taught school with my father until I was born), decided to open our home to a married couple, old friends of the family. They came to live with us and their board helped to pay expenses. My mother was known far and wide for the wonderful meals she served. Later on, two well-to-do women friends of the family were taken into our home; thus increasing our revenue.

My sister helped very substantially by teaching a kindergarten class, which met in the big living-room of our home; my wife contributed her share to the household by taking charge of the sewing and mending.

Those were very happy days. Nobody in the household was extravagant or had any extravagant tendencies except perhaps myself, for I was always inclined to be free with money. I liked to make gifts to the family and to entertain friends.

WHEN the first baby came into our home—a boy—we all thought heaven had opened its doors to us. My wife's parents, who took the keenest and deepest interest in our affairs, and who were always ready to lend a helping hand, were equally happy over the coming of their first grandchild. My brother-in-law, much older than my wife, and a bachelor, could not understand at first the joy we all felt; but even he began to strut around like a proud peacock after a while. What a difference a baby makes in a home!

I am injecting these details into my story merely to emphasize how the early days of my life were lived. I had no opportunity to spend much money, and yet I had as much happiness in those days as I have ever had since.

The strange thing about it all is that the experience of those days did not teach me the value of money. If anybody ever had a practical lesson to guide him in his future, I certainly had it.

But let me tell you how this early experience affected me. The birth of my son inspired me to do something that would make more money than I was getting at teaching school and in writing for newspapers. I did not want my wife, mother, and sister to feel that they would have to continue indefinitely to do their part in sustaining the household. Why should a fellow, big and strong and healthy as I have always been, and with a reasonable amount of ability, be content to remain a spoke in the wheel? Why shouldn't I be the whole wheel, as far as providing for the family was concerned?

Following my desire to make more money, I took on the selling of books in addition to teaching and writing for newspapers. This earned for me quite a little extra money. Finally, I gave up teaching and concentrated on selling books, and writing for newspapers.

MY book-selling took me to Bridgeton, New Jersey. It was here that I got my first real start in making money. I had to be away from home a great deal to do this work, but the sacrifice was worth while. I earned enough money in a few weeks to send more money home than I had contributed to the household in any year from my school-teaching and newspaper correspondence. After combing the territory in the Bridgeton zone, I became interested in a newspaper in that city, the "Morning Star." It seemed to me that the editor and publisher of this paper needed a helper. I called on him and told him so. He said, "Heavens, young man, how can I hire you? I am not earning enough money to pay for my own living!"

"That's just it," said I. "I believe together we can make the 'Star' a success. I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll work for you for one week for one dollar a day. At the end of the week, if I have made good, I'll expect you to pay me three dollars a day for the second week; and then, if I continue to do well, I'll expect you to pay me six dollars a day for the third week, and will continue from then on until the paper makes enough money to pay me fifty dollars a week."

The owner agreed to my proposition. At the end of two months, I was being paid fifty dollars a week, which in those days was considered a big salary. I began to feel that I was well on my way toward making money—but all I wanted it for was to make my family more comfortable. Fifty dollars a week was just four times as much as I had made teaching school.

My job on the "Star" embraced editorial writing (not very brilliant), reporting (just ordinary), the writing and selling of advertisements (fairly successful), proof reading, bill collecting, and so forth. It kept me humping six days a week; but I could stand it, for I was strong and healthy, and, besides, the work was very interesting. I also contributed correspondence to the New York "Sun," Philadelphia "Record," and the Trenton (N. J.) "Times," which brought me in an

average of one hundred and fifty dollars a month, for this was a good news territory.

I learned a lesson on the "Star" which eventually shaped the course of my life. I found out that there is a great deal more money to be earned by selling advertising for newspapers than in writing for them. Advertising brings grist to the mill.

I put over one advertising stunt on the "Star"—a write-up of the south Jersey oyster industry, paid for by the oyster men—that brought in three thousand dollars cash, which the publisher divided with me fifty-fifty. I had never seen so much money at one time in all my life. Think of it! Fifteen hundred dollars—twenty-five per cent more than I had made in two years of school-teaching and odd tasks.

Did I save this money or any part of it? I did not. What was the use? I could do so much with it to make my wife, boy, mother, and sister happy that I let it go far easier than I had made it.

But would it not have been a fine thing if I had put this money away for a rainy day?

MY WORK in Bridgeton attracted the attention of Sam Hudson, New Jersey correspondent of the Philadelphia "Record," who was a shining example of that type of newspaper men whose greatest pleasure in life is doing things for others.

Sam told me that it was time for me to get located in a big city. He thought I had it in me to make good. He said he would get me a job in Philadelphia. He did, and I moved with my wife and baby to Germantown. I was given charge of the advertising department of the Germantown (Philadelphia) "Gazette," a weekly newspaper.

At the start I did not make as much money as I had earned in Bridgeton, because I had to give up my newspaper correspondence. The news for this section was covered by other correspondents. But very soon I was making twenty-five per cent more money. The "Gazette" increased its size three times to accommodate its advertising, and each time I received a very substantial increase in salary.

In addition to this, I was given a job to gather social news for the Sunday edition of the Philadelphia "Press." Bradford Merrill, managing editor of that newspaper, now a very important New York newspaper executive, assigned me a big territory to cover. This kept me busy every night in the week except Saturdays. I was paid five dollars a column; but I averaged seven columns every Sunday; which made me thirty-five dollars a week extra.

It was more money for me to spend, and I spent it. I did not know anything about budgeting my expenses. I just let it go as it came. I did not have time, or thought I hadn't, to watch my step in spending.

A year later I was invited to join the advertising staff of The Philadelphia "Press," a big opportunity for a young man, for I got wonderful training under the management of William L. McLean, now the owner of the Philadelphia "Evening Bulletin." I still retained my job as gatherer of social news—so my income was just about the same as I had been making in Germantown.

But before long my work attracted the attention of James Elverson, Sr., publisher of the old "Saturday Night" and "Golden Days," who had just purchased The Philadelphia "Inquirer." I was offered and accepted the advertising management of this newspaper.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY D. JAY CULVER

William C. Freeman

THIS meant a big increase in my income. And soon afterward there came a happy increase in my family, the birth of a daughter. Then I was able to do what I had longed to do since the birth of my son. I got the family together again under one roof—my wife and two babies, my mother and sister. At last I was able to relieve my mother of any cares or responsibilities, and never again did she have either as long as she lived. She died in her eighty-first year, twenty-five years after my father's death. I shall never forget her last words to me: "Will, you have never caused me a moment's worry since you were born, and I could not have had more than you have given me had I been the Queen of England."

I was making at this time four times more money than my father had made as superintendent of public schools in my home town of Phillipsburg, New Jersey.

All the money, however, passed out of my pockets as easily as water flows through a sieve. Expenses increased with every increase in my income, which is the habit, I suppose, with most people. There was no sane reason, though, for letting my expenses go beyond my income, which I did. I found myself piling up debts, and from this time on I was never out of debt. I did not worry about my debts, though, for I thought I could pay them off at any time. It never occurred to me—not until fully twenty-five years later—that debt eventually would bring upon me not only great anxiety and unhappiness, but that I would lose friends and credit as well.

But I must pat myself on the back for one thing: I was giving full rein to my big fault—spending money as fast as I made it, often faster; but I never shirked my work. I was always trying to find more things to do, and I always found them. I spent very little time with my family. I would go home to dinner every night and romp with the babies until their bedtime, then I would return to the office and often work (*Continued on page 196*)

How I Tamed My Temper

By J. Frank Davis

She had a business dispute with her boss

I DOUBT that there's a civilized man on earth whose anger is naturally more unruly than mine. I'm equipped with a temper that is literally vicious; a fact which no one ever believes. People remark to my wife about my equable disposition—and she smiles, because she *knows*.

And yet, although we have been married more than twenty-five years, and there isn't a symptom of my wrestlings with the black angel of rage that my wife cannot read as plainly as if it were written in foot-high letters upon a billboard, even she has seen me completely lose my temper only three times. And on two of those occasions I was justified.

On the third, when I had a sudden altercation with a seat-hog on an elevated train, I made an unpleasant exhibition of myself. That, however, was the last time I ever performed in public—and that was sixteen years ago. My last private performance, although somewhat more recent, was one of the two justifiable occasions I have mentioned.

My blood was young and hot when I learned how to handle my besetting sin. My temper was getting pretty well under control before I was twenty-five.

"Well, how did you do it?" people asked me, "tell us the rules for controlling temper."

I adopted two definite rules. One of them, which had to work, if at all, while anger was surging, I broke a good many times; I couldn't help it at first. The other rule I have never broken to this day. These rules I formulated while tossing in bed one night, unable to sleep because of the pain of a black eye, a swollen nose, and a right arm and hand so badly bruised and battered that they were all out of commission for close to a week. It wasn't any regret over a licking that started my reformation, because I hadn't been licked. On the contrary, the other fellow was justified in being thankful at that moment that he was alive. But his survival was no credit to my side of the ledger.

As I tossed about through the long hours of that sleepless night, I saw myself a potential murderer, and solemnly promised myself I would never be *that* again. The only way out was to rule my temper instead of allowing it to rule me.

Heretofore, it always had ruled me. It had conquered me that very day. Over a matter no more important than a hat and a pair of cheap cuff links, I had knelt on an unconscious man and hammered my fists into his face until other men dragged me clear. I summed up plenty of evidence against myself that night. I found myself guilty, and put myself on suspended sentence.

AS a child I had a violent temper. I always said whatever came into my mind to say, and I often threw things, with damage to the surrounding scenery.

Nothing that might possibly cure me was left undone at home. Being city dwellers, we had no woodshed; but there was a cellar, and under the cellar stairs hung a light, limber trunk strap. It was used when patience and forbearance ceased to be an adult virtue, but not too often nor too heavily. And it was never wielded with the slightest evidence of passion. My whippings were always deserved.

Precept and example did not break me of having blind, uncontrollable rages. Punishment, corporal or otherwise, didn't break me, either. I grew up into a moderately reasonable, good-natured young man until something angered me. Then I exploded.

I was not a brawler; the atmosphere of my rearing was calm and peaceful; I had rather fewer fights at school than the average boy. In the years afterward my quarrels were infrequent; but when I had one it was a quarrel to be remembered—usually with bitterness.

He hadn't one friend in the world

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWINA DUMM

There are people, I will admit, for whom a quarrel merely brightens up the corner where they are. They can bicker, and "make up" and bicker again, and be, apparently, none the worse for it afterward. I have known business partners who fought orally like cats and dogs, and still remained friends. But I am not one who, in matters of quarreling, can take it or leave it alone. A quarrel, with me, means an irrevocable breach. Once let my temper cut loose, and I am not the master of my tongue.

And I cannot "make up" afterward. A quarrel in which I have participated remains unhealed. I do not mean that I cannot afterward meet my antagonist, and speak to him, and remain as outwardly courteous as though nothing had happened—although this is sometimes difficult—but we never again can have anything approaching cordial relationship.

I put all this in the present tense, even though,

in my experience, it is far in the past, because I know it would be as true to-day as it ever was, if I allowed myself to quarrel.

When I was in my early twenties I had some words on the street with a rival reporter. Harsh and ungoverned language developed, and he and I never again exchanged a word or a nod.

There were only a few other similar incidents. I am certain that among my acquaintances I did not have the reputation of being either an unreasonable or a quarrelsome person. But the thing that differentiated my quarrels from some other people's disagreements was their quality of finality. Every time I had any falling out with a friend, I had one less friend ever thereafter.

I wasn't proud of this disposition of mine, but I wasn't especially ashamed of it. Vaguely I regretted that I was that way, but that was the way I was. People could "like it or lump it."

I THOUGHT of some of these things that night when I couldn't sleep because my bruises ached. And I ask you to believe that the fact I had been magnificently beaten up in the early moments of that battle had nothing whatever to do with my remorse. What kept coming up into my mind over and over again was what I had done after the fight ought to have been over.

I had won. Battered and bruised, I had finally succeeded in getting through the flailing arms of my antagonist and had thrown him with a wrestling stranglehold—which is almost always barred from professional wrestling matches because it can easily be fatal—and then had got my thumbs on his windpipe and choked him into unconsciousness. I turned him over and was blindly hammering his face with both fists when other young men who had heard the disturbance came in and dragged me to my feet.

The fight had taken place in my room in a rooming-house, where I had found him that Sunday afternoon going through my suit case. There had been petty thieving in the house; I had already lost a hat and a pair of cuff links. This youth, a roomer in the same place, had sympathized with me and said he also had been robbed. But in his surprise at being caught he admitted he was the thief. Then I jumped at him.

He was taller than I and he could box. I never was a boxer at all, but I knew a little about wrestling. I took a fine thrashing, part of it with a heavy cane that he got his hands on at one stage of the fight. He hit me a good many times; I do not think, until I had got him down and choked him, that I had hit him once. Yet, for all the impression it made on me, that artistic beating that he gave me might have been done with the loud-sounding but harmless bladders on a string such as clowns in a pantomime used to wield.

What I thought of that night as I lay in bed wasn't the early part of the struggle, or the justice of my share in it, or the fact that ultimately I had whipped him, but of those blind, red moments when I had him unconscious, and still was pounding him in the face, angry beyond all control, as irresponsible for the moment as any madman.

I remembered a man, a few months before, whose sentence to four years' imprisonment for manslaughter had followed a rooming-house scuffle similar to mine.

To think of myself being stark, irresponsibly, murderously insane, even for a few moments, was not pleasant. Said I to myself, that night, "Never again will I let my temper get the best of me!"

And then I made the two rules. This is the first one:

"When you find yourself losing your temper and about to say something you will probably be sorry for, get out of the room. If you are out of doors, walk around the block. Don't say a word except, 'Excuse me,' to those present! If you do, you'll probably say too much."

Of course I except from this rule the occasions when I or any other man *ought* to get violently angry. One or two such occasions have since come to me, the most outstanding one when a drunken rowdy insulted my wife. Then, properly, nature took its course.

But most quarrels are not over really vital things, at least in their beginning. The occasions are very rare when a man cannot avoid rancorous dispute and at the same time preserve his self-respect. It is seldom indeed that one is the loser in anyone's eyes if, when something is said that angers him, he freezes like an iceberg and instantly drifts away.

I HAVE departed temporarily from many a group with an abruptness that sometimes must have seemed to be bordering upon discourtesy. My most awkward situation was an evening when I rose from a dinner table with a muttered apology as the soup was being served, and did not return to the house until after the other diners had left the table. I could not get myself in hand, on that occasion, for close to an hour.

As the years passed, however, the length of time necessary to achieve self-control shortened. It is now more than ten years since I have found it necessary to leave any company because of my temper. I get hold of myself without going away.

Rules are easy to *make*. It seemed easy enough to me to think of leaving when an argument grew bitter, but at first it didn't work, because I said the hot word, and remembered the rule afterward.

And that is where the second rule came in, which is:

"After a quarrel, if you were either wholly or partly in the wrong, or if you said anything that was unfair or untrue or unwarranted, apologize for your share at the first opportunity. Give your apology at least as much publicity as the quarrel had, if possible. And—note well this proviso—in figuring whether or not you were partly in the wrong, do not give yourself the benefit of any doubt."

(*Continued on page 101*)

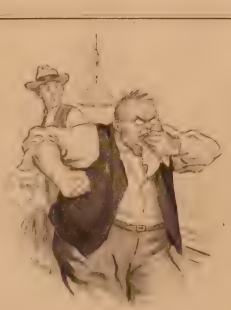
He Didn't Rule His Temper, But He Put a Muffler on His Tongue

"THE greatest newspaper manager I ever knew," says Mr. Davis, "was reputed to have the most violent and uncontrollable temper this side of Tophet. In his younger days it had sometimes been his unpleasant habit, when enraged, to discharge any man who spoke to him. This naturally lost him some good men. But at the time I worked for him he had discovered a method not to control his temper exactly but to prevent its working to his or anyone else's disadvantage.

"He carried in one of his pockets a special handkerchief, and the instant his temper flew off the handle he jammed that handkerchief into his mouth, and kept it there until his rage had evaporated. From behind it, when one spoke to him, if anyone was so unfamiliar with his failing and the handkerchief symptom as to do so, came harsh, indistinguishable sounds. He was presumably cursing his interlocutor, telling him what manner of man he was, firing him peremptorily on the spot—but the other man couldn't understand what he was saying.

"Unwittingly, one day I walked into his room on an errand and saw him sitting at his desk with the telltale handkerchief between his teeth. I backed right out, hastily remarking that I would return later. He said, earnestly, 'Woo-woo-woo-woo!' I have ever since wondered whether he fired me, or told me to go ahead with what I came to say.

"I have seen him stalking across the editorial room toward his private office with the white corner of a handkerchief hanging from the side of his mouth. No one of the staff ever seemed to look toward him at such moments. He would disappear into his room and the door would slam. After a long time he would reappear without the handkerchief, and the storm was over."



The Biggest Thing That Lindbergh Has Done

By Mary B. Mullett

WHEN "Charlie" Lindbergh landed at Le Bourget, after making the first non-stop flight from New York to Paris, he immediately started—but without knowing it—to achieve something incomparably greater than any transatlantic hop could possibly be.

It is the biggest thing he has done. It is the biggest thing *anybody* has done within your memory, no matter how old you are.

To fly across the ocean was a great stunt. To do it alone was a greater one. But he has accomplished something else which I think is still more remarkable.

To find out what this was, let's take the story of certain things which Lindbergh did, and of certain things which we did.

Now that we have stopped shouting ourselves hoarse, let's listen to the echoes of the noise we made. Perhaps we shall, as newspaper "Personals" say, learn something to our advantage.

No one, not even Lindbergh himself, knows all the amazing details of what happened in the weeks after he landed in France. I have been collecting a mass of these details. Some were gleaned from men and women who met and talked with him. Some are from those who merely saw him. Others are from people who haven't had even a glimpse of him. We must go to all these sources if we are to get at the truth.

This twenty-five-year-old American started a veritable human conflagration. So far as I can discover, the man who seems to have had the best chance to observe this strange conflagration was Carlisle MacDonald, the Paris correspondent of the New York "Times."

MacDonald was at Le Bourget when Lindbergh landed. He was close to the young aviator through the exciting days which followed. He returned with him to this country. He saw official Washington swept off its dignified feet. He watched New York go wild. His account of what happened in Paris alone is almost incredible.

"When Charlie arrived in France," MacDonald told me, "he expected to receive cablegrams from his mother and some of the men who had backed his flight. But he was utterly unprepared for the tidal wave of personal interest which immediately began to pour in.

"No one ever will know how many letters were written *about* Lindbergh. Thousands were received by newspapers. It is probable that millions were included in the private correspondence of people.

"But there were more than *three million* letters written to Lindbergh himself! Two hundred and fifty thousand cablegrams and telegrams were sent him. He has received several tons of parcel post packages.

"Before Lindbergh's first day in Paris was over, his mail had become a white elephant on a good many pairs of hands. Ambassador Herrick had assigned seven or eight members of his staff to the job. A whole wing of the American Embassy had been hastily organized as a Lindbergh post office. One of the American banks in Paris had loaned the young aviator ten of its most competent secretaries and several of its officials.

"By ten o'clock that evening, however, even this formidable force was swamped. Waste baskets were set in rows on the floor; and after a hurried examination letters and messages were chucked into these baskets. This work continued all that night and every succeeding night of Lindbergh's stay in Europe.

"The French Government, which handles both the post office and the telegraph business, issued orders to set up a special Lindbergh division. Instead of the regular deliveries, his letters and telegrams were sent to the embassy every hour.

"Of course he did not read all these messages. Probably he *never* will be able to read them. Someone has taken the trouble to estimate that, if Lindbergh dropped everything else, it would take him the better part of two years to go through his mass of letters. Tens of thousands of them never have been opened.

"'I would love to read the messages and answer them myself,' he said to me in Paris, 'but everyone realizes that this is impossible. All I can do is to thank these kind people through the newspapers.'

"He received letters and telegrams in English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian, Chinese, Japanese, and almost every other known language.

"Practically every important city in Europe asked him to be its guest. Hundreds of distinguished foreigners invited him to their homes. Wherever he went he was mobbed by enthusiastic crowds.

"From the time he landed, business offers began to come in. As soon as it was realized that he had won an unprecedented popularity, these offers became simply astounding.

"I don't believe that Lindbergh himself knows the total amount of the business propositions that have been put before him. Most of them he dismissed without giving them a second thought.

"He has turned down a score of offers, any one of which would have meant a fortune in six figures, (*Continued on page 106*)

The Song

By Donald Gillies

THE press in the market slackens,
The noisy strife of greed,
The hue and cry for pleasure
Cease, while the heart gives heed
To an older sound and braver
Than soldiers on parade,
Than the ring of golden metal
And the fiery clang of trade—

The song of youth and courage
And all youth's artless grace;
The song of man assailing
The bonds of time and space;
The song of one for many:
A life, at stake, alone,
Winging through the darkness
To morning and a throne!

Age hears, and old dreams waken;
Youth hears, and vows anew;
Men's common kinship rallies
And joy and pride undo
Misunderstanding's mischief,
Prejudice's wrongs—
God send, at need, the voices
To sing for us such songs!

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Photograph by North American Photo Service

"IT ISN'T snowing snow, you know, it's snowing paper chips!" (left) New York, frantic with delight, stages in honor of Lindbergh's return the biggest street celebration ever seen. Chipped up telephone directories, books, magazines, newspapers and millions of yards of ticker-tape produced this "snow scene" in lower Broadway as Lindbergh passed. In places the amateur confetti became knee deep.

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A SPLENDID portrait of Charles A. Lindbergh (right), made while he was in Paris. (Below) The people of Washington, D. C., drop everything to honor the young flier. International Newsreel Photo

Photograph by Blank & Stoller, N. Y.

Dr. David Mitchell

DR. DAVID MITCHELL is a clinical psychologist. His job is to impart to people that "grand and glorious feeling" of not being afraid of anything, by teaching them how to unlearn their learned fears. For over twenty years, as experimental psychologist and President of the Consulting Psychologists of New York State, Doctor Mitchell has made an exhaustive study of human beings and their conduct. "The worst and most common fear of all," he says, "is the fear 'Won't Make Good'." In this article Doctor Mitchell explains how this and other common fears arise and how they can be ousted by building up fool-proof habit systems that will tell the old injurious habits where they step off.

"Fear and the sense of failure are the twin devils that crush human lives, and they are both unnecessary and can be got rid of"

What Are You Afraid Of?

An interview with Dr. David Mitchell, reported by

Albert Edward Wiggam

WOULDN'T it be a "grand and glorious feeling" to wake up some fine morning and discover that you were not afraid of *anything?*

Well, such a state of mind is possible for you to attain.

There are only two natural, unavoidable fears. All except these two are *learned* fears; and, just as you have *learned* them, you can also *unlearn* them.

And you do not have to grit your teeth, or develop any extraordinary will power, in order to gain this feeling of self-confidence. You do, however, *have to do two very definite things:*

FIRST: You must discover the cause of your fear, worry, and lack of self-confidence, which you will find is often some little, completely forgotten, incident of your childhood. Frequently, this discovery alone will cure you.

SECOND: You must reëducate your mental habits to a new point of view.

In order to do these two things, the new science, now usually termed "clinical" psychology, can very greatly help you.

These are the conclusions of Dr. David Mitchell, who has been dealing with the chronic fears of people for ten years as a consulting, or clinical, psychologist, in his office in New York City.

He also speaks from his twenty years of work as an experimental psychologist and as a university lecturer on psychology. His rank among his colleagues is amply attested by the fact that he is president of the Clinical and Consulting Psychologists of New York State and chairman of the Clinical Division of the American Psychological Association.

Recently, Mrs. Wiggam and I took a two-days automobile trip with Doctor Mitchell and his wife, exploring the highways and byways of Long Island. I found the doctor to be as expert a camper and swimmer as he is a psychologist, and able to wash dishes with sand and dirt, without a drop of water, until they were spotlessly clean—a feat which astonished and interested me about as much as his knowledge of the human mind. I mention these facts because I concluded that his success in getting at the inmost workings of people's minds was partly due to his technical training, partly to his originality in devising new methods of psychological analysis, but also to the fact that he, himself, is a big, broad-minded, human person, with rich understanding sympathies and an appreciation of the needs of everyday human nature.

After returning to New York and getting rested over a good dinner, I said, "Now, Mitchell, I want to ask you about a remark you made when we were standing on the edge of Montauk Cliffs. You will recall that I told you it made me sick with fear to stand on the edge of high cliffs, towers, and canyons. You replied that I had learned this fear somehow and that I could unlearn it; and you added that normal human beings have only two natural, inborn fears. If most of our fears are not necessary, and if psychology can show us how to train ourselves out of them, it marks a turning point in human happiness."

In response to my request, we went into Doctor Mitchell's office. He got down a big bundle of records from his files, and for *five solid hours* he talked an uninterrupted stream of the best and soundest psychology of happiness and courage I have ever heard. And during all that time, he did not once mention the "subconscious" or the "subliminal self," or any of the vague nebulosities with which pseudo-psychology has filled people's minds.

Doctor Mitchell believes that in order to attain a healthy mental life, it is not necessary to acquire some mysterious "will power" or some spiritual "contact with cosmic energy" or some unbelievable power of "concentration" or "relaxation" or "harmony" or any of these hifalutin states of somnambulistic mental coma or mental excitement. He believes you can achieve self-confidence and self-control by much less elaborate and mystic procedures. What he believes is that you can *educate yourself* to become free from fear and the feeling of failure by building up simple and ultimately fool-proof *systems of habit*, which will make these things a practical impossibility in your life.

"THERE are hundreds of ways," Doctor Mitchell began, "by which people can *learn* to be afraid; but the original, intuitive fears—those we are born with—are only two. Dr. John Watson's brilliant experimental work has shown that if you hold a newborn infant in your hands and suddenly pull your hands away, letting it fall back on the pillow, it will cry with fright. Also, if you drop a steel bar, or slam the door near by, or allow a dog to bark in the room, or make any other loud noise, the babe will again show signs of fright.

"Watson has tried in hundreds of other ways to frighten little babies from one day to several months of age, and he has been unable to find anything that will frighten them unless it be accompanied by a loud noise or by placing the child so it feels in danger of falling.

"We can then, I think, assume as a fundamental fact of human life that all fears but these two are learned fears. If they are learned, they can also be unlearned. And that is a large part of my business as a consulting psychologist; namely, to teach people *how to unlearn their fears.*"

"DO YOU mean to say that if a child had the necessary training, if nobody ever talked fear around it, and if it were never frightened, it might grow up to a life entirely free from fear?"

"Absolutely! I've seen it done," replied the doctor emphatically. "I know two boys, one of them fourteen and the other sixteen, to whom I have been a sort of godfather for over ten years. These two youngsters, as far as we can discover, are absolutely fearless. I believe they have never known the emotion of fear."

"What would they do," I asked with astonishment, "if they were in real danger?"

"They would do just what you do a hundred times a day without knowing it. They would try to get out; but they would not get scared.

"You are in danger every time you walk up-stairs. People slip and break their legs or necks on stairways. But you don't keep thinking of that, and so you have no fear. Some people do think of this, and are scared.

"Now, it isn't dangerous to stand on the edge of a cliff unless you do something which ordinarily you do not do—unless you get frightened and lose your balance. If you don't think about it, you are all right.

"Let us see how these two boys meet situations which fill many much older persons with unutterable fear.

"Recently, the coal bin in the basement of their home caught fire. Many boys who had been taught to be afraid of fires would have become panic-stricken, wasted time, and possibly let the house burn down. But the younger of these boys, having none of the confusion of mind caused by fear, rapidly took measures to put the fire out. He mentioned it afterward only casually, as if he had merely kicked a stone out of his way on the sidewalk.

"Another instance: Most boys are afraid to sleep alone in a big house; some grow frantic at (*Continued on page 202*)

She bent toward him from the unyielding board seat. "Cheer up, Jim. We don't have to live more than one day at a time"

Five Cents For Luck

An epic of the northern prairies

By Lillian Beynon Thomas

ILLUSTRATED BY HANSON BOOTH

JEAN CARROLL was beginning her fifty-mile trip back to the homestead. She was humming "Red Wing," a song popular on the prairie that fall. She had heard some travelers singing it in the hotel in Swift Rapids, where she and Jim had spent the night. She thought the hollow rumble of the wagon over the frozen crust of the prairie made a splendid accompaniment.

From time to time she glanced at her husband, who was going back a short distance with her. He was walking beside the oxen. His bowed head and sagging shoulders tugged at her heart. She called, "Jim."

He stepped back and put his hand on the edge of the wagon box beside her. She bent toward him from the unyielding board seat. "Cheer up, Jim." She spoke more loudly than she intended. "We don't have to live more than one day at a time."

"Good thing too," he replied, with an evident effort to be cheerful, and he glanced toward her but not at her. "Good thing, too, with only fifteen dollars and five cents between us at the beginning of winter, and you in the condition you are."

"It might be worse," Jean laughed. She pulled her red hood down over her ears. "I might be ill instead of never feeling better, and Harry and Bess are so healthy. I tell you, Jim—"

"Whoa!" Jim's voice rang out above the rumble of the wagon and the oxen stopped promptly. He caught the edge of the wagon box with both hands now, and met his wife's eyes squarely. She noticed his drab, deeply lined face, that resembled the prairie from which all color had been squeezed by the icy grip of winter. But the prairie had been resigned—ready. Jim's face bore the marks of struggle, rebellion.

"I'm afraid to have you go back there alone!" His voice was heavy with too much emotion. "Jean, I can't do it. We'll give up. Three years is enough. Hail, drought, and, this year, frost. Even against that, we'd have made it if we'd had the railroad. That grain would have sold for enough to tide us over; now it will rot—all but what the chickens eat."

"ONE good year will put us on Easy Street!" Jean voiced the call of the rich black soil beneath his feet.

"I know; there's a new wheat too, called Marquis, that ripens earlier and stands—but what's the use? We can't hold out long enough. I won't let you stay out there—so many miles from a doctor—alone."

He stepped back, head up, shoulders squared, like a man who has made a decision that had been resting heavily on both his conscience and heart.

Jean's laugh rippled merrily over the prairie, borne along by a cutting wind that snatched it from her lips. "Let me stay!" Her voice bubbled with amusement. "Why, my dear boy, you can't prevent me. Do you think we're going to give up now, when another railroad, within twenty-five miles, will be in operation before spring? And next year we'll have our patent for the best farm in the world. Nothing doing."

"Harry needs boots right now, and you should have supplies," Jim continued, as if he had not heard her. "You can sell the chickens and the cow. McGregor will help you. Do you think you could drive the oxen and bring whatever you think we will need most, to Regina? Some of the fellows tell me there isn't much work in the bush this winter. I might need the oxen for odd jobs. I'll get a house as soon—"

"You are not going to Regina to do odd

jobs, Jim Carroll!" Jean's voice had lost its merry lilt; it, too, had taken on the hard rigidity of the prairie. She drew her sturdy frame up proudly, then she laughed. "You're just homesick, Jim. You always do hate to go away. Do you think this country can afford to have such a good farmer as you living in town, doing odd jobs?"

"A good farmer," he muttered; but some of the weight had left his voice. "Fifteen dollars and five cents! And how do you know next year will be any better?"

"We don't." Jean's buoyancy had returned. "That is half the fun. There isn't anything monotonous about farming." Then, with a quick pressure of her hand on his shoulder, "I know what it is—those pancakes you had for breakfast. Pancakes in the morning never do agree with you. Remember that when you have to make decisions before noon. But—but isn't it time you were going back? Your train—"

Jim Carroll reached over and caught his wife's tanned, work-hardened hand in both his. "Jean, either you are a superb actress or else you have the courage of ten men." He fondled the hand a minute before he raised it to his lips, then put it in her lap. He touched his hat, wheeled quickly about, and strode toward Swift Rapids.

A full minute Jean sat looking at the hand in her lap. Her eyes held something deeper than a smile as she raised it and placed her lips where her husband's had rested. Then, with a practical shrug of her shoulders, she reached for the whip.

"Get-up, Hughey!" She flicked the shoulder of the off ox. "You must do your prettiest. Your mistress is a great lady, and her knight has gone to do battle for her. She must keep his colors flying."

And those colors were flying bravely the evening of the following day as Jean muttered, "Odd jobs," and urged the tired oxen into a faster walk. Her small home was looming up in the darkening distance. How tiny it looked. Like a parcel dropped by a careless traveler, a black speck on a horizon-bound sea of savage, haughty, repellent prairie, unadorned by so much as a tree or shrub. "I'll do the 'odd jobs' this winter. And we'll win yet," she said, as the oxen broke into a run and dashed around the shack with a flourish.

AN OBLONG of light from the quickly opened door, a boyish, eager voice, "Mother, is that you? Are you all right?"

"Sure, Harry! Everything all right here? Bess well?" Jean was stretching her numbed limbs. The oxen had stopped beside the water trough and were drinking greedily.

"Yes, I'll get the lantern."

"Mother—Mother, may I come out?" Six-year-old Bess's eager baby voice. . . .

"No; you go back and get supper for Mother." Harry, the lighted lantern in his hand, urged Bess back.

"Don't come out in the cold, darling; I'll be there in a few minutes," Jean called. She had climbed down out of the wagon and was unhitching the oxen.

"You go in the house, Mother. I'll take care of the oxen."

"I'll hold the lantern for you." Jean took it from his hand.

"Oh, I can manage all right," but he did not refuse her the lantern.

"We must take good care of Hughey," Jean said as Harry was tying him in his stall. "I'd have been lost a dozen times if I'd had to depend on Bob. His feet got sore too, and he wanted to lie down. He has no grit, that ox; Hughey is worth a dozen of him."

"Dad says it takes grit to be a pioneer," Harry remarked happily as he came out of Hughey's stall. He stopped a minute to say, "It must have been rough back East, where the first settlers had to chop down the trees before they could sow their grain."

"Yes; my grandmother often told me about it," Jean agreed, while her eyes rested tenderly on the red head, the freckled face, and the bright, winsome smile of her son. He would have his father's splendid physique, his gray, searching eyes, his shy shrinking from competition with his fellows—his exuberant joy in the conquest of the soil. No wonder the wild, untamed land with its mystery, its reticence, its niggardliness and its exuberant generosity, lured them; they felt the soul of the soil; they were farmers born.

"Odd jobs," Jean said the words aloud. "Not for my son!"

"Don't try to stop me, Harry," she said tensely. "I've got to do something"

"What did you say, Mother?" Harry looked at her over Bob's back.

"I was thinking you are going to be a farmer like your father."

"That is what I want to be." He was bending over the manger. "Mother, Daddy told me something about you."

Jean stiffened at the change in his voice. "Yes, dear! What was it?"

"He said I'd have to be careful of you—special like—for him." His was not the voice of a twelve-year-old boy; it was the voice of the male, the voice of the race that protects its young.

"That was thoughtful of Daddy. He was worried; but I'm really very well. It's nature, you know, dear."

There was a pause. Silence. Then Harry rustled out of the manger. "I guess I'll give Hughey a bit more hay."

The sound of the fork in the hay, the happy crunching of the oxen, Harry's cheerful voice from the shadows, "It'll be nice for Bess to have a kid to play with; I'm getting too big to play."

THEN they were approaching the house, Harry swinging the lantern. A wee face was pressed against the window. The door flew open, a shrill, childish cry of delight, and Bess was in her mother's arms, smothering her with kisses, half laughing, half crying.

"What you cryin' for, Bess?" Harry asked, as he hung the lantern behind the door and went to put some wood in the stove.

"I don't know," Bess sobbed. She climbed down out of her mother's arms and rushed to the stove. "You'll burn the potatoes if you don't be more careful." She stirred the potatoes in the frying pan.

"Harry got his feet wet." Bess vouchsafed the information with the eagerness of a child to tell all the news.

"How?" Jean turned quickly toward her son.

"Ah, that's nothin'. I told you to keep quiet, Bess."

"But what happened?" Jean demanded.

"His boot's all cracked. It ain't any good no more."

"Let me see it."

Harry hesitated, then held up his foot. His boot was cracked across the top, and half the sole was loose.

"Let me see the other one." He held it up. It was but little better. Jean walked over to the cupboard, which was some boards nailed to the wall. She stood a minute. When she turned around she had a dish she did not need. She put it back and went to the table and straightened the red cotton tablecloth six-year-old hands had not been able to spread smoothly.

"We'll have to send by Mr. McGregor for boots for you. Your father was afraid yours wouldn't last—but—"

"I'll be all right until Father gets work. Do you think he will soon?"

"Sure; but you can't wait. I'll write out an order to-night. I don't know when Mr. McGregor is going to town, but we'll hope it will be soon."

"But how can—?" Harry kicked the edge of the woodbox uncertainly.

"That's all right," Jean spoke quickly. "I've lots of money. Your father made me take ten dollars; yes, and five cents. I'm going to keep that five cents"—a pause—"if I can. Get me the pen and ink."

IT WAS four weeks before Jean received a letter from Jim. Harry, who had brought it from the post office, sprang forward as she drew the contents from the envelope. He caught a bill that had fallen out and looked at it eagerly, "One dollar!"

His mother, whose eyes were traveling over the brief letter, turned quickly toward him, "What did you say?"

"One dollar." He extended the bill.

"One dollar," she repeated. Her hand closed over the money and crushed it. "One dollar."

"Is Dad all right?"

"Yes—but very anxious about us. Work is scarce. I wish he hadn't—" She opened her hand and looked at the bill.

"I wish I didn't have to have boots." Harry glanced at his feet, which were covered with sacking stockings tied on with binder twine.

"You must have them," Jean spoke decidedly. "You have a cold now from getting your feet wet; but if I'd known, I wouldn't have sent for the raisins and prunes and—and the candy, for Christmas. Still, wee Bess." She looked at her little daughter, who was tying an apron on an old rag doll. "Oh, well!" She tossed back her head and smiled. "We have four dollars now—four dollars and five cents. That would be a fortune to some people."

"Would it really?" Harry's face brightened at the change in hers.

"Sure—in China or some such place," Jean replied vaguely. Then she began to bustle about. "I must put on some feed to boil for those chickens. I wouldn't be surprised if they'd begin to lay soon. If they do, we'll be just flooded with eggs, there are so many of them. Oh, if only we had a railroad!"

Harry, who was standing at the window, called, "I see someone coming." His stockinged feet left a wet imprint on the floor. "I believe it's McGregor's oxen."

Jean looked over his shoulder; Bess left her doll and stood with her chin on the window sill. "It *is* McGregor's oxen. Oh, Harry, I am so glad." Jean put her hand on his arm. "I've been so worried about your wet feet."

"I'm all right," he spoke gruffly; but his face was shining.

At last the oxen stopped in front of the door. "Won't you come in, Mr. McGregor?" Jean's voice had a joyous ring, like one from whom a weight has been lifted. Harry carried in the parcels. Bess shouted and laughed and got in the way.

"I'd like fine to go in for a bit; but the wife and the kids will be watchin' fur me," Mr. McGregor replied. Then he added in an aside to Jean, "I didn't get the candy—things were a bit dearer—and I thought—"

"Yes; that's all right," Jean agreed.

Then they were alone, opening the parcels. Harry's boots most important. Jean drew back to let him have the first glimpse.

"Gosh, ain't they dandy! I won't get through them for a while."

"Put them on," Jean commanded, as she felt the leather and looked at the iron cap on the toe. "They should wear." She turned to the other parcels Bess was trying to open.

"Mother—something's the matter."

Jean whirled around at the stricken voice. Harry was sitting, one boot on, the other in his hand. His face was white, his eyes tragic.

"They—are—both—for the same foot!"

"It—it—can't—can't—be!" Jean stuttered. She caught the boot out of his hand and held it from her. She turned it around, making little noises as she did so. "They—are—they are"—her voice rose shrilly—"both—both—for—the one—foot! Both! Did—you—ever—know?" She had begun to laugh, but the tears were running down her cheeks.

"Mother, what are you cryin' about?" Harry demanded sharply.

"I'm—I'm not—crying," she babbled, "I'm laughing—it's so funny. I—can't stop—laughing." She opened the door and ran across the yard toward the stable, her shrill voice floating back.

Into the stable she went, and seized a fork. With desperate energy she began to clean out the manure. In a few minutes Harry followed her.

"Mother, you shouldn't—"

"Don't try to stop me, Harry," she said tensely. "I've got to do something."

A second he looked at her. "I feel like that too;" and he went and got another fork, and set to work beside her.

That night, after Bess was asleep, Harry whispered to his mother, "I hid her doll."

"Why?" She looked her surprise.

"I'm going to give it to her on Christmas to make her glad, even if Santa Claus can't come."

Jean did not speak.

"That's all right, isn't it?"

"Splendid!" Jean's voice was hearty. "I'd never have thought of it; but it's great."

"I wish I could make you glad, Mother."

"You have." A second, her arm encircled the shoulders of her son. "Now, I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll sit down and make a list of all the things we want Santa to bring us; then on Christmas we'll imagine we have everything we asked for. It's a kind of game my grandmother used to play in the backwoods down East."

"Gee, I'm glad we don't have it as hard as they did," Harry said cheerfully as he went for paper and pencil.

SHORTLY after Christmas, Mr. McGregor came for Jean. They had a new baby at their home, and she was needed. For a week she was home only twice, and then for a short time; but everything seemed to be all right. However, the night she returned she was wakened by Harry's heavy breathing. Suddenly she sat straight up in bed, listening, anxious: "Harry, Harry, what's the matter?"

"This cold . . . seems . . . worse," came in a hoarse whisper.

In a flash Jean was beside him, her hand on his head. "You are feverish. Have you any pain?"

"Just a little." The words ended in a groan.

"Oh, Harry! Why didn't you tell me?" Jean was lighting a lamp.

"I . . . I thought . . . I'd . . . be . . . better after—" A gasping cry was wrung from his lips.

Jean was dressing. In a moment, she had a fire crackling and water on heating. But daylight crept in, and all the home remedies had failed to reach the deep seated pain in the struggling body.

Jean stood on the crude new platform at Cargill station. Her wind-whipped skirts betrayed her feet wrapped in sacking. She shivered uncontrollably and her teeth chattered

Jean went to the bed where Bess was sleeping. She shook her gently.

"Bess, Bess dear, you must wake up. You must help Mother." Bess half opened her eyes, then closed them tightly.

"Dear, you must get up and take care of Harry. Mother has to go and get Mr. McGregor to go for a doctor. Harry is very sick."

"Sick!" Bess said sharply, and she sat up. "Harry sick?"

"Yes, very sick." Her mother was dressing her as she talked. "Bess must take care of him until Mother gets back. Keep the fire on, and don't go to sleep. Come now, Mother will show you what to do."

"Mother . . . you . . . can't go." The protest came from the sick-bed.

"It's all right, Harry; I'll manage splendidly. Let Bess get what you want, and keep as warm as you can."

Out into the penetrating cold. Daylight was coming sulkily, as if resenting the necessity of even lighting the hard, repellent earth. And what an eternity it seemed before she had the oxen hitched and ready. Then back for another cheering word to the suffering boy and the baby nurse, and she rattled away on her six-mile drive.

Urging the oxen along, sometimes running beside them, sometimes in the wagon, Jean found herself talking continually. "Do your best, Hughey. You can't fail me now. Good old Hughey! We couldn't have got along without you. Yes; you hook Bob if he doesn't do his part."

And Hughey, as if he understood the urgency of the case, seemed more like a trotting horse than an ox, as he speeded up to perform his unnatural task. And slowly the lengthening miles crawled past, until Jean was explaining the situation to Mr. McGregor.

"Indeed, I'll go for the doctor," he said at once; "but one of my oxen has a sore shoulder. Could I take Hughey, and let you take mine back with Bob?"

So stanch old Hughey, because of his almost human understanding and sympathy, was chosen for the harder task, and Jean set out with Bob and the strange ox. Snow was now beginning to fall, and it took all of her power of brain and body to keep them on the trail, and a good thing it was.

(*Continued on page 76*)

"What's the most important thing in the world?" asked the teacher

"To Grow An' Grow Forever 'n' Ever!"

Answered a starry-eyed little girl, and she was right! This is the story of a great man who has never ceased to grow, and who shows children how to keep on "forever 'n' ever"

By Marion T. Colley

THE position of superintendent of a public school system of sixty thousand pupils may not strike you as dramatic, but to Willis A. Sutton, of Atlanta, the job is all drama. He feels gravely responsible for the form, tragic or happy, which these young lives in his charge eventually assume. And of all that multitude of growing boys and girls there is not one to whom he is not personally known.

A little girl pointed him out to me recently on the streets of Atlanta as "the man whut luves childrun." He talks to them over the radio, she informed me, writes a piece in the paper for them every Sunday, and thinks about them all the time!

Out of the modest salary of a teacher he has contrived to aid more than eleven hundred young people "hungerin' fer knowledge" to satisfy that hunger. But he refuses to speak of this, or to have it appear in the light of philanthropy. "It was a business investment," he insists, "and a corking good one too."

During the seven years that he has occupied his present post, Willis Sutton has revolutionized the system of education in Atlanta. For one thing, he has accomplished the feat of having the teeth of every single child examined and put in good condition. And now he is spurring his young folks on toward establishing a new high standard of perfect health.

While this campaign is in progress, he is working to bring to pass another splendid dream—a great free university in which no boy or girl shall be denied a college education because of lack of funds.

His greatest achievement, however, is to be found in his remarkable influence over the young, particularly the boys of his schools. "There has not been so large a percentage of clean, upright young men in Atlanta in the whole of its history as there are to-day," I was informed by dozens of the foremost citizens. "This," they assured me, "is largely due to the influence of the man at the head of the public schools."

Mr. Sutton's reputation as a leader of youth is not confined to his own city; it has spread over the country. Within the past few years he has responded to invitations from thirty-eight states to tell what he knows about children, how he appeals to them and brings out the fineness in them.

Willis Sutton insists upon spending among his children every hour that he can filch from his desk. I put in a busy morning, trailing him from high school to kindergarten.

I found him finally in a room full of children of the elementary grades. He was drawing them out, rousing them to the very *n*th degree of mental alertness. He doesn't believe in telling young people —or older ones either, for that matter— anything that they can think out for themselves. Minds, like everything else, grow through exercise, he reminds us. And whatever fires the interest of a child sufficiently to make him rack his brains enthusiastically—whether it be a picture-puzzle, a game, or an original proposition in geometry —supplies this exercise.

"Children, what's the most important thing in the world?" He tossed this query, like a ball in their midst, as I entered the room. Before you could say "Jack Robinson" half a dozen youngsters were on their feet fairly bursting with answers. These included most of the things whose value Mr. Sutton had stressed in the schools: "Religion;" "The family;" "Always to tell the truth;" "Not to be 'fraid of anything except to be a coward;" "Good health;" "Clean teeth;" "Courtesy." A shrill-voiced little boy piped out excitedly, "A clean collar!" and in the laughter which this provoked hastily changed it to "Cleanliness." And a delightful small girl hazarded, "To be a real man."

BUT none of these things seemed to be just what the superintendent had in mind. In a way, he said, the answer to his question included all the suggestions the children had offered. Without it no man would amount to shucks; the very world would come to an end. Everyone was on tiptoe mentally. I could almost hear the thoughts crackling and sizzling beneath those dark and tow-colored bobs and shingles. Then a starry-eyed, red-cheeked little scrap of a girl caught his idea and announced it triumphantly; "I know, I know! It's to keep on—not to stop—to grow an' grow forever 'n' ever!"

Yes, that was it! He nodded agree-

Fine Equipment Doesn't Make Fine Schools

SOME years ago, Willis A. Sutton was a teacher in a remote mountain section of the South. He had no scientific equipment, no money, and very little encouragement. But what a school he had! The mountains 'round about were full of minerals. Teacher and pupils went out together, dug up all sorts of rocks, and thus had a course in geology. The hills abounded in wild life, which offered a chance for the study of natural history. But how could Mr. Sutton teach geography without maps? Here's how he taught it: On a six-acre plot of ground he laid out a map of the United States, indicating its rivers, its mountains, its coast lines. Railway systems were also shown, and enterprising students built miniature trains, and placed them on the routes of trunk lines. Miniature ships were made, and these were placed in the steamship lanes along the "coast" of this six-acre map. In this way, the pupils learned the geography of their native land. "I sure know this country," one of the mountain boys said when the model of the United States was completed. "I bet you couldn't lose me in it!"

A teacher with such imagination, energy and eagerness as Mr. Sutton could make a school anywhere and under any conditions! After all, the teacher is the big thing, and all the equipment in the world is secondary to him in importance.

THE EDITOR.

ment, as elated as she. "To grow in wisdom and stature—gloriously, beautifully—as that little boy of two thousand years ago had grown."

This thing of *growth* is at the very heart of all his teachings, growth in character and spirit, mind and body.

THE story of how Mr. Sutton came to devote himself to work dealing with young people strikingly illustrates the effect of early training upon character.

"I was brought up to be a missionary," he told me. "My mother had believed that she was called to follow this vocation, and when I was born, the seventh of her children, she had the singular conviction that I was to carry out the mission she had failed to fulfill. As a small boy, living on my father's plantation near the little town of Danburg, Georgia, the only name by which I was known for miles around was 'Preacher'."

When he was old enough to go to school, the children built him a tabernacle of logs and pine boughs. And every day at recess, he held services there, gave out familiar hymns, called up burdened young sinners awaiting only the invitation to repent of their wickedness. And as they came, sometimes moved to tears by the thought of their misdeeds, he would pray earnestly for them—and for himself as well. "For I knew I needed it," he remarked.

So, at this early age, he acquired an intimate knowledge of the bewilderments and griefs that cloud the bright days of childhood.

On Sundays, the old minister, in his long black coat, looking over his spectacles to the high pew where Willis sat, straight and still, beside his mother, would say, "Will our young brother lead us in prayer?" And, responding, the boy would rise and stand barefoot in the aisle, and pray.

His elder brothers helped with the work of the farm; but his mother kept him about the house as her assistant. "Anxious to spare her in every way I could," he said, "I learned to run the sewing machine. As she basted, I stitched up the older children's clothes, and we turned out the finished garments at a grand rate. While we worked, Mother would talk of the future she foresaw for me. It was a future extraordinarily barren of wealth or fame, and rich only in unremitting toil for others. Yet, as she painted it, she made all other careers seem poor and unworthy beside it, and I would listen, stirred to the soul."

HARD times struck the farmers of his section when he was twelve, and for several years conditions grew steadily worse. As the time drew near when Willis was to go to Emory University to prepare for his work as a missionary, cotton fell to four cents, ruin stared the farmers in the face, and young people cherishing dreams of college and idealistic careers had to put aside those dreams and knuckle down to work.

His mother, however, refused to give in to circumstances. Willis was going to college, she insisted, if cotton dropped to nothing. It was *right* that he should have this training, and when a thing was right there was always a way by which it could be done.

But the weeks slipped by, and no way appeared.

"Two days before college was to open," related Mr. Sutton, "learning that there was a school without a teacher in another part of the county, I saddled a horse and rode over to see if I could get it. On my return home, I was astonished to find my trunk packed and strapped beside the front door. 'What does this mean?' I exclaimed. It meant, Mother informed me triumphantly, that I was going to Emory the next day, and she put into my hand a ten-dollar bill which she had borrowed from a neighbor.

"'I can't go on ten dollars,' I told her gently. 'Why, my tuition, alone, would be around seventy.'

"But she was not to be dismayed or turned from her purpose. This would get me there, she explained; the rest would come. She possessed the strength of many very gentle people. There was no resisting her. And the next morning, at dawn, feeling like a person in a dream, I was jogging along the red clay road in the old family chaise, bound for college, with ten dollars in my pocket, and back of that as my only assurance that my bills would be met—my mother's unfaltering faith."

In the months that followed the money reached him, even as she had promised. "It was through no miracle, however," he added, "other than her own tireless energies and unconquerable will. During that year, she sewed for her neighbors, grew farm products for the town market, raised bees and disposed of the honey and wax, secured another and larger loan from the same generous friend, and left untried no means of earning an honest dollar."

AFTER being graduated from Emory University, Willis joined the Methodist Conference of Northern Alabama, and at his request was sent to the Talladega Mountains of that state. "My charge," he stated, "consisted of five churches scattered among the hills of Clay County. The salary for all five was two hundred and sixty-three dollars a year; which was ample, for my parishioners were so generous that (*Continued on page 172*)

COURTESY ATLANTA VISUAL EDUCATION DEPT.

Willis A. Sutton, "the man whut luves childrun," as one small girl puts it, being spanked by one of his little friends before cutting the birthday cake being held so proudly by another happy Atlanta youngster. As superintendent of the public school system of Atlanta, Georgia, Mr. Sutton holds himself responsible for the well-being of sixty thousand pupils—and out of that number there isn't one to whom he is not personally known

"Barriers between all hearts, wild or human, seem for the most part purely artificial" .

Strange Comrades

By Archibald Rutledge

DRAWINGS BY LYNN BOGUE HUNT

IT IS said that nothing used to divert the populace of eighteenth-century London more than to see those amazing comrades, old Dr. Samuel Johnson and Topham Beauclerk, walking together. Nature had made them different, and circumstances had strongly developed the characteristics of each. Johnson was a monstrous scholar—uncouth, ragged, shambling in his gait, given to mutterings and to wild gesticulations; a sort of gigantic tramp of a man, the very sight of whom would send all the dogs of the neighborhood into a frenzy. Beauclerk—with the blood of the Stuart kings in his veins, with charming manners, delicate tastes, wealth, and social distinction his—was the veritable "glass of fashion and the mold of form." A leader of the gay and fashionable world of London, he had divorced the greatest beauty in England to marry her only rival. But, despite all his fashionable distinction, and despite Johnson's abysmal social shortcomings, these men were the most devoted friends. Johnson tolerated Beau's punctilious ways and his sarcastic quips, his urbanity and his love of gossip; nor was Beauclerk much disconcerted, when he was bowing to fashionable acquaintances, to have his companion desert him in order to rummage in the piles of garbage on the street in search of orange peel, for which he had a strange, engrossing passion.

"Sir," said Johnson to an acquaintance who had apprised him of Beauclerk's sickness, "I will walk to the extent of the diameter of the earth if it will help him." And down his rugged cheeks coursed the honest tears of manly affection.

Human comrades often seem strangely matched; and it is a real question whether likenesses or differences in character produce affinity. Strange, too, are the comrades that we often find among the children of nature. I have observed some exceedingly quaint friends among the wild hearts of the wastelands.

Hearts both wild and human, it seems, have a natural deep yearning for sympathy and understanding; but often individuals, families, clans, and species will be separated by artificial barriers. When once these fences are removed, association becomes easy and delightful. Even those enmities which are supposed to be of ancient and implacable origin vanish as soon as the artificial conditions producing those enmities are removed.

I recall with what amusement and astonishment I used to watch the behavior of Nymph and Music. Before I became married and partly civilized, I used to delight in keeping all kinds of pets, especially those of wild and strange varieties; and these friends of mine used to cause consternation among certain members of the household. For a negro cook, soulfully singing as she sweeps a room, it is an appalling thing to see suddenly, seated sedately on the top of a door and rolling his eyes at her, a great horned owl. And for a colored maid, dozing before a fire, to stroke caressingly in her lap something that she thinks is the cat only to discover later that it is a raccoon or a fox, is a memorable spiritual experience.

My gray fox Nymph often brought me into disrepute by her ghostly exits and entrances, her uncanny slyness, and her tendency to be light-fingered. But even the negroes, who, always associating a fox with a graveyard, take no delight in this beautiful phantom's artful ways, agreed that Nymph's behavior with Music was a strange and appealing thing to watch.

Music was the best foxhound I had. Whenever I took her into the woods, as I did almost every week during the winter months, she knew as well as I that we were fox-hunting. A deer she disdained. Though sometimes she would gulp avidly over the hot scent of a wild turkey, she would not follow the great bird. But in following a fox she was indefatigable; she went about it with that stern joy which the true artist alone can feel. With every fox, Music seemed to be at natural and implacable hostility—with every fox but Nymph. They were almost ludicrously fond of each other.

ON OUR front porch we had some big hickory rockers with cushions in them. The hounds and my pets were supposed to resist the temptation to sleep in them. But many a time I found Music and Nymph curled up in the same ample chair, fast asleep, practically with their arms about each other. Music, like most dogs, very patently felt her superiority over the whole feline tribe, a superiority that I have often gravely doubted.

Nymph seemed perfectly aware of her com-

rade's tendency to be high-hat sometimes; and she retaliated in the best manner possible: she used to laugh at the hound! I am sure that you will agree with me that she did, when I tell you of the favorite trick she used to play on Music.

The hound knew that she was committing a breach of etiquette when she climbed into the chair; she was therefore always more or less guiltily alert when she was in that forbidden place. A sound or a glimpse, or some movement, would make her leap to the floor of the porch and make off hastily, even though the alarm was a false one. Nymph seemed to take in the full significance of all this; and she decided in that wild little heart of hers to make some amusing use of it. One day I came up to the porch and saw Music asleep in a chair in the sun. Under the chair was Nymph; and she did not see me. There was on her face a mischievous, whimsical look. I could see that she was up to some trick.

Suddenly she set her front paws sharply on one of the chair's rockers, tilting it back violently. With something like a frightened yelp, Music jumped over the back of the chair and came scurrying down the steps. Seeing me, she naturally concluded that I had in some way upset her. She sidled past me in a most crestfallen way. Nymph meanwhile lay under the chair, flattened to the floor, an expression of demurest mischief on her quaintly sharp intelligent face. She had shown that superior friend of hers which one really had mental capacity!

IT IS astonishing and reassuring to see how much fellow-feeling there is among the children of nature. Barriers between all hearts, wild or human, seem for the most part purely artificial; and though often they are formidable, they are seldom insurmountable. Who, for example, would expect that a strong affinity could be developed between a duck and a goat? This odd companionship sometimes made me feel as if my eyes were deceiving me. Yet I believe that I fathomed the real cause of the friendship of these two interesting creatures.

A friend of mine had an ample yard, in which wandered many domestic things, and among them these two. Each one appeared to be lonely; the goat because everything else, including the dogs, feared his satanic mien; and the duck because it was so greedy and quackful.

The goat was sinister, and the duck was incessant; a wide berth, therefore, all the other denizens of the yard gave them.

As a result, each one became lonely; consequently, they sought each other's society. Perhaps the alliance was slightly militant; at least I noticed that the duck's eyes were a good deal sharper than the goat's, so that the bird with vacuum-cleaner table manners nearly always spied first a chance for feasting. He would, quacking loudly, lead the goat across the yard; then, as the two approached the feeding place, the duck would fall discreetly back. The goat, lowering his head with the sharp menacing horns, would continue the advance, the duck waddling beside him. Reaching the food, they would feast greedily, especially the duck. The goat had a sparing, selfish way of eating.

Sometimes my friend who owned this menagerie would see these odd comrades getting more than their share, and would cross the yard to drive them away. At such times, the duck would give stentorian quacks of warning, at which the two culprits would retreat in good order.

When this goat would lie down in the shade of a huge live oak to chew the cud, blinking his cold, glassy eyes, the duck would often snuggle against him; and several times I saw the duck squatting on his back, preening his feathers. On one occasion I heard a distressed outcry from the duck, and upon investigation discovered that the goat was walking the top rail of a fence, eating poison ivy. His comrade was apparently protesting against his aërial maneuvers. As soon as the goat jumped down from the fence, the duck quacked softly and contentedly, and with a fond delight.

WHEN we study odd companionships, we have to be on our guard against what may appear friendships but really are not. Not long ago a friend of mine called me into a back room of his store to show me what he called "a wonderful sight." He said that he had a cat and a rat that seemed to be intimates. In a big barrel was a full-grown rat, and across the barrel from it was a big gray cat.

My friend explained that he had dumped the rat from a trap into the barrel, and had then dropped the cat in, thinking that thereby the last chapter in the rat's life would be speedily written. But, he went on to tell me, the two had been in the barrel an hour, and nothing had happened. When I looked in the barrel, I saw the rat crouched against one side, the cat crouched against the other. A wire screen had been placed over the top to prevent a possible escape of the rat.

Looking through this screen, I studied the situation. Of the two, the rat seemed the more self-possessed. The cat looked bored, and I thought I detected in her attitude something curiously craven. When the screen was lifted, she shot a quick glance upward, and then sprang for the top of the barrel, clambered over the lip of it, and disappeared behind some boxes.

"The cat seems scared," I said to my friend.

He looked puzzled.

"I looked at them a half-dozen times," he told me, "and I thought surely that they were making up to each other."

What appeared to be a curious liking was probably nothing

more than a *contretemps:* the cat did not like the idea of tackling the rat in such a place. Indeed, it is commonly true that sly killers like cats insist upon choosing their own fighting ground; and when denied this advantage, they will slink away from absurdly inferior foes. It seems to be true that nothing likes to fight, cornered. They will when driven to desperation; but a voluntary encounter is almost always an open encounter.

I once had a cat that showed remarkable ability to form quaint comradeships. This creature was a fine gray male of extraordinary sagacity. When I was at my summer home, ten miles from the plantation, this cat literally took to the woods, and for six months lived the life of a wild, predatory creature. But if I returned to the plantation for a day, he always appeared; and as soon as I moved back, he took up his abode in the house once again. Seeming capable of a distant but profound affection, a genuine attachment to me, though never an intimacy, this cat always made me think of ancient wisdom, and explained to me why the Egyptians found it easy to worship cats.

AMONG my pets was a great horned owl, a momentous bird of Druid-like aspect and deportment. I had captured it one day when it had become hung in a wire fence, and for months I kept it. In a way, a horned owl is a disconcerting thing for a man to look at, for if he is at all sensitive he is made painfully aware of his abject inferiority. I never looked at my owl without pitying myself.

It would be natural to suppose that this great bird would be at royal enmity with my lordly cat. But such was by no means the case. Though I sometimes let the owl fly about in a room, I kept it usually in a huge box with a wire front. On several occasions I found the cat lying suspiciously in front of the box; usually she would be eying the owl with basilisk fascination. Of course I interpreted her design as a sinister one. However, one day the owl was on the floor of his cage and close to the wire. Against the wire the cat was closely pressed. Here was no crouching incident to a coming spring; here was a loneliness, a yearning for sympathy.

Opening the door of the cage, I pushed the cat in, keeping a close watch on developments. The cat lay gently down, looking at the old oracle of the woods with an affectionate deference that amazed me. For his part, the owl seemed not the least disconcerted by the cat's proximity. It is, indeed, hard for an owl to lose his immense dignity. For a half-hour the two ancient enemies—in the sense that one was of the feline tribe, and one of the feathered—remained close to each other, quite apparently friendly. And almost every day the cat would take his sun bath in front of the owl's cage.

Certainly it is not in an owl's nature to be effusive or demonstrative; but he had an unmistakable liking for the comradeship of the cat. Watching their odd friendship, I wondered whether they were not somehow spiritually akin; the wisdom of each was of old: occult, mysterious; both lived by their silence and their stealth; both were at home in the deep of night. Both had hunted the same woods. They had shared with Night her pale celestial reign. They seemed to me to meet on terms existent only between those whose natures are subtly allied.

This cat of mine had another acquaintance of most engaging personality. This was a toad that lived at the foot of the back steps. I used to see them often at twilight, for then I loved to sit on the steps, especially on a spring evening. It was then that I used to hear, far across the river, the subterranean Minotaur-roar of the bull alligators; terrible, weird, but fascinating. Then through the sweet-shrub bushes the last bees would be blundering homeward through the dusk, after a long day of flowery toil; then the ponderous ruby pillars of sunset would be glowing; then the whip-poor-will's shadowy song would come from the dewy heart of the darkening woods. Then, too, the cat would come down the steps, to sit for a long while beside the doorway of the toad's retreat; and usually, while the cat was waiting there, the toad would come dimly forth.

Suddenly Nymph set her front paws sharply on one of the chair's rockers

HERE assuredly were two genuine people of the mists and the twilight, two spirits of the dim and ancient night. I never noticed any intimacy between these two; but I often saw them side by side; they certainly appeared friendly; and they had a way of joining each other at a mystic hour, as if they had a secret tryst of some kind. Most small reptiles are the natural prey of cats; but here was an odd friendship, of which I would have known nothing had not I loved the twilight as these two did. Of course they had come forth to seek their meat from God; but I believe that they too enjoyed the dewiness of the evening, the sense of beautiful fading, the strange power of the night.

I am conscious that most of these anecdotes have been about domesticated or semi-domesticated creatures; the reason therefor being that in a purely wild state creatures are more rigorously separated by inexorable barriers. Man is essentially an iconoclast; and when he begins tearing down barriers, many new and apparently strange relationships are quickly established.

Not long ago, while at the really fine zoo in Rock Creek Park, Washington, D. C., I observed two birds making up to each other; and I suppose a similar approach has never been noticed. Several very large, handsome cockatoos, pink and white in color, had, some time before, escaped from one of the bird houses; but, the keepers told me, they kept hanging around. Indeed, I saw three of them, and heard them crying raucously. They would fly from tree to tree, staying rather high up; I could not be sure whether they were altogether satisfied with their lonely freedom. While I was near the huge cage where the eagles and vultures are kept, one of these cockatoos came over, and alighted on a high, bare tree, where he called harshly, but apparently with good cheer.

SUDDENLY, out of the misty December sky a wild crow dropped, alighting on the tree near the angelic vision with the fearful voice. The two birds were just of the same size; but there their similarity ended. The crow was just a crow; but the cockatoo was a dream-like thing, almost unreal in beauty. As for their voices, neither had the advantage as far as music was concerned.

I saw the two perfectly strange birds eying each other with interest, the head of each cocked to one side. After a few minutes, the crow hopped nearer; his approach was as awkward as he was democratic. But the proud beauty was pleased. She must have missed the companionship of the many birds in the bird house, and must have longed for fellowship, even with a sable-coated gentleman. It was clear to me that each bird had a genuine attraction for the other. Yet how oddly they were paired, and how bizarre they looked—as if a plowboy and a princess should fall in love with each other.

On a second visit to the zoo, a month later, one of the keepers told me that the cockatoos were still at large. Then I asked him if he had seen a crow with one.

"That old crow?" he said, smiling; "why, he's just crazy about the parrot, and the parrot about him. Some of these days there's going to be an elopement. I never knew that two birds so different would be so friendly as that."

Whenever we (*Continued on page 124*)

Headaches

What they mean and how to get rid of them

By William S. Sadler, M. D.

DOCTOR, I am certainly going crazy if I can't get rid of these terrible headaches. Isn't there any way to find out what causes these splitting pains in my head?"

If I've listened to this cry of anguish once, I've listened to it a thousand times.

Headache is the one form of suffering which makes all the world feel kin. Only a favored few can say, "I've never had a headache in my life."

In order to help you prevent or cure your headaches, I must first help you to find out what is the cause of the trouble in your specific case. Therefore, before I take up the seven sorts of headaches which beset mankind, I want to tell you one or two things about headaches in general, what they mean, and why some people have them and others don't.

Why does trouble in various parts of the body manifest itself by pain in the head? One thing is sure: not one time in a hundred is the real trouble in the head.

The brain, as the headquarters of the nervous system, assembles disagreeable sensations from all over the body. It is often forced to become the eloquent spokesman for the stomach, the liver, the heart, the kidneys, and the muscles. The most insignificant organ or tissue of the body seems to possess the power to compel the head to suffer pain in its stead. Under such circumstances, what can the poor head do but ache?

In one large hospital, where a careful study of the causes of headache was made, the following influences were found responsible, named in the order of their frequency: fatigue, bad air, hunger, constipation, indigestion, alcohol (the "day after" headache), eye strain, infectious diseases, periodic sickness, nervous disorders, kidney trouble, nose abnormalities, sinus infections, neuralgia, and migraine.

The majority of people who suffer from constant headaches belong to nervous families. They have inherited a certain neurotic tendency, and their nervous system is more or less easily upset. All through their family histories there crops out this nervous tendency, and it is this very thing, this lack of nervous stability, that we doctors call *headache soil*.

When the nervous tendency is great, it requires but a trivial local irritation to produce pain in the head; on the other hand, when the local irritating cause is very intense, headache may result even when the general nervous health is good. If there is a marked nervous tendency, and the local irritation is very great and the blood is filled with poisons, we have all the conditions present to produce severe and persistent headaches.

Let me first give you the list of the different sorts of head pains, and then we can take them up one by one and discuss the best methods for their treatment and prevention. It should be understood, however, that in these seven groups I am putting headaches that are due to almost fifty different individual influences.

When Your Head Hurts Look For the Cause Elsewhere

"WITH the exception of certain diseases of the brain and nerves," says Doctor Sadler, "pain in the head is merely a symptom of disease or disorder in some internal organ, the organs of special sense, or else it indicates functional disturbance of the circulation or nervous system. When your head aches, therefore, you should not be satisfied with merely finding relief from the pain. Find out what are the underlying causes of the pain, and, if possible, remove them."

1. MIGRAINE: This is the form of headache that "runs in families," commonly known as sick-headache, attacks of which come on periodically, women being affected more often than men.

2. NEURASTHENIC HEADACHES: These are the neurotic headaches of nervous people, the exhaustion headaches of nervous prostration. Many times these head disturbances are more of an unpleasant feeling than an actual pain, and they are found in a variety of nervous patients ranging from chronic worriers to victims of hysteria.

3. INDURATIVE OR RHEUMATIC HEADACHES: In these headaches, the trouble is located and the pain experienced in the muscles, nerves, and other structures of the scalp. As a rule, nodules and tender spots are found at certain points on the scalp.

4. BLOOD-PRESSURE HEADACHES: Into this classification fall those head pains which are the result of high blood-pressure, low blood-pressure and other circulatory disturbances, including anemia, and hardening of the arteries.

5. TOXIC HEADACHES: A very large group of headaches based on all forms of intoxication, including poisons taken into the body with food and those formed within the body, or unduly retained within the system; embracing the headaches of colds, fevers, and other acute diseases.

6. REFLEX HEADACHES: In this class belong those sufferings which are experienced in the head as the result of troubles in some other part of the body; chiefly in connection with the digestive system, and other internal organs. Headaches resulting from some constitutional diseases also belong to this class.

7. ORGANIC HEADACHES: Under this head fall those headaches resulting from troubles in the eye, ear, nose, and throat, and organic diseases of kidneys, as well as the headache of brain tumor, meningitis, and epilepsy.

8. COMBINATION HEADACHES: Probably one third of our headaches represent a combination of two or more of the foregoing general classes of head pains. This is what renders it difficult always to determine probable causes of a given headache—they are not always so easy to classify and recognize in actual practice. Again, at one time a person may have a headache of one sort, while at another time he may suffer from a headache of a different kind.

If you are a chronic sufferer from headaches, you should have a thorough medical examination, embracing the following tests: examination of the eyes, blood, urine, blood pressure, the nose, throat, and sinuses. The physical examination should be complete, including a thorough investigation of the nervous system and the muscles of the scalp and neck.

Migraine headache: The other day there came into the office a woman who gave a history of having had regular and severe headaches since she was sixteen years of age. Her general health was fairly good, and she suffered from no serious physical disorder of any sort, except these distressing periodic headaches. It transpired that both her mother and her maternal grandmother had been similarly afflicted. She had had some trouble (*Continued on page 84*)

Jim came on one of the Scouts standing on a log and doing his awkward best to put a fly down properly

Freeman's Whale

The story of a small boy who went fishing for fish—and landed an old man's heart

By Harold Titus

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR C. ANDERSON

ONCE upon a time—to be more exact, when Jim Freeman was young—he possessed to an astonishing degree those qualities which we group and call human. But that was long ago, and so much had happened that he had become, in the autumn of his life, a dour old bear, sufficient unto his gruff self, and without a definite personal interest in any man or woman or child.

When he was a reporter on the "Tribune" none was more filled with the spirit of friendship and tolerance and good will than he. When he assumed the managing editorship of the "Express" some of the manifestations of those characteristics gave way before grave responsibilities. When he bought his first share of the newspaper his crust commenced to form; and by the time he had brought the "Express" through years of savage competition and become its sole owner he was known as a tough customer.

His wife died, and that drove him far into his shell. And when his only daughter Marjorie did what she did to his pride, he walked alone, head up, letting the world know that Jim Freeman needed no help to go through with this process called living one's life.

So when sour, hard old Jim picked up the boy Mickey, made him a companion, and gave evidence that he was caring more about the youngster than he had cared about anybody or anything in some fifteen years, those friends who had held over from a happier day were set to wondering and thinking and, finally, to scheming.

If Freeman had enough warmth left in his heart for that, why shouldn't he forget Marjorie's wild betrayal, get to know his own grandson, try to find something in him on which to lavish the fund of affection which must be bottled beneath his thick crust, and heal the breach that had endured so long between father and daughter?

The difficulty between Freeman and Marjorie was easy to understand. Any father would have been hurt and humiliated. But she was his daughter, his only child; she had been but nineteen when it happened, and years had passed. She was in want now, and making a brave fight to bring up her boy, which meant that she had some of her father's pride. That very fact would have touched most men. But not Jim Freeman; he would not let himself forget.

Probably his hardness, the quality which later stood in the way of reconciliation, was the factor which brought on the disaster. Very likely, his way of handling men set the ingenious devil working in young Regan—although, of course, Marjorie's great loveliness had much to do with it.

Regan was a reporter who had landed a job on the "Express" and rocketed to the top of the staff. He was glib, picturesquely arrogant, a charmer, and his very assurance was a challenge to Jim, when he took notice of the young man. In him Freeman saw possibilities, and, as had happened to many another good newspaper man, Regan was put through what on the "Express" was called the process of sandpapering. Jim's motive might have been to determine the stuff of which he was made, or to make him conform, or just to humiliate him. No matter. . . .

Good assignments were given Regan no longer; he was detailed to drudgery, and, as a crowning humiliation, made society editor when that desk was unexpectedly vacated. He said nothing, took the chaffing with an odd gleam in his eye, and bided his time.

This was the winter that Marjorie Freeman was to come out, and her débutante ball was the biggest society event of the season. As society editor, young Mr. Regan crawled into rented evening clothes, presented his invitation at the door, and was introduced to the charming Marjorie. He turned on her his dazzling smile, was given one dance, persuaded her to cut three others for him, and poured such a fund of lilting blarney into her ears that she went with him down the stairs, into a taxicab and to the county building, where a sleepy clerk issued a marriage license and scrub women stood witness before a routed-out justice!

What the other papers did was a caution. What old Jim did never was known because, though it was winter, he buried himself in his fishing club on the Au Sable, and when he came out he never alluded to the matter. Regan went to work for the "Free Press" and lasted a year, when he vanished from the picture, leaving Marjorie in a furnished flat with an infant son. . . .

MARJORIE had a tough time of it. She would not accept help from her friends, because, she said, she must carry through what she had started. She sold her rings, learned dressmaking, and set herself up in business in an out-of-the-way neighborhood. Never a whimper from Marjorie.

Loessing, Freeman's attorney, was the only one to attempt a reconciliation. Marjorie expected nothing from her father, spoke of him with fondness, and was rearing her son to believe Jim a righteous man who had been sorely wronged. She said, though, that if her father needed her, and she could do anything for him, the doing would make her ever so happy.

When Loessing told this to Jim, the old bear raged. He needed no one, nothing! D' they think he was a weakling? Marjorie had made her bed, and all that sort of thing. If life wanted to hand him humiliation and disappointment, all right; he'd ask nothing of life. Which was his way of crying out that he was lonely, wretched, fearful of the future, yet afraid to bend and admit needs. Marjorie was his, he went on, and if she needed him he would take her in—but not with the child of that rat, Regan.

Loessing never went back to Marjorie with that. He had seen her with her child.

SO THE years passed, and Freeman buried himself in his one passion, fishing, and grew crustier to the world, more lonely in his own heart, and more fearful that sometime it would be discovered that he was not the self-sufficient figure he made believe he was.

He fished the world over, from New England to New Zealand, from California to China. But when he had tried everything, he came back to his native trout stream, and declared that, since the Michigan grayling was gone forever the next best thing was the fontinalis and the dry fly.

He was the most persistent of all the Whirling Duns, and it was a group of passionate anglers. From the day the season opened until September he lived most of his time at the club. Normally, he was a silent old ruffian, but he would talk about fish and angling, volubly, stormily, without end. He liked to philosophize at length on the traits which trout fishing disclosed.

A fisherman who would whip a stream all day when fish sulked, never satisfied until he *made* them come, commanded his respect. And the individual who, finally fast with a big fish, kept his head and his courage, and made the best fight he knew how, who did not grouse if he failed nor boast if he triumphed— Such a man, Jim Freeman said, *was* a man.

"But, Jim, do you suppose if you tied into Freeman's Whale, and lost him again, you could keep from crabbing, just a word or two?" Manners asked.

This was on one of the drizzly nights when Jim had been talking, when he had made one of his tentative approaches toward mellowing. And Manners wanted in the worst way to have the old bear soften; because it was Manners who had been selected to talk to Freeman about

The youngster grinned, and spoke the only words that had been uttered in long: "Cryin' out loud, but I got your fish on!"

the boy Mickey . . . and about that other boy, of Marjorie's.

"I *think* I could," Jim replied, and everyone laughed.

With a fish like Freeman's Whale, the big trout that had gone through the tackle of all comers in those past years, and the capture of which had been Jim's dream of glory, it was no wonder that even he hesitated to say just what he would do if he failed once again. And Manners sat back, hoping that Freeman was, some day, in another affair, to perform in a manner which would be surprising.

Jim's relationship to the Scouts and the boy Mickey was accidental. The troop had camped for a fortnight below the club, and before it was well established the scout master had visited the Whirling Duns, and asked if someone would talk to his boys on trouting. Loessing agreed, but was called to Detroit, and that happened to leave Freeman alone. Loessing had passed the obligation on to him.

Jim was not enthusiastic over the prospect; but when he was once started, with those kids in a big circle around him, his rods and flies laid out, he held their attention for two hours straight. He knew his subject and had enthusiasm and enjoyed the experience; but, of course, he would not admit that.

It was a few days later that, fishing up to the pool where Freeman's Whale lived, he came on one of these Scouts standing on a log and doing his awkward best to put a fly down properly.

The youngster had happened on a good piece of water, and as Jim drew near a little fish rose, made a swipe at the fly and was hooked. The trout was not much over legal size and when the lad struck he yanked him clear of the water and dropped him in again, almost at his feet. In his excitement he went off balance, and as he splashed he half turned around, and saw Freeman. He was wide-eyed and white and made frantic efforts to take in slack, holding his rod high over his head and cranking away with an old brass reel.

"I got a trout!" he yelped. "On a fly! I got a fish, an' he's—"

He began switching the rod, trying to find tension on his line. But of course the fish was gone, and when he looked at Jim again his freckled face was drawn with disappointment.

"I *had* a fish," he amended mournfully, standing still and shivering, for he had on only his Scout uniform. "I had a fish on a *fly*."

REGRET had brought him almost to tears, but as Jim started to wade toward him he smiled a truly wonderful smile, and breathed, despite the chattering of his teeth: "I *did* have a trout on a *fly!*"

Of course, old Jim would not respond to that mood. He just walked up and scowled at the boy's rod. A veritable old mummy of a rod, it was; the line was of linen and, without the grace of a leader, a snelled fly was tied inexpertly to its end.

"It's a wonder," Jim said, "you ever even saw a fish! Only a fool trout who was starving could be coaxed by that rig."

The boy's face fell, but then he said doggedly:

"Well, prob'ly you're right, sir. But I *did* catch a trout on that fly!" And his eyes lighted again in sublime triumph.

For a moment Freeman glowered at him. Then he waded ashore, put down his own rod, stripped the linen line from the boy's reel, and put on a spare tapered line of his own. He tied on a leader and fly, while the youngster's eyes fairly popped, and then said, in the curt way he had:

"Now, young man, step out here and see if you can learn something."

Just then a bugle sounded from the camp up-stream.

"Gee!" the boy said. "Gee whiz, sir, I'd like to, but I got to hustle. I certainly thank you for that swell line . . . or— D' you really mean me to keep it?"

"Did you think I was fooling you? And you want to cast with your wrist, not with your arm. Fly casting isn't baseball."

The boy was fingering the soft finish of the silk line.

"Thank you, ever so much, sir. I . . . I'd like to learn fly fishing."

Jim snorted. "That's what lots of men have said. And most of 'em have about as much chance of doing a decent job as you have!"

With this rebuke he glared into the youngster's face, where respect and awe mingled with gratitude and enthusiasm, and for the first time in years the man let a whim run its length.

"Come around; come up to the club, and I'll see if you have it in you to learn anything."

THE boy asked when, and Jim said any time, and Mickey's interpretation of that indefinite hour was while the Whirling Duns were at breakfast the following morning.

When Jim had finished he went outside.

"Well, young man, you don't let grass grow under your feet!" he declared, as if to snap Mickey's head off.

"No, sir"—with an odd, searching look. "I—I come to tell you I— That is, I'd like to buy this line you put on my reel."

"*Buy* it? What makes you want to *buy* it?"

"Well, it's this way: I don't like being under—now—obligations."

"Under—" Jim could not carry through his bullying manner on that. He pulled at his mustache sharply. "I see," he growled, and the whole club, listening, knew that this was a ten-strike for the boy. "Well, that line, new, cost twelve dollars. Say it's worth two now. Is that fair?"

Disappointment swept the boy's face and he looked down at the line. He was carrying his rod, all set up, even to leader and fly.

"That sounds cheap," he said soberly. "I got just eighty cents with me, and so—" He had looked up again. "If you've got any work I could do to help pay for it, I'd like to work it out. I'm apt to need my eighty cents, and I'm pretty good at work, sir."

Jim yanked his mustache again, and cleared his throat sharply.

"That's my car, with the chauffeur changing a tire. Maybe he needs help, and while I'm shaving you can get busy there."

THAT was the beginning. An hour later they were in the stream and Jim was putting the boy through the rudiments of fly casting—badgering, reprimanding. But Mickey minded this not at all. His eyes sparkled, and he cast until his thin arm refused to wield a rod. And in that time he learned not only the principles of a delicate technique, but learned that behind the gruffness of this man was a something that made him a splendid companion for a boy!

For a long time that afternoon the publisher lay in a hammock. His cigar was extinct; he was not thinking of rivers and trout and tackle, not even dreaming of Freeman's Whale. He was telling himself that it was a wonderful thing, an incredibly wonderful thing that had happened to him; (*Continued on page 119*)

"Thank you, ever so much, sir. I . . . I'd like to learn fly fishing." Jim snorted. "That's what lots of men have said. And most of 'em have about as much chance of doing a decent job as you have!"

On A Farm In The Hills She Built A City Of Trees

By William S. Dutton

THIRTY-ODD miles north of New York, in the rolling hills of Westchester County, is one of the strangest and most beautiful cities in the world.

It is Amawalk, City of Trees.

A city, mightiest of its kind, whose inhabitants number two and a half millions! Whose street lights are the stars; whose only roof is the arch of heaven; whose only sound is the ceaseless whispering of untold millions of leaves.

It is an enchanted city, for trees are its people; trees which, like immigrants, have been assembled from all parts of the world and which are more nearly perfect perhaps than may be found anywhere else under the sun. So beautiful are the trees of Amawalk that men have journeyed thousands of miles to see them. They have been transplanted to the four corners of the earth. Fortunes have been spent for the privilege of owning some of these trees. Their total value has been estimated as high as seven million dollars.

Now, as enchantment is a scion of romance, and as every good romance has its heroine, so is there a heroine at Amawalk. She is the spirit of the place and the genius of its growth, the queen of this City of Trees.

A woman owns and built Amawalk. She it was who gave it entity and soul, who, in humble partnership with the Great Builder, has made it approach perfection. A daughter with the courage and the will to dare has built reality and fame and beauty on a father's dream!

Less than twenty years ago, Evelyn W. Smith was a girl in her late 'teens. She was a silent, shy sort of girl who invariably listened while others talked. Private schools and travel in Europe had provided her education, and she had vague notions of making music her career.

The girl adored her father, and spent as much of her time as possible trailing him about. He was Major Orlando Jay Smith, a former Union Army officer of distinguished record, the founder and president of the American Press Association, a newspaper man known to every editor in the country. Trees with Major Smith were both a hobby and a passion. He loved them as he might have loved creatures with souls. To him, indeed, trees had souls.

Apart from his newspaper interests, the major made it his hobby to buy old farms that were to be had cheaply and plant them in trees. He was never without one of these tatterdemalion places of ragged stone rows and tumbling buildings, though he seldom possessed more than one at a time. This was his playground and his joy.

He scoured Europe for its most beautiful trees, its rarest trees, and planted their seedlings by the hundreds, then by the thousands, in the fields where there had been but brush and weeds. He cleared, fertilized, rebuilt, repainted. He experimented in tree culture and made himself an authority on it. And when one farm had been redeemed and planted, he sold and went on to another, thinking not of profits but of trees; while ever before him was desolation and behind him beauty which he had helped to create. It became his dream to grow trees more nearly perfect than the finest nurseries of the world had yet grown them!

But trees grow slowly; years must pass before they mature—and Major Smith, seeker for the perfect, was nearing the end of his life. The dream was now his impelling ambition; it filled his every thought; but, ironically, it had come too late. He knew; and feverishly he planned that the work he must leave unfinished might be carried on. For the first time, he felt, he envisaged the real possibilities in his perfect trees to be; instead of mere hillsides they might beautify whole cities and counties if the work could go on.

In hope he turned to his only son. He sent him to Wisconsin to study trees under famous instructors. Lost in his dream, Major Smith never questioned his son's interest, and the boy's protest against the plan fell on deaf ears. Under his son's hands the aging father saw his last beloved tree farm as a permanent nursery where perfect trees would be grown and sold far and wide. Thus people would come to see as he saw, the creed of the perfect tree would be spread, and destroyers of trees would become their preservers.

Such was the dream. Its tangible manifestations were to be found at Amawalk in the last of the old farms the major had bought and in the thirty thousand trees he had planted on its hills. The trees were yet small, the least, so it seemed, of his possessions. The farm was lonely and work-burdened. The dream itself, to those of practical mind, was but a will-o'-the-wisp ideal of a sick man's fancy—fine perhaps, but unattainable.

SO MAJOR SMITH died, leaving a widow, the son, Courtland, and two daughters, Evelyn and Mabel, still mere girls in their 'teens. The estate, with the home at Dobb's Ferry, New York, where they had lived, passed in trust to the widow. Courtland, who had repeatedly avowed his disinterest in trees, continued in his place as an officer in his father's business. Evelyn and Mabel received what was left—the Amawalk farm.

"What is to become of it?" asked Evelyn.

The constant companion of her father, she knew his dream. She knew what he had hoped her brother would try to accomplish there—but Courtland had now relinquished all rights in the place.

Neither of the sisters knew the first thing about trees, could scarcely distinguish one common tree from another. Only occasionally had they even visited the farm. They knew nothing of work, and least of all of farm work. Both the farm and they were without a penny of capital.

The mother, the brother, and their friends were all (*Continued on page 128*)

"There is Alway Something Better Just Ahead"

"WHY haven't you patented some of your inventions?" the writer of this article asked Evelyn Smith, who has worked out half a dozen valuable devices for moving big trees in safety to all parts of the world.

"I don't want to patent them," said Miss Smith quietly.

"But don't you know," persisted the interviewer, "that any competitor in the tree nursery business can use your ideas and inventions?"

"They are welcome," said Miss Smith. "In fact, I want everybody to benefit by them, so that I will be forced to search for devices still better. There is always," she added, "something better just ahead."

And in that last short sentence is the history of all progress.

Photographs by D. Jay Culver

EVELYN W. SMITH and some of the men who have helped her convert a farm at Amawalk, New York, into the largest big tree nursery in the world.

MISS SMITH and her husband. In private life she is Mrs. Eric L. Hodge.

AN EVERGREEN (above) is made ready for shipment by "Andy", foreman of the diggers, under Miss Smith's direction. Both the method of wrapping and the octagon platform on which the tree sits are inventions of Amawalk's mistress. (Right) The farmhouse at Amawalk. The Boxwood hedge in the foreground is part of that planted by George Washington, in Hayfield, Virginia, in 1761, and removed to Amawalk in 1925 to form the famous Washington Boxwood garden there.

WRIGHT A. PATTERSON

Mr. Patterson and some of his associates (below) in the Western Newspaper Union, of which he has been editor-in-chief for more than twenty years. Mr. Patterson, the son of a circuit riding Methodist minister, was born in Kirksville, Missouri, in 1870. He began his newspaper career when a boy, soon acquiring that intimate, friendly knowledge of human nature which is essential to the country newspaper. In his present hard job as a sort of contributing editor to thousands of papers, he must know always what people like to read, what offends them, what makes them laugh, what stirs them up—in short, he must know what will make you subscribe to a newspaper!

Photographs by Western Newspaper Union

Patterson Helps To Edit Twelve Thousand Newspapers

He is editor-in-chief of the Western Newspaper Union, a syndicate which serves at least twenty-five million readers of country and small-town papers—They are Republicans and Democrats, Protestants and Catholics—"In fact," explains Mr. Patterson, "they are as many-sided as a falling cat!"

By Neil M. Clark

THEODORE ROOSEVELT stood by his desk in the White House.

"You are known for giving every man a square deal," said his caller, a tall, rangy man in the late thirties. "That is all I am asking: a square deal for the country newspaper. Why shouldn't readers in small towns and on the farms have first-hand news of the Administration, such as city readers have?"

The President bared his famous teeth. "You win right there!" he said.

At that moment a door opened. Edward B. Clark, veteran newspaper man, stepped into the executive office. He spoke to both men.

"Mr. President," he said, "I wonder if you know exactly who this is you are talking to?"

"Yes," said Roosevelt emphatically, "Mr. Patterson, of the Western Newspaper Union. He wants White House courtesies for his staff representative. I have just told him they are his."

"But," went on Mr. Clark enthusiastically, "do you realize that Patterson helps to edit *twelve thousand newspapers;* that the biggest paper in the country has nowhere near so many readers as he has?"

The look in the President's eye, merely courteous before, deepened to interest.

"How long are you staying in Washington, Mr. Patterson?" he asked. "When can you tell me all about it?"

An appointment was arranged for the next day. Then, for three hours, the President of the United States was an eager questioner, while Wright A. Patterson disclosed to him a remarkable story of newspaper editing and reading. And the story that was told to the President that day, with the added experiences of two momentous decades, is what I am going to tell to you: the story of the American country newspaper, and of the organization that helps to make it possible.

Comparatively few people know of the Western Newspaper Union. Yet at a rough estimate it serves at least twenty-five million readers of daily and weekly newspapers, bringing them knowledge of day-to-day progress in business, science, religion, travel, education, adventure, and the multifarious undertakings of a busy world.

Consider for a moment: In this country there are between ten and eleven thousand weekly newspapers, and some twenty-five hundred dailies. Most of these are published in the smaller cities and country towns. Relatively few of them have the money to send correspondents to distant points to gather news; to hire expensive special cartoonists; to buy outright feature articles, poems, serials, and short stories from famous authors; to have fashion news, comic strips, travel features, sermons, or Bible lessons specially prepared; to get special editorials written by prominent people; to have exclusive writers of radio, automobile, household, and sports news; or any other kind of editorial material that makes up the metropolitan newspaper.

Yet, marvelously, these smaller papers have kept pace step by step with the big city papers. The country reader knows the important things that are going on practically as soon, and fully as correctly, as the man in the city who reads a paper which has hundreds of employees. He, too, has variety and volume of reading matter in his local paper. He, too, gets information, amusement, and the thrill of keeping abreast of the times. How it is done is a fascinating wonder story.

"THERE is romance in it, all right," agreed Mr. Patterson—we were talking in his Chicago office—"romance from the very day when, sixty-six years ago, a country editor faced a business crisis. The editor was Ansel N. Kellogg, and he owned the Baraboo 'Republic' in the eighteen-sixties, when Baraboo was a little lumber town tucked away in the wilds of Wisconsin.

"In July, 1864, Kellogg's only journeyman printer went to war with the Union forces. Without him, Kellogg could not get out a full sheet; and he could not replace him.

"He had an idea. Crude at the start as the biggest ideas usually are, nevertheless it founded a great industry.

"Madison was the nearest big town, and the Madison 'Daily Journal' was a good-sized newspaper. Kellogg went to Madison and explained his idea to the publisher of that paper. He wanted them, he said, to save the type from some of their most interesting articles, and with it print for him a two-page paper, which he planned to send to his subscribers with the pages of local news written and printed in Baraboo.

"This was done. The idea proved so successful that within a year Kellogg sold the 'Republic,' moved to Chicago, started the Kellogg Newspaper Company, and went into the business of supplying similar printed sheets to other small papers.

"Competitors cropped up, of course," Mr. Patterson went on, "the most successful one being located in Iowa. This Iowa company was bound up in the person and fortunes of George A. Joslyn, who was supplying a "ready-print" service to dozens of small papers that were springing up in the newly settled West. In 1880, Joslyn incorporated, and named it the 'Western Newspaper Union.'

"JOSLYN was a builder. His company grew rapidly, and bought out one competitor after another. In 1906, it absorbed the Kellogg Newspaper Company; in 1917, under permission of a court decree, it bought one more last large remaining competitor, and since that time has been virtually alone in its great field."

Mr. Joslyn died more than ten years ago. But it's a fitting cap to the romance that Mrs. Joslyn, who helped her husband valiantly when he was struggling for a start, to-day lives in a big house and on top of the highest hill in Omaha, and gives her time and resources to numerous charities, a leading citizen of the city she and her husband helped to build.

That, briefly, is the story of the business—a business which is manned to-day by men most of whom were brought up on little country papers, or who have lived their lives in that atmosphere.

Wright A. Patterson, who is editor in chief of the combined companies, was smearing printer's ink on his hands in the first years of his teens. Tall, lean, mild-mannered, white-haired, white mustaches, with unsuspected reserves of reminiscence, humor, and human understanding, his acquaintance includes Presidents—most of them for the past three decades—prime ministers, a king or two, generals, senators, and a host of others, great, humble, and of all grades between. In 1918 he was one of the twelve newspaper men to go as guests of the British and French Governments to visit European battle fronts. Upon him for years has rested the burden of deciding what shall be offered to the vast audience of readers which the Western commands.

Mr. Patterson (*Continued on page 158*)

"Beauty! Old, yet ever new.
Eternal voice and Inward Word."

In Her Own Country

A story

By

Agnes Sligh Turnbull

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

THE train had scarcely emerged from the smooth darkness of the Hudson River tunnel, when Eleanor Norton began to draw notebooks and tablets from the bag beside her chair and settle herself for a long, busy day.

Already New York seemed to be far behind her. The rhythmic click of the rails kept saying, "Going *home!* At *last!* Going *home!* At *last!*" And the landscape outside was flying faster and ever faster, hurrying to cover the distance between her and Willetsburg.

She was buoyantly happy and expectant. The joy in her heart sent a rich red into her gypsy cheeks. Her dark eyes shone with a bright flame. After five strange, crowded years, years of hard, unceasing work crowned with success at the last, she was going *home!* Home to the town of her birth. Home to Aunt Sally and Uncle Joe, the only parents she had ever known. Home to all the girls she had grown up with, and to the old neighbors, who were almost as dear as relatives!

It would have been sweet under any circumstances to be returning to all this after the long absence. But now, to be going with her laurels fresh upon her; to be going with full hands, bearing to the town that was not important enough even to appear on the map, an offering of *fame!* Oh, that was happiness indeed.

It seemed less than five years and yet somehow longer than a lifetime since the day she had left Willetsburg with her simple wardrobe packed in the shiny new trunk, and her precious packages of sketches and paintings carried carefully beneath her arm. Everybody was down to the train to see her off and wish her well.

"I give you exactly two months," Bess Laird had called out, waving good-by.

"She'll be back! She'll have to come back! Nobody can stay away long from Willetsburg," Uncle Joe had seconded.

But nobody, not even Eleanor herself, had dreamed of the things that really were to come: The months of small, dark hall bedrooms and cautiously spent nickels; of feverish, absorbing work in Art School, where the teacher's praise was sometimes food enough without a dinner. The days of bitter homesickness when there was not enough money to go home on, unless she abandoned the dream of her heart.

And then the scholarship to Paris! Care lifted by the first breath of success. Three years of the heavenly joy of work that grew nearer and nearer perfection under her hand. And at last her picture in a place of honor *in the Salon!*

When she returned to New York it was to find her work already known and sought after. There had been an exhibit, and more sales than she had dared hope for. Better still, there were orders waiting to be filled. Fame and Fortune, those hesitant lovers, had suddenly become her devoted slaves.

And as soon as the tumult of acclaim had spent itself a little, when she had rented her studio and finished the first most important orders, she wrote to Aunt Sally and Uncle Joe that at last she was coming!

SHE scarcely slept that night after the letter was mailed. All the long-deferred and stoically silenced longings leaped up again in her heart. The praise of strange lips was, after all, not altogether satisfying. She wanted to hear it from those who had known her when she drew menageries around the borders of her spelling-book, and caricatured the teacher on her slate!

But the thought uppermost in her mind, as she sat now in the speeding train with the papers and notebooks about her, was far removed from vanity or pride. As a matter of fact, Eleanor had the simple humility of a true disciple of beauty. The thought was unselfish. It was a deep longing to share with the people of Willetsburg what she had gained during these five years. To take it back with her like a shining gift, and pour it into their hands.

Dear Willetsburg! So familiar and friendly and kind-hearted! So circumscribed and uneventful, and yet so complacent withal! They did not dream, those good people who went about their busy, useful daily round, that just outside there was a thrilling world of beauty which they did not see. Very few of them had ever traveled afar, either in reality or in imagination. Now, she, like an eager Marco Polo, was returning to tell them of the wonders she had discovered.

AND they would be so glad to hear, for there was now a link between Willetsburg and Paris! Something in common between the old town's dingy Main Street and the gleaming Champs Élysées! Incredible and yet true, for she herself had brought it about! The precious painting that had achieved fame, that the judges had chosen to honor in the Salon, *was a little bit of Willetsburg!* The old black oak that stood in Fielding's Meadow, back of the town! She had painted it from a dozen sketches that she had made from time to time at home, and from the memory of it, as she had seen it standing, winter after winter, starkly noble amid the snow, with its curiously bent and widely sweeping branches etched against the sunset! She wondered, with a warm, happy quiver of anticipation what everybody would say about *that.* For they all knew of it. A copy of the picture with its simple title of "The Oak," and the account of its success, had been reprinted in the county newspaper from a New York issue.

She began to leaf through her notebooks. They were full of bits of description, scraps of unique experiences, vivid ink sketches of interesting characters. Now she must sift out the best of them and arrange them in such a way that she could pass them on to Willetsburg. She

would be invited to speak, of course, at the Wednesday Club, and probably at one of the Lodge's social affairs.

And then, every day, the neighbors would have questions to ask her. She wanted to give them her very best.

Outside raced the flying hours.

It was late at night when she found herself at last on the Willetsburg platform. But everything was just as she had expected: Uncle Joe and Aunt Sally close to the train steps, almost lifting her off her feet. And behind them, chattering, laughing, calling, *the old crowd* waiting to greet her! It was all too unbelievably good! She was swept from one to another, talking excitedly, her eyes wet with tears. And then, when the first noisy demonstration was over, they all trooped together up the street.

"And, say, she hasn't seen the new bank building," Will Harbison was calling out above the others. "Gee, Eleanor, you'll see some changes in the old burg since you left it!"

"And the Country Cl—"

"Dan Gates! I think you're the limit! We wanted to keep that for the big surprise. Now, as usual, you've spilled the beans!" Bess Laird's voice was sharply accusing.

"Well, come on, we might as well tell her now, since he's gone that far. What do you think, Eleanor! Willetsburg is coming right along. A nine-hole golf course!"

"And the dearest little clubhouse! It's to be added to later, of course. But it's big enough now for bridge parties and—"

"And the Saturday night dances!"

"WE MADE Aunt Sally promise not to write you about it! Isn't it *wonderful!*"

"Wonderful!" Eleanor echoed. "Where is it?"

"Fielding's meadow and Lowry's hill thrown together. So that makes it awfully convenient."

"And the new Episcopal church is finished at last," somebody put in.

"And they've paved Jayne Street," another volunteered.

"Now listen, everybody!" Bess Laird called. "That's enough about the town's improvements. What Eleanor wants to hear is the personal items! Now, let me tell the big one! Please let me! Henry and Jessie *are engaged!*"

"Announced last week! If she had known in time you were coming she'd have waited!"

"And the Stetsons have twins! A boy and a girl."

"And the Beckers are—"

"Sh—sh! There's time for the scandal later."

"Yes, leave it for the girls to chew over alone," Will Harbison rejoined cheerfully.

It flowed all around her, the accumulated details. Five years' news, with Aunt Sally and Uncle Joe expostulating earnestly in between, "But we wrote her that! Don't you remember, Eleanor?"

At last the crowd reached the big frame house on Jayne Street, where they stopped. The same old porch chairs and swing—all in the same places. The same honeysuckle and rambler roses. The same old, shabby comfort showing through the lighted windows.

Eleanor drew a deep breath. It was all so restful and satisfying. She said good night to the crowd, making wild promises to do everything they asked of her. Her head buzzed with the plans: luncheons, bridges, bacon fries, auto trips, teas!

The one reference to her own recent experiences was made by Bess Laird as they all reluctantly moved off.

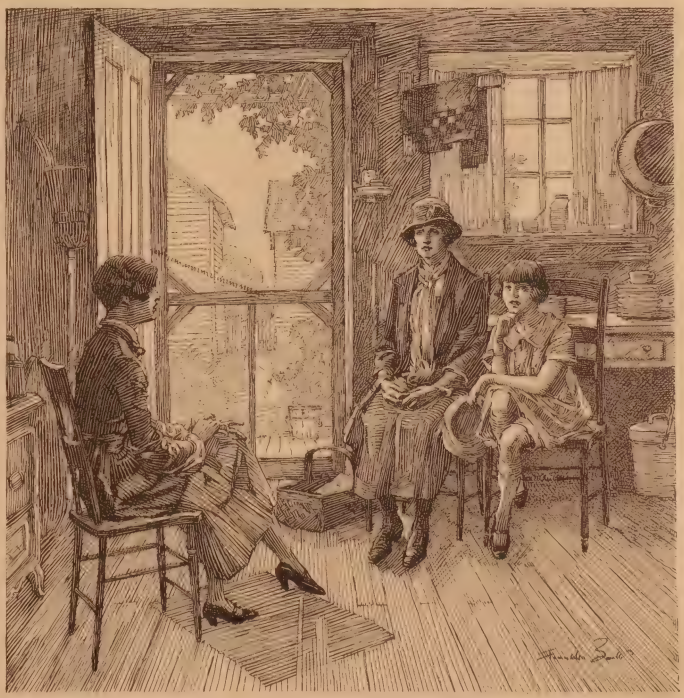
"We'll show you that your gay Paree has nothing on Willetsburg," she called.

When she was left alone with Aunt Sally and Uncle Joe, she relaxed utterly into young girlhood. It was sweet to be petted and made much of after the years of courageous struggle and hard independence. She leaned suddenly upon their love.

Uncle Joe and Aunt Sally gloated over her. And she was actually here, safe and sound, and no harm had come to her in all the wild, wicked places she had been! Aunt Sally could hardly sleep nights thinking of her lamb away off there among *foreigners!* Well now, maybe she would stop traipsing around. What Uncle Joe would like to see her do, was just to marry some nice fellah like Will Harbison here, and settle down in Willetsburg. . . .

SHE went asleep that night with the old quiet flooding in about her, in the room in which she had lain awake so many nights to dream of what had now really come to pass. Sweet! Sweet! She had been too tired to talk about her work that night. To-morrow she would tell them all about it.

But the next morning there seemed to be no burning questions in Aunt Sally's mind, beyond the one as to whether Eleanor would rather have chocolate



icing or coconut on the cake she was baking. And would she like chicken or baked ham for dinner?

The girls came over early, and bore her off to see the Stetson twins. It seemed that all the old group were either married or about to be, except herself. She listened to excited details of Jessie's engagement ring and Marian's new sun-parlor furniture, and Billy Benton's first tooth. She heard over and over that Dan, and Jake, and Huntley were the most perfect husbands the world had yet produced, but that Anne Becker was actually going to *get a divorce* from Hal! The first real divorce in Willetsburg! The full details of the case took up the remainder of the morning.

In the afternoon she was escorted by the old crowd at full strength to the new club grounds. The boys carried their golf clubs with a self-conscious swagger and talked of their scores. The girls eyed them proudly.

Eleanor's keen, friendly glance saw it all amusedly. They were so eager to make the display entirely correct for her sake, when she, of them all, was least acquainted with the Country Club atmosphere. There had been neither time nor opportunity for it in the five busy years.

THEY had reached the edge of town now. A smooth rolling green stretched away where old Turner's potato patch used to be. Fielding's meadow had become a bunkered fairway, and the brook where the town children had always waded pleasantly on hot summer days had been widened to a muddy hazard.

All the old beauty of Lowry's hill, ragged with elderberry bushes and sumac, had been painstakingly cleared away. But she must forget she was an artist. She must be human. The golf course was great fun. She—

"And would you please *look* at our clubhouse?" Bess was saying exultantly.

Eleanor turned to the west. She had purposely kept from looking at once in that direction. She had wished to wait until she could go off by herself, and then, as if it were a small sacrament, tell the old Black Oak what it had done for her. Feast her eyes again upon its beauty.

She turned slowly around. Then she gave a cry. They all stopped to look at her. For the cry was not one of pleased surprise. There was sharp pain in it.

There, on the slight rise of ground where the great tree had spread its branching limbs, stood the smug little house with its toy veranda and fluttering curtains, with its gravel driveway serpentining importantly around it. There it stood, in its crass and boastful newness where before had been one of Nature's very masterpieces.

"Well, don't you *like* it?" Bess inquired. "I take all the credit for the location. I picked that spot as soon as we talked about a club, didn't I, girls? Well, Eleanor, *say* something! We crave praise!"

Eleanor's lips felt stiff. She looked from one cheerful face to the other.

"I was thinking about . . . *the tree*," she said slowly.

Will Harbison began at once:

"Now you know, *I* hated to see the old oak come down. A darned shame, I told Bess, to sacrifice a tree like that. But you know the ladies! That clubhouse had to stand on that very spot or not at all."

"But it *is* the best place for it, right on top of that little knoll, and there wasn't room to put it there unless you cut the tree down!"

"That's right! The oak was in the middle of the space."

"And besides, we have all those lovely logs for the fireplace next winter. Eleanor, you *must* come back for Christmas. We're going to have a big dance and—"

"Well, Eleanor, don't you think it really *is* pretty smart for Willetsburg?"

She gathered herself together. It was not the first time in her life she had had to assume a sprightliness she did not feel. She atoned for her slow response. She heard herself laughing and exclaiming, and meeting the gay banter of the others. Deep within her, she choked down the bitter surprised hurt that threatened to overcome her.

But that night, in the stillness of her room, she sat down to face it. The tree she had worshiped since she was a child was gone. Cut down to make room for that glaring little monstrosity of a clubhouse. The old Black Oak! And nobody knew or cared that it had hung *in the Paris Salon!* Through all the day, no one had asked her about her work. Jessie had inquired how she could *stand* it to be so far from home, and was Paris really as wild as people said? And they all called her the "Celeb." But outside of that the conversation centered on their own interests. She lay awake a long time that night, trying to think of something that would ease the disappointment of her heart.

The next morning Aunt Sally told her over her late breakfast that Mrs. Tulley had telephoned.

"She's president of the Wednesday Club, and she wants you to speak at their next meeting. I told her you would. That was right, wasn't it? She's coming over to-morrow to talk to you about it."

Eleanor brightened. All day she kept turning over in her mind the choice memories she had stored there. The opportunity she had hoped for was to be hers. If she could only put into words for these women the beauty she had seen!

THE next day Mrs. Tulley arrived, smartly dressed and beaming. She was a newcomer since Eleanor had left Willetsburg. She began promptly upon the business in hand, while her eye took in each detail of Eleanor's dress.

"You know, Miss Norton, next Wednesday is guest day at our club, and we've invited the Music Study and the Home Interests clubs from Coatesville to meet with us at the Elks' rooms. Just a social day, you know—no heavy program. And I wondered if you would speak to us?"

Eleanor smiled, but Mrs. Tulley gave her no chance to answer. She hurried on:

"You see, this winter the Home Interests invited our club over there and gave us *such* a treat. They had a fashion show from the city—regular mannequins! The women were crazy about it. Now, my idea was that if you would just give a little talk on Paris fashions—*you* know, whether bobbed hair is going out and how they are wearing skirts—just a general forecast of the styles—well, you know it would be *marvelous*, especially since you are an artist and naturally would have an eye for interesting effects. By the way—if it isn't rude—do you happen to have with you any dress bought in Paris?"

Eleanor gripped the arms of her chair. She must not have hysterics in this woman's presence! She must be civil to her, at any cost.

"All the dresses I have with me were bought in Paris, Mrs. Tulley. You know I lived there for three years."

The other woman stared at her with a kind of holy awe.

"Miss Norton! *All of them!* Why, our women will be thrilled just to *look* at you! I'll manage to pass the word around. And you *will* speak, dear Miss Norton, won't you?"

Eleanor hesitated, while she swallowed a queer lump in her throat. Then she said slowly:

"I had thought of speaking on rather a different subject; but if you think this will give the club the most pleasure—"

"Oh, it will be *wonderful!* I can't tell you how much we will enjoy it."

She left at last, an animated wisp of thanks fluttering behind her.

WHEN she was out of sight Eleanor sank limply back into her chair. So this was the end of all her longing to bring a gift to Willetsburg! They would have none of it. In her own country she was without honor. Her offering of beauty could not be given.

Eleanor set her lips. Very well. So be it, then. Her only praise, her only encouragement and understanding must come from strangers. Between the heart of Willetsburg and her heart there was a great gulf fixed.

She went up-stairs and repacked the notebooks, and the sketches with which she had meant to illustrate her talk, in the bottom of her trunk.

Nothing in the course of the next days lightened her disillusionment. She drove and danced and lunched and dined, as she was gayly commanded to do. Each one of the girls was bursting with eagerness to show off *her* house, *her* baby, *her* wedding silver, *her* new car!

Uncle Joe and Aunt Sally were supremely content. Their child was home from her dangerous wanderings. The old house was full of young people again. Somebody was always dropping in and being pressed to stay for Aunt Sally's famous chicken and hot biscuit suppers. They waited, she and Uncle Joe, on the vine-covered porch until Eleanor returned from an evening gathering, to hear all the news.

"My, you certainly are being entertained!" Aunt Sally would remark complacently. "I knew you would be! And isn't it just grand that you're going to be here for the picnic? Who did you say invited you for to-morrow?"

"Well," Uncle Joe would break in, "it's about time you're setting out to enjoy yourself, after all this working away on them fool pictures an' things. What *I* want is for you to forget all about this painting business an' settle down with some nice fellah that can give you a good home. A pretty girl like you living in a *studio* in a big city! Now that don't look right to me."

It was late afternoon on the day of Bess Laird's bridge. Eleanor came up the walk wearily. This party had been like unto

all the other parties. The same trifling gossip, the same ill-concealed interest in high scores, the same frank enthusiasm over the good things to eat. Eleanor had wanted to scream.

As she entered the house she heard a faint tapping at the back door. Aunt Sally was out, so she went on through the big cool rooms.

There, under the grape arbor that screened the back porch, stood two travel-stained figures, a woman and a little girl. At a glance, Eleanor surmised they had come from far back in the country, and it looked as though they had come on foot. The woman carried a market basket, and was no doubt selling something.

"Did you wish to see my aunt?" she inquired kindly.

The woman smiled timidly.

"No," she said in a slow, soft voice. "We wanted to see Miss Norton. . . . Why . . . are you—?"

For Eleanor was opening the door hospitably.

"Yes; I am Miss Norton. Won't you come in?"

The woman entered, drawing the child with her. Her eyes were fixed worshipfully on Eleanor's face.

"You don't know," she stammered, "what this means to me. I—I didn't know whether we'd even get to see you; but I've been planning ever since I saw by the papers you were here, to bring Mary in. Mary, shake hands with the lady. *This is the artist!*"

ELEANOR took the child's hot, dusty little hand and looked into the blue eyes that were raised wonderingly to hers, then turned to the mother.

"Do sit down and rest, both of you, and tell me how you came to know anything about me."

The woman placed her basket beside her. Eleanor noticed now that she had the same deep gentian eyes as the child.

She smoothed her plain gingham dress nervously, and went on:

"It seems kind of bold, me coming like this, a perfect stranger. I'm Mrs. Hart, from out by the Cross Roads. But I've thought so much about you and your work ever since I read in the paper first that you were going off to New York to study art—and then about the scholarship to Paris—and then your picture in the Salon, I sort of felt I just had to come and bring Mary—"

She stopped, embarrassed. Then, encouraged by the flash of surprised pleasure in Eleanor's eyes, she added:

"I used to draw a little myself when I was young. Of course I never had any chance, and when I was married—you know how it is on a farm with a big family." She smiled wistfully. "There ain't much time for drawing. But now, Mary! It seems like she's taking to it the way I did, only more. That's why I wanted her just to *see* you! She won't ever forget. She's like that, alway remembering things. I want her to have her chance, mebbe, some day." (*Continued on page 98*)

"Yes, I Am A Crank!"

And so is every person who has ever done anything, says B. H. Kroger, who operates a chain of thirty-six hundred stores

By Charles Lane Callen

A GOOD many years ago, forty-five to be exact, a wholesale-grocery salesman bustled into a Cincinnati store with the air of one who had little time to waste. With a practiced flourish, he placed a can of corn upon the counter and tapped it with an impressive forefinger.

"Ever see anything classier than that wrapper?" he demanded of the storekeeper. "Makes you hungry for stewed corn the minute you look at it." He went on, confidently, "That wrapper'll sell more canned corn in a day than you've been selling in a month. I'm putting you down for three cases. You'll want all of a dozen cases next week."

It was a little store, a mere one-man-and-boy establishment which the salesman "made" because he must. The storekeeper was small, slightly built, as unimportant appearing as his business, and scarcely more than a boy in years. Not so long before he had been soliciting orders and driving a wagon on the streets. Prior to that he had been a farm hand at six dollars a month "and found." By every rule, the imposing bulk and air of the salesman, twice his age, should have awed him.

"What d'yuh say?" boomed that worthy, poising his pencil over order book. "Price is right, stuff's right, and—" He stopped short, then stared in astonishment mingled with wrath at the meager figure opposite. The storekeeper calmly had picked up the can of corn, stripped it of its pretty wrapper, and there it stood between them, bare and characterless.

"What's the big idea?" the salesman demanded.

Deliberately the storekeeper crumpled the torn wrapper in his hand.

"My customers eat corn," he said crisply, "not wrappers. Since we understand that, now suppose you open your sample and show me what's inside. That's what you were hired to do."

The salesman blustered, he argued, he swore under his breath; but he did open the can, which he was hired to do. And next morning, with memory still rankling, he vehemently explained to a fellow salesman what had followed upon his use of the can-opener.

"He smelled that corn," he related. "He tasted it. Not content with that, he dumped the corn out and washed it, after which he had the nerve to tell me that it was full of hulls! Of all the blasted cranks I've ever met that fellow is the worst! His name is Kroger. I hope to Gawd he starves!"

Since that day, forty-five years ago, many hundreds of men, like the corn salesman, have sworn mightily under their breaths and called B. H. Kroger a crank. And Kroger cheerfully, heartily, unhesitatingly admits it!

"If a crank is somebody who knows exactly what he wants and who insists and persists until he gets it exactly in that way, you may just put me down as the worst crank in this whole town," he says.

And an Egotist, Too!

"LET us be frank in this talk," said Mr. Kroger. "I have said we are all cranks. Likewise, most of us are egotists. We like to palm off our egotism as self-confidence; sometimes we call it 'faith in ourselves;' but, whatever we call it, it is the ego, the 'I' exalted. Purposeful, confident action *must* be founded on a belief in 'I,' for without that belief there would be inaction."

However, Kroger has not starved. Instead, his crankiness very directly has helped him build a fortune.

A man who had no reason to be friendly to Kroger pointed him out to me as "one of the four biggest men in Cincinnati." He added that Kroger was reputed to be worth $60,000,000 and that Kroger stock was that day quoted on the Cincinnati exchange at thirteen times its par value.

"He began with one store. To-day he owns two thousand," he said.

I CHECKED up and found he had understated the facts. To-day Kroger is the head and founder of a great retail organization which operates more than 3,600 stores in Ohio, Michigan, Missouri, West Virginia, and Kentucky. The business of the B. H. Kroger Grocery and Baking Company amounts to $160,000,000 a year. It is the third largest baker of crackers, and its annual production of bread, for sale in Kroger stores, exceeds 100,000,000 loaves. The employee roll of one boy has grown until now it numbers 12,500 workers. Additionally and incidentally, Kroger is the president of the Provident Savings Bank and Trust Company, of Cincinnati.

I looked up Mr. Kroger. According to the evidence, it had paid him uncommonly well to be a crank and I was curious to learn how he had "got that way," and why, for crankiness never before had appealed to me as a profitable trait.

What was my surprise, therefore, when this man, who has spent a lifetime in dealing with people, informed me promptly and bluntly that I was a crank, that you are a crank, that everybody to a degree varying with the individual is a crank of one sort or another!

"Show me the most successful man in the world," said Mr. Kroger, "and I will show you the world's biggest crank. What is more, he *had* to be a crank to be successful! A great artist is great, why? Because he is a crank about form and shade and color; a great engineer because he is a crank about precision, materials, and design; a great writer because he is a crank about words and atmosphere and characterization.

"PICK out the best bookkeeper you know; he is a crank over accuracy and thoroughness. The woman whose appearance you admire is a crank about her hair and dress. And the cook whose food has the most delicious flavor and whose dinners are the most savory is the peer of all cranks when she buys her meats and vegetables and groceries.

"My business is that of dealing daily with thousands of cooks and housewives," added Mr. Kroger, his shrewd eyes twinkling, "and it was they, years ago, who taught me the virtue of crankiness. I became a crank deliberately and by design, for which I must thank the women. It was my mother, a wonderful woman, who started me on my cranky way."

I studied the man before me—slight of build, grayed, seamed of face; in spite of a ceaseless activity and seemingly exhaustless energy he has never in his life been entirely well. I noticed that his hand jerked nervously where it hung at ease over his chair arm. His face was as devoid of fear as a sheet of steel, that of a man used to fighting alone, and to constant fighting, with the odds often against him. But a shy softness tempered his direct, steady eyes, so that it did not surprise me

later to learn that each summer, at his big farm near Cincinnati, he cares for several hundred anemic poor children. He never mentioned this in our talk, though it perhaps is his biggest interest outside of business.

Christened Bernard Kroger, he was born in Cincinnati in 1860, the fourth oldest in a family that was to grow to eight. His father, a small merchant, had come to America in 1827 from Alsace-Lorraine, working his way in a sailing ship. Big, affable, easy-going had been the elder Kroger, popular with his neighbors, open-handed, genuine. Farmers who had begun their journey into town long before daylight made up a goodly portion of the patronage accorded his little general store on Central Avenue; and fifteen or twenty of them with huge appetites usually sat down each day at the free Kroger table for noonday dinner. That was the elder Kroger's idea of "service to my customers." It made his store a gathering place. He sold dry goods, which farmers usually bought by the bolt. He died at seventy-one.

Young Bernard's mother was the disciplinarian of the family. Born in Germany, she had been brought to America at the age of three, a daughter of pioneers. Under her hand the Kroger home above the store was kept immaculate. Her meals, always on time, were famed for thirty miles around. A church woman, unswerving and literal in her faith, she dominated her household. There was no excuse except a serious illness to warrant shirking duty on Sundays. There was no excuse under the sun for untidiness and waste. Cleanliness *was* next to godliness; and industry was second only to cleanliness.

THE boy Bernard was like her, except in physique, possibly due to an admiration and a love which knew no bounds. Hardy and tireless, up to within a few weeks of her death at the age of eighty-eight, Mother Kroger knew not a sick day. At eighty-five she took a railroad journey unaccompanied. With undimmed eyes she read the best magazines, and was better informed on international affairs than most men. Many times, I've no doubt, she was called a crank.

She was a crank in this way, Mr. Kroger explained: She insisted that a thing be done right; that it be done promptly; that it be done thoroughly. The store, for instance, sold among its endless variety of goods those old-fashioned cotton-stuffed "comforters" at one time to be seen in every farm bedroom. They were hand-made by neighborhood housewives. One of Bernard's boyhood duties was to carry the bundles of cotton to the makers and to return the completed comforters to the store for sale. His mother subjected them to inspection, and never accepted one her exacting nature would have refused for her own bed.

"Women will come in here to buy these comforters who are just as particular as I am," she was wont to say. "If I can see poor stitching they will see it too. The only way to satisfy a particular customer is to be more particular. Satisfy the most particular customer you have and you'll satisfy everybody."

Although she did not know it, she was stating a policy upon which one of the country's great businesses was to be founded. Bernard Kroger himself was too young to realize its full significance then, though later it was to be his guiding rule.

In the panic of 1873, the Kroger store failed.

Rather, the store itself did not fail, but "outside speculations" of the elder Kroger in real estate collapsed and the store and its stock had to be liquidated to meet the losses and pay debts. Bernard got work in a drug store. He was thirteen, but he had to work seven days a week, and nights. Even in adversity Mother Kroger's principles held iron-bound. "A job which keeps a boy at work Sunday and away from church is no job," she declared. Bernard went to church, though he had to quit his position at the drug store in order to do so. "I'd sooner starve," said Mother Kroger, "than have a boy of mine turn his back to duty." An iron woman! Kroger worshiped her.

Bernard H. Kroger was born in Cincinnati sixty-seven years ago. He was successively a drug-store clerk, a farm hand, a delivery-wagon driver, and finally manager of a grocery store on the verge of failure. Immediately he made the store pay. That experience led him to open a store of his own, from which beginning he has built one of the big retail organizations of the country. In addition to being head of the B. H. Kroger Grocery and Baking Company, which employs twelve thousand persons, he is president of the Provident Savings Bank and Trust Company, of Cincinnati

From the drug store he went to a farm, at six dollars a month. It was thirty-five miles from Cincinnati in a flat, marshy country. His bed was a bunk in the tool house, covered with a sheepskin robe. Mosquitoes from the marshes swarmed through the unscreened windows and made the nights a torment. Every bone and muscle in Kroger's frail body ached and groaned from the man's work he attempted to do.

"I was homesick," he told me. "I wanted to run away. Each morning I dreaded the daybreak and each evening I dreaded darkness."

HIS mental agony, to this day recalled with quiet horror, tested to the last ounce every bit of metal that was in him. On top of it, but causing no cessation in his work, came malaria with its paroxysms of sweating fever. The boy shrank to a bag of bones; his skin became as yellow as the ripe wheat in which he toiled. Thinking of what his mother would say of a quitter, however, he stuck it out. It was his first big fight.

A year and a half he worked on the farm. A Cincinnatian was the owner of the place, which was directed by a manager who had only the most rudimentary notions about farming. Kroger was learning nothing, getting nowhere—and he wanted, as he had never wanted before, to get ahead, to earn more, to be able to send more home to his mother.

"I was a spectacle, no doubt," he said to me, "skinny, yellowed, long-haired, big-eyed, and shaken by fits of the malaria. My clothes were worn out and patched. I wore leather boots which rattled about my shins. My cap was so faded you couldn't possibly tell what had been its original color."

So he came back to Cincinnati, looking for a better job. A remarkable fact was that he never doubted for one moment his ability to find such a job, and to handle it when once found.

"I've been accused of being an egotist," he went on. "I was a bigger egotist that day when I returned to Cincinnati from the farm than I've been at any time since. The years and experience have since taught me that I can be wrong probably as frequently as the next man, but that fact never occurred to me then. In my own estimation I was one hundred per cent right, all of (*Continued on page 183*)

Mr. Jay S. Stowell and his family, at their home in Fox Chase Hills, Pennsylvania. Mr. Stowell is a Congregational minister; but for years he has been employed as a Home Mission and Church Extension worker by the Methodist Episcopal Church. His field extends over the entire United States and many of its territorial possessions. His books, among them "The Child and America's Future," have had wide sales. Mr. Stowell is a graduate of Oberlin College, Union Theological Seminary, and Columbia University. He became an itinerant missionary soon after leaving college

I Have Never Been Turned Away From A Cabin Door

By Jay S. Stowell

IS THERE any relation between the size of a house and the difficulty of getting past the front door?

I cannot prove it, but I believe there is. Hospitality to strangers seems to decrease in inverse ratio as extra rooms are added to the domicile. In a one-, two-, or three-room cabin there is always "room for one more;" but above that you never can tell. There seems to be something about the architecture of a cabin, whether it be in our Eastern highlands, in the adobe country of New Mexico, in the mining camps of Colorado, or the sage-brush plains of Montana that makes the whole world kin.

Experience revealed this truth to me after I had walked up to many doors in many different states and asked the simple question, "May I stay all night?"

Perhaps my experience has been different from that of others. It has fallen to my lot to go into the out-of-the-way places and to live with just plain everyday folks, no one of whom was under any obligation to extend courtesies to me.

Somewhere around twenty years ago I set out in the rôle of a Sunday-school missionary. How much good I did to the world I cannot say; but my experience taught me a few elemental truths.

I began my missionary work in the mountain country of West Virginia, and before I gave it up I had covered assignments in western Pennsylvania, in Montana, in western Colorado, and in Oklahoma. Since that time, as a writer for church and missionary organizations I have traveled repeatedly into all the states of the Union, and I have taken time to get away from cities and railroads and saunter back where plain people live, sometimes fifty miles from the railroad, sometimes much more.

BUT my first experience in asking hospitality of strangers began before I took up my missionary work, and it was the bitterest of all. Possibly it was fortunate for me that I did not then realize how many times I would be asking the same question in the years that have followed.

I was teaching school in a hidden hamlet in the foothills of the Adirondack Mountains, five miles from the railroad. The way was rough and hilly, and under the best of conditions the journey was an arduous one. On a night which I shall never forget I stepped from the train and watched it pull away into the darkness. Then I turned toward my destination. Snow had been falling all day, and high drifts were piled on both sides of the road.

I had not gone many rods before I knew that I was face to face with two grim realities, snow and night. I might have turned back, but there was little to turn back to. So I kept on. I covered a quarter of a mile and rested in a deep drift. I pushed forward, and in course of time covered another quarter. At three quarters of a mile I knew I should turn back. But a long distance ahead I saw a light, which lured me on. I would ask shelter of strangers. Surely a night like

this they could not refuse to give shelter.

How long it took me to negotiate that walk I do not know. Each step was taken with difficulty, and I beat back the billows of snow as a swimmer breasts the waves of the ocean. At last I reached the house and knocked on the door. I made my wants known. I was exhausted and far from my destination. Could I stay all night? I was curtly told that I could not stay; but that probably I could be cared for at the next house, nearly a mile away.

The refusal was like a blow in the face, but I made no protest. Summoning all my reserve I stumbled on my dreary way. Never before had I quite realized the awful dead weight of piled snow, snow so soft that one sank into it as into cold feathers, and so heavy that, to tired feet, it seemed as lead. My progress was slow and labored. But somehow I struggled on and reached the house.

It was now late and the house was in darkness.

I knocked.

There was no response.

I knocked again and again. I called. A voice said, "Who's there?"

I told my tale.

"We can't get up," said the voice. "We're all in bed. You will have to go on."

Although I was well versed in the Scriptures, in the cold and darkness and in my bodily misery, I forgot about the man who won out because of his importunity. Foolishly, I accepted the answer as final. Despair and humiliation seized my soul. I felt like a beggar. I was ashamed. To turn back now was out of the question. Before me stretched a worse road than the one I had passed. I looked at the large, well-built house towering in the darkness, with its broad veranda, that so belied the soul of the house within.

Once more I took the road.

EVERY step was a struggle. The snow was deeper now; but the wind had ceased and the stars were shining through the clear cold air. I was no longer weary. That word is too weak. I was on the point of complete exhaustion. I would lie back in the midst of a drift, and then rouse myself and push on. I came to an abandoned house. In front stood a tall milk stand. The wind which had swirled the snow about it had left an inviting little cave, which spoke to me of rest. With an overwhelming sensation of satisfaction and relief I rolled into that snow nest. My tired muscles could do no more. I knew that I would be found dead —perhaps in a few days, possibly not till spring. It mattered little to me; death seemed to have no horrors. I was not brave, I simply did not care. Rest was the most desirable thing in the world. Nothing else mattered.

How foolish are the despairs of youth.

I had rolled under that milk stand to die. My worries were past, and I lay like a lump of lead. I kept no account of time. Gradually, my mind cleared. Instead of thinking about death I found myself considering ways and means of completing my journey. When I finally crawled out on all fours from my snowy haven I was a remade man. My struggles were not over; but a new strength had come to me. In the small hours of the morning I reached my destination. Six hours I had battled with the snow—but I had won.

Any grudge I might have held toward the unfriendly humans who doomed me to the experiences of that terrible night is gone. I know now what the trouble was—their houses were so large that they had no room. I have some vivid memories of being turned from other doors in later years, but always it was from the painted houses, the houses with comfortable verandas, the houses with many rooms, never from a humble cabin home.

Time passed, and I received my commission as a Sunday-school missionary, together with instructions to work a certain field in West Virginia. I was to go to the end of the (*Continued on page 180*)

If You Ask Me:

It costs a lot to be a snob

"A SNOB," said a little friend of mine recently, "is a fellow who pretends to be what he ain't because some other fellow is."

And that, I maintain, is a pretty good definition.

We all wish to put the best foot foremost. Indeed, I believe it is the duty of each of us to appear just as well as is compatible with his financial and intellectual honesty. In this day of high prices, we cannot make much of a "show" unless we have a great deal of this world's goods. But why want to make a "show"? There is nothing shameful in not having so much money as one's more fortunate neighbor. And pretense of wealth is invariably vulgar.

Since it costs so much to live decently, why add to the difficulties by doing things we cannot afford, just for the sake of what people will say?

"My dear," remarked a woman to me, "if I cannot entertain as well as the people who entertain me I won't entertain at all."

The poor lady is all wrong. Being a snob, or a would-be swell, she does not see that the greatest honor she can do a friend is to show such hospitality as she can afford.

I have in mind one of the homes where there is no sign of snobbishness, where husband and wife are too sincere to make pretenses. Their means are moderate—so moderate that a snob might look down on them. But in all my life I have never met with more exquisite hospitality.

The young wife does her own work in the little cottage in which they live. She is charming and attractive, and her wealthy friends seek her out and invite her to their houses. I have never heard her regret that she cannot entertain as they can. She receives them in her tiny home with the most beautiful and gracious welcome. She does not apologize for the simplicity of the fare nor for the inexpensive ménage. She sets before her guests the best she can afford, and no more. She has taught me many a lesson in the virtue of sincerity. She feels there is nothing shameful in being poor.

I took a much-traveled woman-of-the-world to this little home. When we left, she turned to me with a moved smile and said, "That is royal hospitality. I am more honored at having been the guest of that young wife than if I had been entertained in a palace. She is the *realest* person I have met in years."

Of course, being rich is mighty agreeable, and the rich are justified in procuring for themselves the best of everything. We would do the same if we could. But when we cannot afford it, why cripple ourselves, starve our bank accounts, and sacrifice our honor and self-respect to snobbery and the desire to be swells?

If you would be a swell, you must pay for it. If you have the money and the inclination, go ahead. But if you haven't the money—don't go in for pretense.

Those of us who do not try to be swells—or who have not the means to be—know certain joys of which our wealthy friends are ignorant. When we do manage, by saving or because of a run of luck, to gratify some longing, we enjoy it as we never would if it were an everyday occurrence.

As I've said before, it must be nice to be rich. But if one cannot be—it is awfully nice to be just sincere and honest and live right in the middle of one's pasture, content with all the simple, beautiful things that are there.

The price of being a swell and a snob is a sense of never-ending strain in pretending to be what one is not.

Virginia Terhune Van de Water

"Calc'late suthin's on my specs," said Grampa. "I can't seem to make this out. Don't make no sense"

Scattergood Stirs Up More Than Rubbish

A story

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL MEYLAN

WADE LUMLEY was not so young as he had been when Scattergood Baines first walked barefoot into Coldriver, kicking up the dust of the summer road and delighting in the sensation of warm sand oozing upward between his toes. He still conducted the dry-goods store which his father had owned before him, and which *his* father had inherited from the first Lumley to take up his residence in the valley.

The three-story frame building was one of the landmarks of the village. In the hundred years of its life it had known many coats of white paint, and more than one family could tell how some aged member of it had been equipped there with his first baby clothes, and with the garments he wore upon his last journey.

The bookkeeping of this establishment had not altered in its simple method since the day of Lumley the First. The books consisted of two spindles. Upon the first of these were bills, upon the second were receipts. No inventory was ever taken, no clearance sales were ever held. Yet, on December 31st of each year, the proprietor knew exactly how he stood.

"Don't need no figgerin' to tell me that," Wade often said. "Allus pay what I owe the end of every year—and what I got left is mine."

It was simple, and it sufficed in a simple age and among simple people. But latterly times had been growing more complex. Wade's grandson—for Mr. Lumley's son was lost to him—argued with his grandfather for the introduction of more modern ways; but the old gentleman was adamant against such inroads. "What was good enough for my grandfather's good enough for me," he said, and there the matter rested.

So the Lumley store had lagged, and then staggered, and now was tottering. Even Wade himself realized this. He realized that the enterprise of whose antiquity he was so proud, and upon whose history he so loved to discourse, was upon the brink of dissolution.

In this emergency Young Wade Lumley, the fifth of his name, took his courage in his hand and called upon Scattergood Baines. Mr. Baines sat, as he usually did in summer, upon the piazza of his hardware store, ready to entice passers-by inside to purchase articles large or small from his stock. He looked down, eyes shaded by his flapping straw hat, as the young man stopped upon the bottom step.

"Mornin', young feller," he said.

"Mornin', Mr. Baines."

"Jest stoppin'," Scattergood asked, "or stoppin' for suthin'?"

"I kind of wanted to talk things over with you, bein' as how you're the head one to the bank."

"Um. . . . Your grampa's notes, mebbe?"

"I jest dunno what's to be done," said Wade.

"Your grampa 'n' me's old friends, Wade," Scattergood said, "and 'most everybody else is his friends too. I calc'late everybody's willin' to turn to and do what he kin."

"We can't reduce the notes. . . . And seems as though we couldn't keep on, though we manage to borrow more."

SCATTERGOOD pursed his mouth and puffed out his round cheeks. He looked at Wade briefly, and then allowed his narrowed eyes to travel off across the bridge toward the store in which the Lumleys had gone about their affairs so long that the memory of no man then living ran to the contrary.

"Money in the bank hain't mine, Wade. B'longs to folks that has saved it up and put it there for safe keepin'."

"I know it."

"We hain't got no right to risk it, Wade, nor to give it away. We got to do right by the folks that trusts their savin's into our hands."

"Seems as though," said Wade.

"If you can't pay down on them notes, it don't seem likely you kin pay off more notes on top of 'em."

"It don't," Wade said heavily.

"Your grampa's kind of set in his ways, Wade."

"He's all right," the young man replied firmly. "It's Grampa's store, and he's got a right to run it like he wants to."

"To be sure, Wade, to be sure. Hain't nobody questionin' it. But the rub kind of comes in right there. He hain't got the right to run it like he wants to with other folks' savin's. Git the p'int?"

"I git it," said Wade. "W-al, much obleeged. I didn't calc'late much was to be done. But I do sort of wish it could have been shored up to outlast Grampa. It'll most likely break him down to see the sheriff nail a notice on the door."

The young man turned away with drooping shoulders and walked a few steps. Only then did Scattergood seem to notice his departure.

"Goin' some place, Wade?" he asked.

"Back to the store."

"Give up kind of easy, don't you?"

Scattergood knew his people, knew their fierce pride and how it cut to the quick to be compelled to ask a favor. He knew it was beyond the power of one of them to press for mercy—and his eyes wrinkled in a kindly smile, though his lips remained grave.

"I calc'late I said all I got to say," Wade answered.

"Other folks may want to do some sayin'," Scattergood said. "Hain't I goin' to git a chance?"

Wade turned back, and stood waiting, awkwardly.

"Set," said Scattergood. "Um. Hain't no reason a store like yourn shouldn't pay here, is the'?"

"I calc'late we're kind of out of date. Newfangled things is the style, and our ways of doin' don't fit in."

"Figger you understand about the new ways, Wade?"

"I got idees," said the young man. "But Grampa, he don't hold with 'em."

"Many bills owin' to you?"

"A sight. Grampa never was one to press folks much."

"He wa'n't," said Scattergood. "And he wa'n't never one to look if a man could pay before he give him credit."

"Lots of bills he never expected to git paid," said Wade.

"I know," Scattergood said, and nodded. He did know. He knew of more than one family that had been carried through hard winters by the elder Lumley. He knew that no penniless father or mother ever asked for credit in vain. He knew many things—all to the credit of Wade Lumley as a human being; but few to his credit as a man of business.

"Don't b'lieve there's much collectible," said Wade, "even if Grampa knew who did the owin'. He kind of tears up the accounts after a while."

"NEVER held one of these here clearance sales, did he?"

"No, nor his pa, nor his grampa, neither."

"Old stock must 'a' accumulated consid'able."

"Top floor's full of it. When a thing gits so it clutters up the shelves we move it up-stairs. 'Tain't fit for nothin' but to burn; but Grampa, he likes to hang onto it. Says he put his money in it, and he can't bear to throw it away."

"How much money do you need—

altogether, Wade?"

"I calc'late mebbe ten thousand 'ud see us through. Takin' up the notes and all."

"But how'd you pay it back? Goin' from bad to wuss, seems as though. Folks is gittin' into the way of goin' to stores that keeps more up-to-date stock and sich-like. Calc'late you kin build up a business agin?"

"I could," said Wade.

"IF YOUR grampa 'ud let ye. Uh-huh. Calc'late he'd ruther go bankrupt than to give you a free swing at it?"

"He don't figger it's our business ways that's ruinin' us."

"Couldn't he mebbe be showed?"

"It hain't for lack of my tryin'," Wade said.

"Calc'late he knows how bad things is?"

"He does, kind of, and yet he don't. Seems as though he's got a kind of faith things'll go on, somehow."

"I figgered so," Scattergood said. "No, your grampa won't never tolerate no change—that he kin help."

"I've wanted to fix up the winders so as to attract folks."

"Be kind of a pity," said Scattergood, with a sly twinkle in his eye. "Them things he's got in the winders now is perty familiar to folks. We'd miss 'em."

"The' hain't been a thing disturbed in them winders since I was born," said Wade.

"Calc'late them goods in the store-room 'ud fetch anythin' at a rummage sale?"

"They'd fetch more at a bonfire," said Wade.

"Um. . . . G'-by, Wade. Hey, hold up a minute! I hear your grampa's goin' to the Masonic doin's down to Higgins Bridge to-morrow."

"He's been countin' on it."

"G'-by, Wade."

"G'-by, Mr. Baines." The young man turned away, discouragement eloquent in his drooping shoulders and bent head. Scattergood peered after him and waggled his head.

"Calc'late," he said to himself, "we got to play a mean trick on the old feller. Kind of hold his nose and make him take castor oil!"

Next morning, having first made sure Grampa Lumley had driven away to Higgins Bridge, Scattergood ambled across the bridge to the store. He stood in the doorway and peered into the dusky interior, smelling of calico and coffee, and so arrayed with stock that a progress down the aisles was close to an impossibility. Dresses hung on hangers, gloves and mittens dangled—though it was summer—strings of hats and caps flapped; barrels of sugar and boxes of fancy cookies elbowed crates of vegetables. There was even a smattering of millinery. The old hardware merchant waggled his head in silent disapproval.

Grampa Lumley stopped suddenly and pointed to a vacant spot. "Where," he

Wade stepped from behind the counter to meet him.

"What kin I do for you?" he asked.

"You kin traipse me up to the top floor," said Scattergood.

"Suthin' there you want?"

"Jest want to prowl."

SO THEY mounted the stairs, themselves burdened with surplus stock. Racks of brooms, a couple of high-chairs, a crate of dishes! The second floor was given up to furniture and wall paper and carpets and curtains. But the third floor! It was a New England attic raised to the *n*th power! Bales, boxes, barrels, crockery, furniture, dress goods, women's cloaks dating back to post-Revolutionary days, tinware, pewter, china!

"Hain't never been up here before," said Scattergood. "It's dog-gone educational, hain't it? . . . You kin run along if you got suthin' to do, while I rummage."

"Hain't got nothin' to do," said Wade.

Scattergood remained an hour, and Wade marveled that he should spend so much time. The old man chuckled as he brought to light a couple of spinning wheels and a brace of bed warmers. He set in a group a dozen or more articles of brownish crockery. He lifted and tugged and sweated, and got himself remarkably dusty.

"Mebbe," said Wade, "if you was to tell me what you was lookin' for I might help ye."

"Hain't lookin' *for* nothin'. Jest lookin' *at*."

Presently he signified that he was finished, and they went down-stairs again.

"Kind of a conglomeration," Scattergood said. "Don't call to mind ever seein' anythin' jest to compare it to."

"The' hain't nothin'," Wade said wearily.

demanded of his grandson, "is that there box of prunes that's been settin' right there?"

"Um. Figger ten thousand'll put you onto your feet?"

"It would," said Wade, "pervidin' Grampa would countenance a mite of changin' around."

"Pity," said Scattergood. He regarded Wade under his hat brim. "Willin' to take a chance on gittin' into trouble—if it was done for Grampa's good?"

"He's been mighty good to me," said Wade.

"He's aimed to be good to everybody," Scattergood said. "He got all equipped up with the gumption to be a good man, without none of the gumption to make money. . . . Hain't no relative he's wantin' to visit for a month or so?"

"You couldn't git him away from this store for more'n a day to a time."

"The's allus a way," said Scattergood. "Tricks in all trades but Pa's, and he drives screws with a hammer."

"What you got in mind?" Wade asked.

"Hain't jest sure. Seems like mebbe the best thing 'ud be a rip-snortin' fire. Got plenty insurance?"

"It's lapsed," said Wade.

"Then we'll give up that idee," Scattergood said, so seriously that Wade wondered if the old hardware merchant actually had contemplated arson. "As I asked you once before, be you willin' to take a chance?"

"I be," said Wade. "I'll do 'most anythin' within the law to git Grampa out of this mess."

"I calc'late we kin keep this side of crime," said Scattergood. "Unless we conclude we got to commit assault and battery on Wade to kind of banish him out of here for a few weeks."

"Nothin' else'll do it," young Wade said feelingly.

BUT he was wrong. Rheumatism did it. Too much sitting on the grass at the Masonic picnic did for Wade Lumley's joints, so that he found himself in a decidedly creaky state and unable to move out of his big wooden rocker. This, young Wade drew out on the piazza every morning, so that the old gentleman could sit and watch his neighbors going about their business, and consequently chafe less at his own inactivity. Scattergood interviewed the doctor, who assured him Wade would be quiescent for a matter of weeks.

"Allus did credit a far-sighted Providence," Scattergood said, with what the doctor regarded as a lack of sympathy. "Um . . . Doc, you see to it that ol' coot don't move till I give you the word."

"What do you mean, Mr. Baines?"

"Didn't dodge around no corners, did I? Didn't leave you in no doubt where I stood? At all times," he said impressively, "I calc'late to mean what I say exact—exceptin' such times as I mean suthin' altogether different. This time I don't."

"He'll be a hard man to keep quiet," said the doctor.

"Then git you one of them yaller smallpox signs, and quarantine him up tighter'n Nellie Lakin's Sunday shoes," said Scattergood.

HE WALKED from there to the store. "Now," he said to Wade, "we kin commence to stir."

"Stir what?"

"This here mess," said Scattergood. "I figger about a thousand dollars'll fix up this front so daylight'll penetrate. And then we kin sort stock, and git in suthin' salable, and rig up some fixtures and what-not."

"But—that's what we can't do. We can't git no more credit, and we hain't got cash, and there's Grampa. He'd tear himself all loose if we was to do sich a thing."

"Nevertheless, we're a-goin' to."

"We can't be no more busted 'n we are," said Wade dolefully. "But I do hate to be owin' more folks we can't never pay."

"Mebbe we kin contrive to pay," Scattergood said.

"But jest what be you goin' to do?"

"I calc'late," said Scattergood, "to turn this here place into a store, instid of a rubbish heap."

"The Lord knows what Grampa'll say when I tell him!"

"He won't say nothin'—'cause neither you nor anybody else is goin' to tell him."

Wade shook his head dubiously. It was to be seen that he was alarmed; but, as Scattergood read his face, he could at least dodge a portion of the blame. Scattergood smiled.

"You kin tell him—when the time comes—that I overbore ye," he said, "and bullied you into it."

"I calc'late I kin bear my own blame," said Wade, a trifle testily.

"You might git Elsie to help you do it," Scattergood said in a casual sort of way; but the young (*Continued on page 102*)

"I'd Rather Build A Mansion Than Merely Live In It"

Another "Just Folks" Article

By Allan Harding

SITTING in a deck chair, on a steamer homeward bound from Europe, I was so absorbed in reading a mystery story that I was temporarily deaf and blind to my surroundings.

Suddenly a sharp exclamation roused me to attention. Two men sitting near me had been carrying on a rumbling conversation. Then, apparently, the idle current of their talk had struck a snag.

"*Gosh!*" one of them exploded. "Don't talk about work! I'm sick and tired of it. I'm a slave to my job and what do I get out of it?"

"Not much, I should say, if that's the way you feel about it," replied his companion.

"Well, it *is* the way I feel about it," declared the first speaker. "Two more days of freedom, and then back to the treadmill. Come on! Let's go and have a drink and forget it!"

When his invitation was declined he lumbered to his feet, yawned, and headed for the smoking-room. The other man looked after him, muttered a low but eloquent "Humph," picked up his book, and began to read.

It was exactly two weeks later that I met John Jones—yes, that is his real name—and by a curious coincidence discussed with him the very same subject; for we, too, talked of work and of what a man gets out of his job.

Before telling you what John Jones works at, I am going to tell you what he gets out of it. Then if you can guess what his job is—well, you're a pretty good guesser.

He is one of the proudest men I have ever met. Proud because he knows he can do his work as well as any man can do it. Proud also because he not only *can* do fine work but also *does* do it.

He knows that he turns out jobs which are one hundred per cent perfect. So he has that air of confidence which comes from ability plus integrity.

He is a contented man, too. Not after the fashion of some men; the stick-and-stone sort who are contented so long as they don't have to stir themselves. He has his ambition. He pursues it with zest every day. And he has the satisfaction of daily achieving it.

He does not fear any man. Why should he? The world needs his work. We want what he can give us. He doesn't have to cringe to anybody. He envies no one. Because he knows he has the only things that are *worth* enjoying: happiness, contentment, self-respect, and the respect of others.

Now suppose you try to guess the job at which John Jones works with so much pride. . . . Perhaps he is a famous lawyer; a great doctor; a shepherd of human souls; a captain of industry; a farmer, raising wheat to feed the hungry; possibly the president of a savings bank, where the poor—

No! You're getting colder and colder, as the children say when they're playing "Hunt the Thimble." John Jones is none of these things. He is a plasterer! His father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather were plasterers before him.

To you, perhaps, he is just a worker with his hands; a mere manual laborer. But if that is your idea, again you are on the wrong track.

From John Jones I gained a new respect for "mere manual labor," when it is performed by a man who has skill, intelligence, and a real sense of honor.

That man whom I overheard on the steamer, complaining that he was a slave to his job, angrily demanding what he got out of it? I found later that his job was the law; one of the most interesting professions in the world. Yet to him it was as dull as a treadmill. He hated it as the galley slave hates his chains.

I hope that man will read this story. I hope the thousands of other men and women to whom their work is a treadmill will read it and envy John Jones; envy him to the point of trying to have, for themselves, the things he has and which are worth envying.

JOHN JONES lives in Brooklyn, but he was born in Wales, the home of his people for generations before him. He looks a little like his famous countryman Lloyd George, except that his cheeks are rosier, his gray hair more abundant, and he is physically better set up.

John Jones has the best of it in another respect. Lloyd George became prime minister of England. But he lost that job and, so far, he hasn't been able to get it back. Jones *never* has lost *his* job! So he scores that point over the ex-prime minister, and over a good many other folks as well.

However, as an American citizen, he doesn't bother his head much about what Lloyd George is doing. He has been in this country forty years; ever since he was eighteen years old. In those forty years he has been busy with his own ambition. And he has achieved it.

His ambition was to be as good a plasterer as any man with two hands, two eyes, a brain, and a conscience could become. He believed in following the Bible injunction to do with all his might whatever his hands found to do.

One of the results of this belief was a certain ceremony which took place not long ago in a great bank building which was approaching completion in New York.

John Jones had been in charge of the plastering in this splendid new building. Following the architect's blue prints he had produced elaborate cornices, moldings, cartouches, the tricky curves of groined ceilings and rounded coves.

"At one point," he told me, "I made the steel workers and metal lathers take down their work and do it over again. There had been an error in the measurements. If I had plastered the beamed ceiling as it was constructed, the panels would have been the wrong size for the frescoes which were to go in them."

"BUT is it up to you to correct the mistakes of others?" I asked.

"It certainly is, if their mistakes would make my own job less than a hundred per cent perfect!" he said emphatically. "I have no right to hide behind another man's errors."

"Did the steel workers and metal lathers resent your putting them to all that trouble?" I asked.

"Yes," he said with a grim smile; "I was the most unpopular man on the job for a while. But the thing had to be *right!* I wouldn't go on with it until it *was* right. And in the end I don't think they nursed any grudge against me."

The ceremony I spoke of was, in part at least, a result of this stubborn insistence on having things "right." One day a group of well-dressed men entered the lobby of the almost finished bank building and asked for John Jones the plasterer. A little impatient at being interrupted, Jones came forward to meet them. He had no idea of their purpose in coming. He didn't even know who they were.

Moved by curiosity, other workmen edged nearer to the little group. What was going to happen to Jones? After all his insistence on having the work of other men done right, had he himself made a slip of some sort? Who were these visitors, anyway?

The spokesman for the strangers quickly answered these questions. He explained that they came from the New York Building Congress, an organization composed of architects, builders, contractors, and representatives of the men employed in the building trades. Its purpose is to promote better relations, higher standards, and better methods in the industry.

One way of doing this, he said, is to recognize the value of high-grade workmanship and to reward the man who does such work. Therefore, it gave him great

pleasure to present to John D. Jones, plasterer, a Certificate of Honorary Craftsmanship as a mark of esteem and appreciation on the part of the New York Building Congress. Whereupon, he handed to the surprised Mr. Jones a handsomely engraved document in which the essential facts were set forth in black and white.

"How did you feel?" I asked him, when we were talking of this tribute that had been paid to his craftsmanship.

"I was pleased, of course," he said. "A man is glad to know that his efforts are recognized and appreciated. Most bosses and employers don't seem to understand this trait of human nature. They are afraid that praise will make a man conceited and hard to deal with. But I think they should regard praise, or perhaps I should say appreciation, as part of his wages. If he earns it, and doesn't receive it, they are 'holding out' on him.

"I can say this freely, because I've had nothing to complain of in that line. My employers have been generous in their appreciation. But I know plenty of good workmen who are not so fortunate. And I want to tell you that it takes a lot of good honest backbone to go on doing your very best, without knowing whether anybody except yourself sees the value of what you are doing.

"I AM one of thousands of skilled workmen in the building trades: carpenters, bricklayers, plasterers, painters, electricians, lathers, steel workers, plumbers, and so on. We make the houses in which you live. We construct the buildings in which the business of the world is carried on.

"Don't think for one minute that we don't know what we are worth to the communities where we live. Just because we wear overalls and can't keep our hands and collars clean, we don't despise our jobs. On the contrary! We know that we carry on one of the most essential of all industries.

"I think it might help everybody concerned if the so-called 'white-collar class' could understand our point of view. I am convinced that the average workman at a skilled trade has more *respect* for his job than the average clerk or bookkeeper has for his.

"Moreover, the workman is likely to be happier. Half the clerks and bookkeepers in the country would rather be working with their hands than standing behind a counter or writing figures in a big book. With comparatively few exceptions, a boy's instinct is to use his hands rather than his brain. The chief reason why he changes as he grows older is because he thinks he will be more 'respectable' in a white-collar job.

"Thousands of men who hold such jobs are never so happy as when they are painting the kitchen floor, building a garage in the back yard, tinkering with the electric bell, or working in the garden. That's a fact and everybody knows it.

"But that isn't the whole story. Suppose a man's chief concern is the money he gets for his work. Well, in these days the skilled workman is better paid than most of the salaried white-collar class.

"For example, I work five days a week, seven hours a day, and earn seventy dollars. If I would work overtime, I could earn a great deal more, for we receive time-and-a-half pay between certain morning and evening hours, and double pay for night and Sunday work.

"But I won't work overtime. I care more about my health than I do about the extra money. I have seen too many warning examples. One of my friends worked overtime on a job all day Saturday, all

PHOTOGRAPH BY D. JAY CULVER

John D. Jones, plasterer, is a craftsman of the old school, whose delight is in expert work. The New York Building Congress awarded him a Certificate of Honorary Craftsmanship, a coveted prize among New York workmen. But Jones had never heard of the prize until it was handed to him in recognition of his faithful and skillful labor! His home is in Brooklyn and, in addition to his work as a plasterer, he was formerly a tenor soloist in several leading churches of that city

that night, and all through Sunday and Sunday night. He earned several hundred dollars. But on Monday morning he came to the job dull and fagged. It didn't pay. Inside of two weeks he fell ill. After a time he recovered and came back to work. A little later he was taken ill again. And that time, because he was too worked out to make a fight, he died.

"I have had only one illness in over forty years. That was three years ago when I had a long siege with influenza. First my son had it—and died. On the day he was to be buried, I came down with it. For two weeks I was unconscious of what was happening around me.

"When I came to myself, I found that my family had been almost wiped out. My son, my wife, my oldest daughter—all were gone. Only one daughter was left. She, with her husband and little girl, lives with me now.

"I was five months getting over that illness. But if I hadn't been the sound, healthy man I was, I *never* would have got over it. And if I hadn't been industrious and thrifty, with money put by for just such emergencies, I should have come out of it with a load of debts which would have kept me half sick with worry."

"You seem to have ordered your life according to a definite plan," I said.

"Well—" he hesitated, "I never thought of it that way. But I've always known what I wanted. Perhaps that's the same thing."

"DID you want to be a plasterer?" I asked.

"Yes!" he replied; and this time there was no hesitation.

"I was born and bred to the job," he went on. "For three generations—perhaps longer; I don't know about that—my people had done that kind of work.

"When I was a child my father left Wales for a time and we lived in England. One job on which he was employed was the building of a row of cottages at Crewe. I was only eight years old then. But after school and in the evening I worked beside my father, putting on the laths—as far up as I could reach.

"You can't do a good job of plastering unless all the work that has gone before it has been well done. From the foundations to the roof, everything must be right. If the foundations are not solid, if the walls are not weatherproof, if the roof leaks, if the lathing is imperfect, sooner or later the plaster will tell the story. So the plasterer is concerned about the quality of other men's work as well as his own. That makes his job harder. But it also makes it more interesting.

"Until I was eleven years old I went to school, working with my father at odd times. Then I left school and worked every day. We went back to Holywell and I lived there until I was eighteen years old. I liked my work and could do it as well as any man in all the country around. I was happy and healthy. I didn't smoke or drink. I never have touched tobacco or liquor.

"I hadn't much education. Never have cared for books. But I had something besides work to interest me. As you probably know, the Welsh are keen about music, especially about singing. I learned to read music and found more pleasure in it that in reading books.

"In my opinion, I hit upon one of the secrets of a happy life. I had work to do and I took pride in doing it well. But music gave me another outlet and a totally different one.

"Before my illness, I was for years the tenor soloist in (*Continued on page 155*)

A rare old photograph of frontier days, showing Captain John R. Hughes (on chair) with his company of Texas Rangers and a Mexican bandit. (Below) Captain James B. Gillett, of Marfa, Texas, as he looks to-day

Quick On The Draw!

Captain "Jim" Gillett, Texas Ranger, city marshal, and cattle ranchman, knew the frontier in the days when "shooting irons" were the court of first and last resort—His adventures in helping to tame the wild Indians, and the wilder white men who had "gone bad"

By George W. Gray

YOU have read of the "two-gun man" of the West, the shooter who is not content with one pistol but who pulls two, and with deadly accuracy fires both at once? He has been the hero of many a Wild-West thriller. But did you ever actually see one of these double-triggered boys?

Captain James B. Gillett, of Texas, says *he* never saw one. And I don't know a man who has had more experience with gun fighters than this soft-spoken border ranchman. He is famous throughout the Southwest as a frontiersman and peace officer. Adjutant General King, of Texas, used to introduce him as "Jim Gillett, the best shot in the world."

"No, sir," said Gillett, as we were sitting talking together in a Mexican restaurant in San Antonio, "I never saw anybody fire two guns at once in serious fighting; and I don't believe many of the so-called 'two-gun men' ever existed. I've heard that Wild Bill Hickok could shoot two guns at the same time, but I never saw him do it. I wouldn't think of attempting it."

"Did you carry two guns?" I asked.

"When I was a Texas Ranger, and on horseback most of the time, I carried a rifle and a six-shooter. Later, as city marshal of El Paso, I wore two six-shooters, and I kept two sawed-off shotguns at strategic points in the town.

"I'll bet I've stopped a dozen killings in El Paso by presenting one of those

PHOTOGRAPH BY W. D. SMITHERS, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

guns. I think Wells-Fargo Express guards originated this weapon. They found that when ten or twelve inches were sawed off the barrel, a shotgun would scatter buckshot over a wide area. Officers all along the frontier adopted it, and none of us ever found a more effective implement for stopping desperate men at close quarters."

"Could you hit a mark by firing from your hip?"

"No, sir," emphatically replied Captain Gillett. "A man might try that as a fancy trick; but when you get down to business, it is mighty important to aim at what you want to hit. In all my experience with both officers and desperadoes, I never saw a man shoot from the hip. All of them would pull the pistol, point it from the shoulder level and fire. There's a lot of stunt shooting that I never heard of until I read about it in story books.

"Shooting was serious business with us on the border, and there was no time for circus tricks. Ammunition was precious. I can't remember ever engaging in target practice. As a boy, I learned to shoot by hunting wild game, and as a Texas Ranger at the age of eighteen years, I continued my education by hunting bad Indians and outlaws.

"EVERY man carried a gun on the border, the bad men as part of their business equipment; the honest men as protection against the bad ones. Those fractious fellows who infested the saloons, camps, bosques, plains, and mountains of western Texas could pick a quarrel for precious little cause and on mighty quick notice.

"I remember my first experience. I was a mere kid of a cowboy. The men of our outfit were eating around the camp fire when two of them got into an argument. Suddenly one of them pulled a pistol. There was a flashing of fire, and the other dropped, shot through the heart. I was so close to this fracas that my right shoulder was powder-burned.

"It was said that John Wesley Hardin, the preacher's bad boy who went wrong and killed twenty-seven men, shot six of them because he objected to their snoring. But when I helped to escort Hardin to the penitentiary, he claimed that story was all wrong. He said that he had killed only one man for snoring. Hardin's brother was shot down because he was brother to the outlaw, and not because of any crime he had committed. And eventually John Wesley Hardin himself, after being pardoned by the governor and released from prison, was shot down from behind.

"An attitude of absolute fearlessness, backed up by a gun and the ability to use it, was the officer's only hope in coping with desperate fellows. On one occasion, I was pursuing a much-wanted outlaw through the mesquite brush of Kimble County. Both of us were mounted and riding headlong through the scraggy timber. My face was bleeding from a dozen cuts inflicted by the sharp branches of the mesquite, but I was steadily gaining. The fugitive must have realized that soon I would be right at his back, for suddenly he reined his horse to a quick stop, leaped down and, shielding himself behind his mount, leveled his shotgun at me as he yelled with an oath, 'Stop, or I'll put a load of buckshot through you!'

"My horse was going at a dead run, and I could see the two holes of the outlaw's double-barrel shotgun growing bigger and bigger as I rushed toward them. Within twenty-five yards I stopped and jumped down, my rifle ready. But he was not willing to fight on such terms, and he broke from the cover of his horse and ran. I fired. The bullet grazed him so close that he ran back to the shelter of his horse. I was panting and excited from the long chase, and could scarcely draw a steady bead, but I had my rifle leveled, waiting—when another Ranger galloped up, and outnumbered, the outlaw surrendered.

"If I had flinched when he ordered me to stop, that fellow would surely have let me have both barrels of his gun. He was under indictment for assault to kill, and he was notorious in the community as a shooting man."

"I suppose there is a certain unnerving effect in being chased," I remarked, "especially in being chased by an expert marksman. Did you ever have that experience, Captain?" I asked.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BLISS

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. PARKER

Dallas Stoudenmire, city marshal of El Paso, Texas, in pioneer times, whose dramatic story is told in this article. (In oval) Captain Gillett in 1879 as a first sergeant of Texas Rangers, mounted on "Dusty," the horse which he rode more than ten thousand miles along the Southwestern frontier

"Well," said the Ranger, "I know what it is to be chased by a mob. This was one of the most desperate and dangerous episodes of my life. It happened later, during my service under Captain G. W. Baylor, on the Rio Grande border.

"The experience had its origin in a Christmas festival held in the little Protestant church in Socorro, New Mexico, in 1881. The exercises were interrupted by a disturbance in the rear of the congregation. Mr. A. M. Conklin, editor of the Socorro 'Sun,' was in charge of the meeting, and when he went back to investigate he found that two young Mexicans were the disturbers. They boisterously dared Mr. Conklin to fight. He answered that there was nothing to fight about, that they were welcome to attend the meeting; but that they must behave. He made them take their muddy shoes down from the pew, and he cautioned them to keep quiet.

"A few minutes later the two Mexicans left the church, mumbling curses and abuse. They were brothers, Abran and Enofre Baca, and they were well known in the town. Abran was about twenty-five years old, and Enofre twenty-three.

"The exercises ended without further incident, and the meeting broke up. As Mr. Conklin passed out of the church with his wife on his arm, the two Baca brothers stepped out of the shadows. Abran grabbed Mrs. Conklin and jerked her to one side, while Enofre pressed his six-shooter against Mr. Conklin and fired. The editor tumbled off the church steps, dead. The Baca brothers scurried off into the darkness.

"This murder created great excitement, for its victim was one of the most popular men in the community. For weeks, scouting parties combed the whole territory in search of the murderers. The governor of New Mexico offered five hundred dollars for their capture, and the citizens of Socorro published that they would pay an additional five hundred dollars for the Baca brothers, dead or alive. When copies of these proclamations arrived in our Ranger camp, the captain passed them around, and each Ranger read them with close attention. In those days, one thousand dollars was a big reward.

"The murder occurred in December. Late in March, we arrested two suspects, and one of them proved to be Abran Baca. I took him to Socorro and delivered him to the authorities, and received one half of the reward.

"THE Socorro authorities immediately began the prosecution of Abran Baca; but his family hired clever lawyers who got the case transferred to a distant county, where he was tried and acquitted. He immediately left New Mexico. The people of Socorro felt outraged by this acquittal, and it made them all the more determined to see that the other brother got a punishment appropriate to his crime.

"Along in May, little more than a month after my return from Socorro, I met a friend who was just in from Mexico. He said there was a young man in the little town of Saragosa who fitted the description of Enofre Baca. I told him I would give him twenty-five dollars if he would visit Saragosa and make sure that the man was Baca. A few days later, he was back with the definite information that the man was Enofre Baca, and that he was employed as sales clerk in a store. He gave me a full description of the store.

"I now began to figure how I could get Enofre Baca. I feared that it would be useless to make formal complaint to the local authorities in Saragosa. During a previous experience, with a Mexican murderer who had taken refuge in Mexico, the authorities had let my prisoner escape. I didn't want to give Baca that chance.

"The more I thought about it, the more strongly I felt that the only way was to go there unawares, simply take the man quickly, put him on a horse, and race to the border and across to the United States. I knew that the commander of my Ranger company, Captain Baylor, would never agree to such a program. Nevertheless, I decided to do it, and I began to lay out a definite plan.

"I knew that one man couldn't handle the situation, so I selected one of my comrades in the Ranger company, George Lloyd, to go along with me. He was a little fellow, but as fearless a man as ever I knew.

"We left our Ranger camp at seven A. M., crossed the Rio Grande at the ford, and immediately struck out into the bosque, or woods, for I didn't want to run the risk of meeting people on the public road. In this way, we got around on the west side of Saragosa and approached from the thick brush. It was after eight o'clock when we reached the front of the store.

"I jumped down from my horse. Lloyd, who remained mounted, caught my bridle and held old Dusty while I went into the store. This was according to our plan.

"Enofre Baca was at the counter measuring out a piece of cloth. His customer was a Mexican woman; there were two other women in the place. I walked up to Baca with (*Continued on page 165*)

Texas Rangers in the Big Bend country in the early days. "Absolute fearlessness, backed up by a gun and the ability to use it, was the officer's only hope in dealing with desperate men," Captain Gillett says

I Feel As Young As I Ever Did

By Irving Bacheller

THERE is only one human being of whom I have definite knowledge—myself. I am to tell how it has come about that, at sixty-seven, I feel as young as I ever did. Indeed, I am younger than I was at twenty-one. I have not the solemn outlook, the burdened sense of responsibility, nor the all-embracing knowledge that I had then.

To-day, I have excellent health.

I possess a growing capacity for fun.

I have made considerable progress in learning how to live. I have no fear or worry.

I have become fairly well acquainted with myself. Better still, about half the time I am now happy in my own company.

I have found my way to the work I love, to many friends, and to more than my legitimate share of peace and happiness.

Forty-five years ago, I had nothing like the measure of good things which I now enjoy. My life began in a rather stern period of our history and among people who had known the hardships of pioneering. Only thirteen years before I saw the light, anesthesia had just come into use.

In the land of my birth, fun was unpopular, save with the very young. A friend of mine tells this little story of his boyhood on a farm in northern New York: Another young lad had come to visit him. They played croquet in thick, heavy grass. They threw stones at a mark. It was poor amusement. They went to my friend's father, begging him for advice on the general subject of having fun. The man gave a moment of thoughtful consideration to the matter.

"Well, boys," he said, "if I was you, I'd see which can weed a row of onions the quickest. When you've done that, I'll try to think o' suthin' else."

Sunday leisure was the only kind we knew. It was a sad and lonely leisure. What a stropping of razors in the morning stillness! Later, what a snoring of weary men! It was a funless, dreadful day. Sometimes we washed up and went in tight boots to meeting at the schoolhouse. And we usually came home with head and feet aching.

You can readily see that my talent for fun was not impaired by over-exercise. It was perhaps fortunate, for nowadays I see young people who at thirty seem to have worn out their capacity for innocent fun.

I have spoken of my rather solemn spirit at twenty-one. Some of it came of this somber background. In part, it was an inheritance—a shadow of the near past. Poverty, Disease, Pain, and Decay had been like robber barons preying on the human caravans for ages. They worked night and day, seizing whom they could, and now and then stampeding great detachments into the valley of the shadow of death. They robbed men of cheerfulness and comfort, with every kind of torment they were able to contrive. The multitude limped along with many afflictions, and its spirit was well voiced by the mournful poetry of Isaac Watts. In my youth four beloved members of my family died of ills that are now curable.

To me, this was a sad world—a vale of tears. Indeed, mine was almost a joyless youth. I was not robust. My best fun was fishing with an alder pole in the brook after I had done my stint in the woodshed. At thirteen, I went to learn the "mercantile business" in a country store, sweeping and scrubbing and selling kerosene and tea and crackers—chiefly kerosene—and telegraphing with the old key and register. I worked for kindly, good people; but I was homesick and unhappy. Life began to look rather hard and stern to me, and to smell of kerosene. I had a right to my solemn feelings.

AS TO my sense of responsibility and vast knowledge, I was like most young men of my time. Our knowledge was free from doubt or hesitation. We thought that we knew the remedy for all the troubles of men and, therefore, we felt a strong sense of responsibility. We did not realize that the most abundant thing in the world is not knowledge but ignorance. Fortunately, I soon found out that I had rather more than my share of this general stock of ignorance. I now know that no man can have enough learning to make a sure foundation for conceit. But before I made this discovery I had already acquired my share of this undesirable quality.

The age of invention had begun. The scientists were astir. They were the prophets of a new faith. It was faith in the truth of God as revealed by science. The wealth of the human family was incredibly increased and distributed. The hours and severity of its toil diminished.

The world began to cheer up. And, along with a lot of other folks, I began to cheer up too.

At this time there were two differing fellows under my vest. One personality was serious-minded, even shadowed with melancholy. He was inclined toward religion. The other fellow was merry-hearted, optimistic, even a bit reckless. In certain crises, the latter dominated the situation. He had a strong will. He could fling worry to the winds. So it came about that events which appalled certain of my friends only made me laugh. What was trouble to most boys was fun for me. Was it because I had become acquainted with troubles, so that I could correctly estimate their relative importance?

I HAVE never forgotten the death of our beautiful white mare. She was a fast trotter, and a showy, proud, high-headed creature. My mother and the children wept. My father said:

"Save your tears for some event more worthy of them."

Often I have thought of those words when my eyes were growing moist.

I remember, after spending a few careless holiday weeks with a young friend in a Vermont hotel, my pal summoned me to a conference in our room. He was in a most serious frame of mind. The hotel keeper was insisting upon the payment of our bill. We had to borrow the money from a relative.

After settling with the innkeeper, we took an inventory, and found that we had scarcely enough cash to take us back home. The solemn look in my friend's face amused me. I lay back on the bed and roared with laughter. My subliminal self has ever had this method of appraising events which look unduly serious to other people. I remember that my friend laughed with (*Continued on page 137*)

Education is Dangerous Unless You Know What *Not* To Do With It

"THE danger of a *little* learning is amusingly illustrated by the story of a neighbor of mine who had an educated dog," relates Mr. Bacheller. "My neighbor said: 'I had taught this dog to find things I had hidden. One day I tied a fuse to a stick of dynamite and shoved the thing under a stump I wanted to blow out. I lighted the fuse, and ran. Suddenly I saw the dog running at my side with the stick of dynamite in his mouth, the fuse trailing and sputtering behind him. He seemed to be saying, kind o' conceited: "See how smart I am!" I tried to grab the fuse and smother it, but he dodged. I didn't have no time to argue with him so I just run. He kep' close to me. I clim a tree an' done it supple—and saved my life, and I've always thanked God that dogs can't climb. I tell ye, an education is a bad thing unless you know what *not* to do with it and when not to use it.'"

I'm A Regular Old Omens' Home

By H. I. Phillips

NO REALLY intelligent, perfectly balanced person, according to the experts in such things, is superstitious. Which, if true, puts me in the unintelligent, unbalanced, half-baked class in this, the very first paragraph.

For I am superstitious. In fact, in certain cases I am super-superstitious. I believe in signs. I'm a wonderful host to omens. I never snubbed a portent in my life. I am a hail fellow well met when it comes to meeting auguries, auspices, harbingers, et cetera and et cetera. Nearly any old, worn, feeble superstition that has been left out in the cold by a fickle public can come in and have a nice comfortable home with me. I am a kind of Old Omens' Home.

Of course it has its drawbacks. Even a few superstitions cramp one's style considerably. When you have as many as I have, they become positively uncomfortable at times; but I am not complaining. I wouldn't be without them for anything.

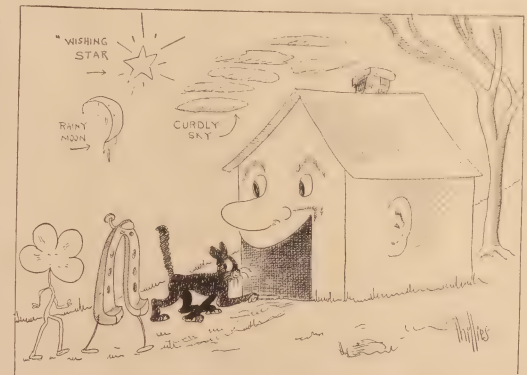
How I got that way is something I can't explain. I began with one superstition, and worked up to one of the finest collections in the land. This first superstition, I remember distinctly, came to me when I was about seven or eight years old, in the form of a rhyme quoted by a boy a few years older. We were walking through a street paved with the old-fashioned huge, square flagstones when this boy cautioned me never to step on the cracks. As he put it:

> If you step upon a crack
> You will break your mother's back.

That struck me as a rather horrifying suggestion, and I thereafter stepped over all sidewalk cracks as if my reputation as a dutiful and not inconsiderate son depended upon it. The impression left by that omen left me wide open to attack.

MY PARENTS were but mildly superstitious. They believed in a good many old-fashioned weather portents, such as "Rain before seven; clear before 'leven," and "Curdled sky never leaves the ground dry," but the atmosphere in my home was far from a superstitious one. I had a grandmother who used to interpret events from the formation of the leaves at the bottom of a cup of tea, and another who thought there were some peculiarly medicinal properties in a handful of April snow.

But my own superstition complex must go back beyond even their time. I had some ancestors among the first Massachusetts colonists up around Salem. Those Massachusetts colonists were a superstitious lot, particularly the Salem ones, and I have a hunch some of my forefathers may have been among those who fell hardest for the witch delusion and the evil-eye talk. If so, my susceptibility to superstitions may come from them, F. O. B., Salem, as it were. Even to-day a little evil-eye gossip would go a long way with me, if I had just been through a spell of particularly hard luck.



Welcome, one and all!

The belief that evil can be averted by crossing the fingers, and that it is bad luck to walk under a ladder, I heard as a very small boy; and, looking back, it seems to me my early boyhood playmates had more than a reasonable quota of superstitions. The horseshoe omen was then the outstanding one in this country and, as horseshoes were in those days plentiful, I saw to it that I had a big collection. My understanding of it was that there was a year's good luck to be counted on for every nail in the shoe; and I am quite certain that by the time I was twelve years old I had carted home enough horseshoes and nails to take care of me for a century or so.

I never questioned the authenticity of omens. They seemed good things to have around, and I just appropriated them on their face value, no questions asked.

I still believe black cats bring good luck, despite the fact that a lot of people regard them as omens of evil. A black cat, or even one that is swarthy, crossing my path, following me on the street or straying into my home or office, gives me just as much kick as it ever did. I have four black cats on my desk before me now as I write. They are not live black cats, of course; although I would not object to live ones if I had them. Two of them are wooden, one is tin, and one is upholstered with real hair.

"If you really believe a black cat brings luck, why don't you depend on one instead of a whole zoo?" you ask. Well, they were given me by relatives and friends who knew of my regard for them, and I believe them potent in the order of precedence. The oldest I have had ten years, and it is getting feeble, and suffering from wear and tear. One eye has a tendency to drop out every now and then, and the head gets loose. I regard a black cat with one eye out or with a loose head as losing much of its effectiveness, and never fail to replace the eye and to strengthen the neck immediately. It is getting to be quite a care in its old age, but it can have anything it wants.

OF COURSE I don't expect too much from them. Despite the fact that my desk is guarded by four of them, disagreeable letters find their way to it, my typewriter gets all out of kilter at critical moments, communications and notes get mislaid, and recently a ten-dollar bill disappeared from an envelope in a top drawer. Not even a black cat can take care of everything. But the four of them do very well.

My solicitude for them when we move from one home to another is extreme. I place them in a box very carefully and hand it to the most gentle-looking of the moving men, with these words: "This is a very valuable package. Break a few chairs if you must, bust a barrel or two of dishes if it is necessary, tear a leg off the $3,800 player piano, if you feel the urge, but guard this as you would your life."

I am not partial to rabbits' feet. People who have tried them tell me they are very good; but I began with black cats and see no reason to shift to rabbits. Cats and rabbits don't get on well together,

anyway. At times I have carried lucky pennies and charms, and as a boy I toted around in my hip pocket a horse chestnut, on a neighborhood gardener's story that it would keep away rheumatism, rickets, whooping cough, mumps, or, what have you?

ONCE, on a trip to Bermuda, I wore a small pouch of salt suspended from a string around my neck, on a friend's recommendation that it would ward off seasickness. I didn't happen to be seasick on the outward voyage, and just before the homeward trip I recommended the idea to an elderly gentleman who seemed deathly afraid of the sea. On the second day out I came upon him, prostrate in a steamer chair, wrapped in blankets, and looking very wan.

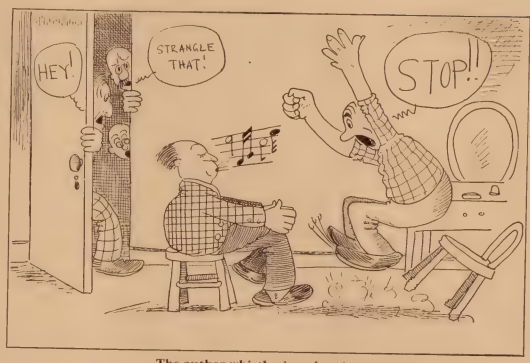
"How do you feel?" I asked.

"Terrible," he said, and then, very sheepishly, "Say, don't say anything to my wife about my wearing that salt bag. She'd never stop makin' fun of me about it."

That man didn't believe whole-heartedly in his charm in the first place, or he wouldn't have been so ashamed. You can't expect any charm to give you a square deal if you're giving it only fifty per cent support.

One superstition I am very serious about is the one that decrees it bad luck to walk under a ladder. I'm not exactly afraid to walk under a ladder; I'm not absolutely convinced a major calamity would happen if I walked under it, or slept under it for that matter; but I do feel that, in view of the widespread feeling about the matter it is just as well to walk around it.

Frankly, I want the omens on my side, whether they're weak or strong. Very silly, you say? Probably so, and all very well. You walk under the ladders, and I'll walk around them. I feel better about it. And there are days in my walks around New York when it seems to me somebody is using a ladder in front of ninety per cent of the buildings. I always walk around them, and I notice that I have lots of company in my detours.



The author whistles in a dressing-room

A few months ago, after an outing on an island in Long Island Sound, I sat with some friends in the rathskeller of a Connecticut restaurant for a luncheon. Two stairways led from the entrance to the street, one going to the right and one to the left. As we started out of the rathskeller I saw a ladder across the steps to the right with a man at work on it. One member of the party, a well-known Connecticut editor and politician, noticed this, and said, "You fellows don't mean to tell me you're superstitious about walking under a ladder!"

"We certainly are," was the answer.

"Well, you poor saps!" he replied.

Whereupon he took three steps up the stairs toward the ladder, and then, thinking better of it, made an about-face and came up with the rest of us.

"Oh, well," he said; "in case there is anything to it, I might as well play safe."

I have a friend who is a New York magazine editor, and who always walked under ladders up to a few years ago. Now he makes it a point to walk around them, and far around them, too. His reform took place in Baltimore on the way to a wedding. It was in the winter, and he had left the Belvedere Hotel in that city, wearing a new chinchilla overcoat and what is known as a hard hat. Not far from the hotel he noticed an extension ladder against a building and stretching over the sidewalk. My friend was not superstitious. He walked boldly under the ladder, and, as he did so, something hit the sidewalk at his feet, and he found himself in a geyser of white paint. A painter had chosen that moment to drop his bucket.

MY FRIEND jumped to one side and looked down on his nifty chinchilla garment. At the bottom it looked like good polar bear. Around the belt line it resembled spotted deer. From there up it was imitation civet cat. His hat was not without its white splotches. Hurling a few remarks at the painter, he hurried back to the Belvedere and appealed to the valet to put him in such shape that he might go to the wedding and not be mistaken for a cover design for Whittier's "Snowbound."

"All I can do is to soak it in gasolene," said the valet.

"Soak it in anything," ordered my friend, "anything but white paint!"

A gasolene bath did remove the paint; but it didn't improve the coat much, and he arrived at the church for the wedding

(*Con'd on page 187*)

Sensations of a superstitious man who has looked at new moon over the wrong shoulder

Last instalment

Bertha was staring beyond him at the door. Rigid, white as a ghost,

"Scotch

A story you

By Mil-

WITHOUT waiting to determine whether Pelgram was armed, Gladden lashed out at him. Anger made him reckless; hate made him blind.

He felt his knuckles sink into the fleshy neck, strike hard against the rigid jaw. Pelgram's face, bloated and splotched with rage, loomed in Gladden's vision. He struck and struck at it, tracking a red smear down from the mouth.

He heard himself sobbing in a strange voice, but he felt nothing. There was a salt taste on his lips. He sagged to his knees, without breath, sprang back like a spring and hammered at the swollen mask, the dark, evil eyes that remained, in that bloody struggle, fixed and malicious, cunning and triumphant.

Gladden tried to blot them out. He caught the rancher by the cloth of his shirt, jerked him forward and butted at him with his own head, skull against skull. The light in the hallway swung in a long arc. Gladden discovered himself standing on his head, grabbing Pelgram by the legs. He pulled hard and threw him to the floor.

They rolled across the porch, thrashed and grunted on the edge, bumped down the steps into the gravel. Gladden had forgotten any good reason he might have had for protecting himself. His wet face and sticky hands did not frighten him. He kept at the job of blotting out Pelgram's eyes, until a dull blow just under his left arm paralyzed him. He felt faint. He saw Pelgram getting slowly to his feet.

"There. That'll fix you!"

Then the light snapped out.

A useless reiteration. He woke to this bitter realization in his own bed. He heard the doctor, he judged it was the doctor, say, "I've got it. Missed the heart! He's lucky!"

What had missed his heart? Certainly not the farcical futility of his struggle. A bullet, a mere matter of lead and impact, is incapable of inflicting a wound equal to the awareness of failure.

He slept, however, when he was told to sleep, and woke again to lamplight, to Bertha, watching him, to an even worse calamity. For he saw, at once, that there was something behind Bertha's eyes which had not been there before. He remembered Mrs. Pelgram, running down the road in the dark. Rather than face the thing she had done, he fainted away.

"You lost a lot of blood," he heard Olive say. "But you're going to be all right."

This third awakening was tranquil and clear. He became conscious of bandages, of a neat round pain under his arm.

"I remember," he said; "I had a pain just like that when a piece of shrapnel hit me in the knee. Only it was a triangular pain. This one is cold. Shrapnel's hot."

"You lie still," Olive said.

"I'm perfectly lucid. What happened?"

"You were shot."

"Was it a long time ago?"

"Last night. Sleep if you can."

He could. He felt her hand, cool and firm, pressing him down into sleep, down and down. A long blank broke into light

Illustrated by W. H. D. Koerner

"Then I'm licked?"

"Not exactly. I've heard rumors that Beale's crowd intends to start work at once. And Calabri's rebuilding the line."

"Already?"

"You've been unconscious for more than a week."

"Holy smokes! I can't afford to be unconscious. There's so much to do."

WHEN he moved, the pain went through him like forked lightning.

"Stay where you are. I'll come out every day. Olive Smith and her mother are here now. Bertha's staying home from school." Hansen hesitated. "A fine kid, Bertha. I'd talk to her, if I were you."

"About what?"

"She's not happy." Hansen rose, sighing, his fat sigh of frustration. "Not quite happy—women—we don't realize—"

"What on earth are you driving at?"

Hansen offered his hand. "Good-by. Take care of yourself."

"But what do you mean?"

Hansen shook his head. "There aren't words for it. I'm sorry if I blundered. Good-by again."

Gladden lay where he was, alone, trying to gather up the broken pieces. His pain was easy to understand: he could feel the path of the bullet where it had plowed down through the flesh, to emerge at the waist. It hurt, but not too much. Fainting was worse. Loss of consciousness was like drowning.

Gladden had always wanted to die wide awake and fighting, to go out shouting if not rejoicing. He hated mystery. Hansen had insinuated that Bertha was unhappy, and that there was something definite he could do about it.

Mrs. Pelgram, of course! Slow poison. The acid of insinuation, corroding the surface of a child's mind, scarring and defacing.

He tried to sit up, and called, "Bertha! Bertha! Come here!"

Olive answered.

She seemed older. Taller. He looked up at her with the questioning, defenseless expression of an unaccustomed invalid. It was like her to say nothing, neither to rally him nor to pity him. Her lovely eyes were kind and grave.

"Hello," Gladden said.

She sat down near him. "Bertha's not here. She's feeding the chickens. Can I do anything?"

It was on his tongue to say, "You can love me!" But he only shook his head. The idea of emotion frightened him.

"This is a mess," he said. "I ought to get up. How can I thank you?"

the very breath of her spirit seemed to be checked by what she saw

Valley"

will never forget

dred Cram

and he floated back to his responsibilities, the interrupted need to take part in the wildly uproarious, complicated farce that life is. Olive had gone. In her place, serious and sympathetic, Hansen.

"I'm afraid it was my fault. I'm sorry. He very nearly killed you. The worst of it is, we can't punish him. You fired four times to his once."

"Out in the canyon! And over his head!"

Hansen smiled. "So I supposed. But you had no witnesses. Pelgram's crowd will all swear to the same thing. You'd better keep still."

"I like you," she said. She propped her chin on her hand and regarded him steadily. "I like you, Jim Gladden!"

"But you don't love me."

She closed her eyes. She was so near that he could see the faint shiver that ran over her from head to foot, the sudden quickness of her breath, the tightening of her lips. She opened her eyes again. Very slowly, she leaned forward, slipped off the chair and knelt beside the bed.

She was strong and alive. Gladden's weakness defeated the need of the moment. He should have taken her in his arms. Instead, with an effort, he covered her hand with both of his. "You could love me, Olive?"

Then, suddenly, he thought of warning her. "Don't love me! I'm not ready. This is only a notion of mine. Because you are beautiful and brave."

She passed surely among his unspoken objections. Holding fast to his hand, she seemed to consider, to weigh, to balance love and friendship.

In that unreasonable, hushed moment, she was more precious to him than ever because she was unflinchingly honest. Her face was close to his; she was more real than himself; he could feel her breath, the dear warmth of her flesh. Alone in the ugly, bare room, they were silent, since there was no need to pretend or to argue. They looked love in the eyes. There was no desire, no pain; nothing but pity and truth.

Outside, the trees stirred; there was a chatter of birds, a gay, insistent, exciting confab; far off, the questing cry of a train.

GLADDEN and Olive sensed the divine certainty of love. For them? They trembled on the brink, breathless and silent. The listless dream mastered them. The weakness. The surrender. A tide rising. A moment, already changing, that might never come again.

Gladden thought, "I love her!"

Olive's head drooped forward. She whispered, "I don't know, Jim!"

So it was lost. On the turn of a word. An impulse, hesitant and reasonable, where there should have been ecstasy and recklessness.

"I don't know, Jim. I like you. But love—" She bent quickly and kissed the back of his hand. "I'm sorry! Can't we go on, just as we were?"

"We can, of course!"

They smiled. Tears welled across the bright question in her eyes. Love doesn't always come when it is called; it is an informal and haphazard visitor. Olive knew this. She admitted failure where another woman might have experimented with a substiture.

"I'm sorry," she said. "It would have been nice!"

"Let's try," he said quickly.

She shook her head. Briefly, lightly, she touched his hair.

"It isn't done that way!" she said. "We can be friends—that's all. We don't love. Not really."

And Gladden knew that she knew.

When he began to move about again, the holidays were long over. February was already turning the leaves of the almanac-calendar on the kitchen wall.

The world he returned to was different. The hills were green. Poppies, whole fields of them, had the metallic brilliance of copper. Mustard flung down carpets of yellow in every orchard and the ditches were bright with lupine, Indian paintbrush and flowering weeds.

A warm sun after many weeks of rain tempted the fruit trees. Blossoms, like wax, burst along the bare stems. A cleaner, bluer sky, a blacker earth, air sweeter and more keen, so still that sound carried great distances. The tapping of hammers, the barking of farm dogs, the clatter of tractors, and the high, shrill voices of children. The earth had come to life.

Gladden responded with the eagerness of the convalescent; his weakness admitted impressions, reactions, that health and activity shut out from consciousness. He found life as new and as naked as birth itself. He was shaken by the privilege of being alive. He was mentally an adventurer, physically a sluggard. He liked to sit in the sun, testing his capacity for happiness.

But this could not last forever. Calabri had had to stop the work for lack of funds. There was plowing to be done. Tuerta, fat and lazy, watched the comings and goings of strange men in her pasture. Oil! Oil! Oil!

They bridged the ford, and for the first time Gladden was able to drive across. A muddy road scarred the hill almost to its summit, while heavy trucks lumbered upward with material. Before many days, Beale reported, the noisy business of erecting the derrick would begin.

He brought with him groups of preoccupied oil men, who paid no attention to Gladden or to the farm; they discussed briefly the game and the stakes, departing, as they had come, in high-powered cars bearing city plates. Their presence, the concise importance of their speech, their absorption and indifference annoyed Gladden; he wanted them gone. He resented their air of proprietorship. After all, the land was not theirs.

At moments, he hoped they would be cheated, and that, having thrust their shaft into the secretive earth, they might fail to find the oil they hoped for. Again, for the sake of the children, he hoped for success. They could not expect a substantial fortune from a single well; but they might at least look for enough to placate the wolf at the door.

In this case, he would buy property farther down the Valley, since it was not part of his plan for them that they should live for long in the reek of petroleum. Fruit-growing was a healthier, saner business.

ALREADY Gladden had found property that appealed to him, a sheltered tract at the foot of Soledad, which Hansen thought might be available. A house could be built in a small grove of trees. There was a natural spring, rich soil. With Pete, Gladden climbed a fence to inspect the land. They sat on the crest of a low, round hill, thigh-deep in poppies, and built a house out of words.

They couldn't be bothered with details. The house just grew and grew, until it included a swimming pool, tennis courts, a fine garden and a gymnasium. Pete was excited. After every new flight of imagination, he would slap his knees and say, "Gosh!" in a tone of great reverence and surprise.

Gladden had to shake himself out of his lassitude. He postponed as long as he could thinking about Pelgram. When at last he brought his mind around to it—reminded by the sight of an ugly scar—he remembered Mrs. Pelgram's running down the road toward the ranch, and the look in Bertha's eyes.

The Bertha who had happened since his illness was new to him. She was trying to be everything she hated to be: she had turned domestic. She scrubbed and cooked and made beds, and went out to the barn to see the kittens only when she had finished tidying up the house. The kittens were almost cats now. They required more and more food. But Bertha accepted this, too, as inevitable, a part of her feminine need to serve.

GLADDEN suddenly realized that, whatever it was Mrs. Pelgram had said to her, he'd better not ask any questions. Yet the thing got under his skin, like a barb. It worked and bothered him, sleeping or waking. Finally, he said:

"Bertha, Mrs. Pelgram came here, the night I was shot, didn't she?"

"Yes. She did. I sent her away!"

Bertha looked at him, then looked away again. There was a flash of protest, a plea for mercy in her eyes. He saw with horror that she was blushing. It was the dark, painful flush of humiliation.

"What did she say to you? I have a right to know. If she made you unhappy, I'll I'll "

"I guess nobody can help being unhappy some of the time," Bertha said. "After you grow up, it's usual."

"It needn't be. Besides, you aren't grown up. What did she say?"

"Have I got to tell you?"

"Don't you want to tell me?"

"No."

"Well, I can guess."

She put out her hands. There was such a look of panic on her face that Gladden felt a pang of remorse. But he couldn't stop now, until he found out why Bertha had changed, why she ran away from him, why she tried so hard to please him, why she never went barefoot any more, or turned somersaults, or chinned herself in the orchard, or forgot to wash her neck, or to brush her hair.

"There are only three things she could have said to you. Either she told you that I am a fake and an impostor, or she told you that I tried to kill her husband, or she said that people were talking about your being here with me. On all counts, she lied. But if you believed her—if you still believe her—I'll go away. I'll *have* to go away, don't you see, if my being here makes you ashamed or unhappy."

For a long time Bertha was silent. Her back was turned. She stood by the kitchen sink, hands and arms immersed in hot suds. The suds crackled and bubbled, but she did not move. Her silence frightened Gladden into a burst of anger:

"So you believed her! You'd take her word against mine!"

"It isn't you," Bertha said in a dull voice. "It's everybody. She said—" Passionately, flaming, Bertha flung around to face Gladden. "Jim, it's not my fault! I didn't know! I don't want it so! But the girls at school. People. They talk. They laugh at me. Half the time, I don't know what they mean! But I know it's

With Pete, Gladden climbed a fence to inspect the land. They sat on the crest of a low, round hill, thigh-deep in poppies, and built a house out of words

omething ugly. And I feel ashamed. I on't want to. I don't know why. But feel ashamed!"

Gladden stared at the floor. He found impossible to speak. A chilling paraly- s, something deadly and cold, clutched his spirit. He saw now, how he had iled. He had imagined himself in a easant, a safe, Arcadia, removed from e clacking tongues of little, idle people. his clean land, this clean sky, this olation! Why did not the very fact of ace and sunlight purify, chasten, and strain?

Well, by heaven, she should not know iat they meant! Not if he could help it. There still remained his uncle Steven, a ready-made career, the transfer of his guardianship to Olive and her mother. . . . What was nobody's business had become everybody's business. Even Hansen had tried to warn him, had told him to talk to her.

How could he talk to her? What could he say? He had never admitted to himself that he might love this child. Now, lifting his eyes with a weight of pain and chagrin behind them, he looked at her.

For the first time he failed to see the child he had found that night on the dark, dusty road and had carried in his arms across the ford.

This was not a child. He noted with a deep sympathy the young curves of her body. How dear, how desirable, how mysterious she was! Why did her frailty and her resistance make his heart ache? He supposed that all men must at some time pity women for their very loveliness.

A strange mental up-tilt, a loss of equilibrium made him certain that the old Bertha was gone; this was a stranger.

He managed to smile at her with his best, most reassuring twinkle. At once she began to tremble.

"You made me tell you! Now you think I'm a fool!"

"No. I think (*Continued on page 141*)

INTERESTING PEOPLE

Herbert Ravenel Sass Was Twenty Years Storing Up Material for "War Drums"

Herbert Ravenel Sass and his family. This picture was made in the front yard of his home in Charleston, South Carolina. Mr. Sass was for years a newspaper man, before he became a well-known writer of fiction and magazine articles

THERE was a time when the buffalo ranged eastward from the great plains almost to the Atlantic coast, perhaps quite up to it; when panthers stalked their prey where the great cities of the East now stand; when deer by countless thousands grazed in the valleys where Eastern farmers now plow the fields; when sunrise along the Atlantic shores of America was heralded by the call of wild turkeys and of innumerable other birds. And then came the time when buckskin-clad hunters began to penetrate into the vast wilderness, when Spaniards plotted with Indians against the safety of the English settlers, and when pirates were common along the South Atlantic coast.

Those were days of startling adventure; of romance, of danger, and of intrepid men and women. But of all the romances of that time, none is more amazing than the story of Alexander McGillivray, who ruled as prince of the Muskogee Confederacy, a great organization of Southern Indians. His father was Scotch; his mother was the daughter of a French captain and an Indian princess.

Perhaps you have never before heard of this Alexander McGillivray and his principality in the raw, new world that now is the oldest part of the United States; possibly you have given these early days of America but little study, even though the tales that are told of America's youth are among the most fascinating in all history. But in Charleston, South Carolina, there is a man who has lived, as literally as books could enable him to live, in the sunrise days of the New World. From the time he was a child, Herbert Ravenel Sass gloried in the exploits of the wilderness hunters, lost himself in the stirring fights with pirates along the Carolina coast and steeped himself in the history of Spanish plotting against English settlers.

"Some day," Sass promised himself, "some day I am going to write a book about those times, an adventurous romance about those people who knew America when I should like to have known it; and I shall put into that book, against the background of the marvelous wild life of the early days, wilderness hunters with their long rifles, Indians, pirates, Spanish plotters and Alexander McGillivray!"

In "War Drums," a fiction romance of the early America wilderness, Mr. Sass has done just that. It is the stirring serial which begins in this issue of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. It is full of adventure, suspense, and romance; it has an historical background, but it is all fiction—except that Lachlan McDonald, the hero, is a character based upon the real Alexander McGillivray, or suggested by him. There are fights and flights and intrigues and escapes in this gripping romance, which is never dull.

Herbert Ravenel Sass was born in Charleston forty-three years ago. His father, George Herbert Sass, was a lawyer by profession, a public official by occupation, a poet and literary critic by preference. In the home where Herbert Sass grew up his father had accumulated a library of more than three thousand volumes. But young Mr. Sass, while an inveterate reader, as was his father, was also a boy who loved the woods.

"Almost from my earliest days," he says, "I had a passion for natural history—for the woods, the marshes, the beaches, the lore of birds and beasts. I have never yet passed up a chance for an outing in the wilds, and, thank heaven, the coast of South Carolina is still a place that abounds in wild life and wild places."

But Mr. Sass had a long apprenticeship to serve before he entered the field of creative writing and became nationally known as the author of short stories and articles that dealt, mainly, with wild life. For a time after his graduation from the College of Charleston, he worked in the Charleston Museum, and then for fifteen years on the "News and Courier" of that city, most of the time as assistant editor. His duties kept him fairly close to the office, for he was an editorial writer, but his love for the out-of-doors was fed by a column he conducted, called "Woods

and Waters." In this column all manner of anecdotes about wild life was printed.

"More than once," he says, "while I was pounding out an editorial I would glance out of the office window and see an eagle or a stately heron or a flock of great wood ibises sailing over the house-tops of Charleston. Then I would long to be free of office duties. But all the time I was storing up material in the hope that the day would come when I could make a break and write the things I wanted to write. Sometimes I would come almost to the decision that I should strike out 'on my own,' but then I would remember that I had heavy responsibilities and no money, so I'd go on plugging at the job.

"Meanwhile, I had written a few things for national magazines. Then, one happy day, Charles Livingston Bull, the illustrator, came to Charleston and we roamed about together in the woods near by. He urged me to turn free-lance writer. And the words of daring he said to me would not get out of my consciousness. For a time I compromised by getting up before dawn and writing on my own stuff, then going to the office. Bull repeated again and again his assurance that I could make good. So, finally, I took the plunge."

From the start, the stories Mr. Sass wrote were successful. Within two years the biggest magazines were seeking his work. Short stories and articles by the dozen built up his reputation, and then he tackled that novel he had promised himself to write. "War Drums" is the result. Into this romance he has put his best writing, and the accumulated enthusiasm, knowledge, and imagery of half a lifetime.

JAMES C. DERIEUX

Louis Dorn Knows Ten Thousand People and Can Call Them All by Name

HE WAS of medium build, square-shouldered, and bronzed by the wind and sun. The years and hardship had put lines in his face and had turned his hair to gray. He had been in South Africa, and had not set foot on American soil for twenty-five years. Africa and time had so changed him that even his own family had not known him.

He sauntered unobtrusively into the reception-room of the White Company's big motor-truck plant in Cleveland. The benches were filled with waiting men. Dorn, the reception clerk, was jumping from telephone to desk, from desk to telephone, with a dozen duties on his hands at once. The man from South Africa stepped confidently up to Dorn's window.

"Hello, Louie," he said, and thrust out a browned hand. "Here is one face you've forgotten."

Louis C. Dorn looked up. For half a minute he scanned the stranger's face, and then his hand closed heartily over the extended brown one. He repeated the other's name.

"You win!" grinned the visitor. "How did you ever recognize me, changed as I am, after twenty-five years?"

"Louie" Dorn is reputed to know ten thousand faces and to be able to recall the names and businesses of their owners. Dorn is said never to forget a name or a face among the hundreds who deal with his desk every day.

For an hour, not long ago, I sat near Dorn's desk in the White Company's reception-room over which he has presided for fourteen years. The stream of men was constant. Many of the callers, I learned, visited the company no more than once or twice a year. One man had been there but once before, four or five years previously. Dorn had seen him at that time less than five minutes. Yet this man, and every other who came through that door, was greeted by name. Dorn also recalled the salesmen's companies' names, the product they sold, and the purchasing agent they desired to see. Not once was he wrong.

"What is the secret of it?" I asked him.

Mr. Dorn, who is fifty-three, settled back in his chair to explain. Anybody, he insisted, can have a good memory, provided he is willing to train it.

"One of my first jobs," related Mr. Dorn, "was in a retail shoe store here in Cleveland. I fitted shoes on a good many strange feet in a day. Customers came and went, but I didn't know them.

"One day I went out and bought a ledger. After I had waited on a customer, I put down his name in my book, the size and style shoe he had bought, the price he had paid, and anything else worthy of note. I promised myself to recognize that man the next time he came in, and to insure my doing this I took a careful look at him. The first customer, I noticed, wore an odd-looking watch charm. Six months later when he came in again his face puzzled me, but I recalled him at once by that charm.

"Thereafter I tried to remember the peculiarities of people, and by associating the peculiarity with the name the moment I detected it again, I was given a clue to the name; the name, in turn, suggested facts previously set down in my book and which I had taken care to memorize.

"I did this for seventeen years. It was difficult at first. Gradually it became easier. My eye, trained to detect individualities, got so it caught them at a glance. Constant memorizing made me less and less dependent on my ledger, until finally I did without it altogether.

"There was one man who, years ago, was given to wearing very fancy striped and flowered vests. Then he got married and I didn't see him for a number of years, during which time his wife cured him of his taste for fancy attire. He showed up again as soberly dressed as a minister, but his face suggested the bygone vests, and from vests I recalled who he was.

"It may be only an odd way of pronouncing a word, or an odd droop of a shoulder, or a way of walking, yet all of us have these peculiarities that make us individuals. Take the pains to hunt them out and you won't easily forget a man thereafter."

A visitor whose business is of little im-

Louis C. Dorn has been reception clerk at the White Motor Truck Plant in Cleveland, Ohio, for fourteen years. In that time, he has remembered the name and business of everyone who ever entered the reception-room

portance also may be readily discovered, said Mr. Dorn, and he explained:

"He will evade telling you his business, for fear his man will refuse to see him.

"The experienced man, and the man who believes in his product or proposition, will unhesitatingly state his name, his business, and whom he wishes to see.

"While the stranger is doing this, and later waiting on a nearby chair, I size him up. Perhaps it will take a talk with him to bring out an identifying mark, but always I can find one.

An officer of the White Company, who was a shoe-store customer of Dorn's, recognized his particular ability and had him established in the White Company's reception-room fourteen years ago. In addition to handling all visitors to the plant, Dorn serves as a passenger transportation agent, in which capacity he expends yearly for railroad tickets and the like more than $100,000.

WILLIAM S. DUTTON

She Makes Cincinnati's Women Visitors Feel at Home

DURING the past six years Miss Amy Virginia Pace, of Cincinnati, has been hostess probably to more guests than any other woman in America. She has helped to entertain, as the official hostess of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, approximately 700,000 people.

She is young and slender, with bobbed brown hair and dancing eyes. Miss Pace was only nineteen when she became Cincinnati's hostess, which means she is only twenty-five to-day. Cincinnati claims for her the distinction of having been the first and the youngest city hostess in the country.

After finishing high school, Miss Pace took a stenographic course in a business college and went out to search for work. The Convention Bureau of the Chamber of Commerce just at that time happened to be overwhelmed with work. The manager, Thomas Quinlan, told Miss Pace that he would be able to employ her for a week or two, but somehow that young lady discovered so much undone work and so appropriated it to herself that she became indispensable. She was always on hand and available in emergencies.

One of these emergencies arose when a convention of railway bridge builders was scheduled for Cincinnati. Among the visitors were several hundred ladies. The bureau manager looked about in desperation; and there, ready for orders as usual, was Miss Pace.

"Jump in," the manager directed, "and see what you can do with this convention. We can take care of the men. I'm going to leave the women to you."

Miss Pace had never attended a convention. Furthermore, she knew that conventions were important to Cincinnati. The delegates spent several millions of dollars yearly in the city. If these ladies were given a poor impression of the city, other conventions might be lost.

"I was frightened," confessed Miss Pace, "until I sat down to think. I reasoned that these visiting women would like to do about the same things I would like to do in a strange city. They would want to see what we had that was interesting, visit our stores, and go to our best show. I decided to treat them exactly as if they were friends from another place coming to visit me."

So Miss Pace met her visitors at the station. The first afternoon she had them as her guests at a card party where, over the little tables, they soon became acquainted.

Once acquainted, the personal contacts helped to weld the party together.

PHOTOGRAPH FROM J. P. SCHMIDT, CINCINNATI, OHIO

Miss Amy Virginia Pace is the official hostess for the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, in which capacity she has entertained 700,000 wives of men attending conventions there

"I engaged special street cars," she explained, "so my party would not be broken up unnecessarily. I showed them through stores by starting on the top floor and going down in order. At the Zoo, when it was time to leave, I blew a whistle, to summon my guests. Last of all we had the theatre party."

The manager of the convention bureau kept vowing that he would have to engage a hostess regularly to entertain women visitors. He envisaged for this duty a woman much older than Miss Pace, with a much wider social experience and an imposing carriage.

"I'll look around," he told her, "until I get somebody to act as hostess. I know it takes your holidays and evenings, but it's only temporary and I know you won't mind helping out."

Miss Pace did not mind. In fact, she enjoyed her work. Her ingenuity, tact, and charm were given free expression.

And with every convention she won new friends and the Chamber of Commerce was congratulated anew on its choice of a hostess. The convention bureau manager suddenly ceased to look for a hostess. To clinch the decision, he made Miss Pace the assistant manager of the bureau.

Since then Miss Pace has handled several hundred conventions. Some of them have been as small as 25 delegates; a few have been as large as 30,000. She has entertained single parties of as many as 500 women at once.

Vacations she has given to perfecting herself in knowledge of the cities and sections from which her guests are drawn. Visitors spoke of their home towns, so she went to these towns. "It delights a visitor," she said, "when I have knowledge of her own city.

"The most frequent question I'm asked," she said, "is 'How large is Cincinnati?' The next thing is a comparison of Cincinnati with *their* city.

"Point out a public building, and unless it cost more than a similar building at home, the visitor is not greatly impressed. But when it comes to homes the reverse is true. 'You pay $40,000 for such a house here?' they say. 'Why, in our town you could buy finer than that for $20,000!'

"My funniest experience, I think, was furnished by a nice plump Western lady who had been close to my side for three days. All of this time, while listening to me talk, she had seemed literally to devour every word I said. We were returning to the hotel on the last day when she spoke for the very first time.

"'What *is* the name of this town?' she asked. 'Cincinnati, you say? My stars! Here I thought all along I was in Cleveland!'"

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(*Continued from page 11*)

custody of Mistress Wilkinson, just two days after you rode to Willtown. On the same ship came Mr. Richard Barradell, of Hampshire and London, whom you miscall a popinjay. He is not the lady's lover, and he returns to England on the 'Queen Bess' to-morrow, so you can dismiss him from your mind. So far, she has remained in Stanwicke's town house, and all Charles Town is agog with her beauty. But she goes to Stanwicke Hall shortly."

"That's better," said Lachlan. "We are getting the story now. And your pardon, old friend, for my jest about the ale. You will tell me of this lady for friendship's sake, and because of the days we've spent together."

Momentarily the hunter's eyes twinkled. Yet his countenance was grave.

"It might be better if I told you nothing. Listen, lad. Take my word for it, you will not like this girl, this Jolie Stanwicke. She is proud and overbearing and short-tempered. She has been much in London, and holds herself a great lady, and all that she has seen in Charles Town she laughs to scorn."

"She did not laugh to scorn," Lachlan said thoughtfully, "a Prince of the Muskogee Nation and a Chief of the Family of the Wind! Nay, the titles seemed to please her. And though she saw him defeated, she was gracious enough to call him—behind his back—a handsome youth and a fearless one, and to praise him for the fight he had made."

ALMAYNE seemed struck by a sudden thought.

"When do you go to Talasé?" he asked hopefully. "Your warriors have arrived. I have seen them in the streets."

The young man smiled.

"I had intended leaving on the third day from this; but the journey may be postponed. My father bids me come to him, but not in haste. As for my braves, they can rest here for a while, and await my pleasure."

Almayne, drumming restlessly on the table, raised his eyes suddenly to meet the other's gaze.

"Lad," he said earnestly, "it is time you started for Talasé. Your father awaits you there, your mother is eager for your coming. In all the Muskogee towns the Red War Club has been set up. The Bloody Stick and the Chips of Wood have been sent to twenty chiefs. There is war in the wind—war with both Choctaws and Chickasaws and perhaps with a great tribe from the West. Your father has sent for you, and you must go."

Lachlan met the other's gaze gravely.

"It is strange, Almayne," he said. "I never before have known you show such eagerness to be rid of me."

The hunter's face was troubled.

"Lachlan," he said slowly, "I will tell you again what you already know, because the telling of it now may serve a good purpose. When your father came here from Scotland in his youth, many years ago, I fell in with him and a great friendship grew between us. We followed the wilderness trails together as hunters and as scouts against the Yamassees and the Spaniards at St. Augustine. When your father became a trader and the owner of a pack train, I was his partner; and I went with him when he established his post at Talasé in the country of the Muskogees.

"I was with him when he met Sehoy Tourville, the daughter of the French captain, Louis Tourville, and a Muskogee princess of the Family of the Wind. I was present when he married Sehoy, and I know that he married her for her loveliness and goodness, and not, as some say, in order to gain the power which afterward came to him. I was with him when the Muskogee chiefs made him High Chief of all the tribes. I know what he has done since then for the people whom he has ruled. And I know that he has always looked to you to carry on that work when he is gone."

The hunter was silent for a moment. Presently he continued:

"ON ONLY one point we differed. Your father thought that in order to fit you for that work you must be sent here to school in Charles Town. I held the opposite opinion. I said that you must remain in Talasé; that you must grow up there: that, if you were to rule the Muskogee nation as its High Chief or King, you must grow up a Muskogee brave and not a young English gentleman.

"In the end we compromised. Until you were eighteen, Talasé was your home. Your father was your teacher and he taught you all that an English school could have taught; yet you were an Indian and your friends were Indians. But at eighteen your father sent you here to Charles Town to Francis O'Sullivan, whose pupil you have been for five years, and from him you have had an education such as few other men in this New World can boast. Now, all that is over. The time of your training is ended. The time of your work draws near. To fit you for that work, your father has spent half his fortune on you; and now, with war threatening his people, he says to you, 'Come,' and sends his warriors to escort you home, like the Prince that you are."

Once more Almayne paused, his hard gray-blue eyes suddenly alight. He leaned forward and struck his fist upon the table.

"What are you, boy?" he demanded fiercely. "Are you Lachlan McDonald of Talasé, Prince of the Muskogee Confederacy? Or are you Lachlan McDonald, Gentleman, of Charles Town, with time to waste on every pretty girl who crosses your path?"

A long silence followed. It was the younger man who broke it.

"Thank you, Almayne," he said slowly. "You were always my friend, and you have said to me what needed to be said."

He paused as if to choose his words with the utmost care.

"I will answer your question," he continued. "I am Lachlan McDonald, Prince of the Muskogee. And I am also Lachlan McDonald, Gentleman. Because I am the former, I shall go home to my people. Because I am the latter, I hope to perform before I go a certain duty which chance has laid upon me here."

His black eyes searched the other's face. He leaned forward across the table.

"There is a lady in Charles Town who is in trouble," he said slowly, "the loveliest lady that I have ever seen, the lady Jolie Stanwicke. With or without your help, Almayne, I shall see what may be done for her."

The hunter's answer came quickly.

"You'll get no help from me," he cried angrily. "And I'll tell you nothing—except this: that you are playing with fire; that you are planning a course from which no good can come."

"In that case," replied Lachlan with a shrug, "I must fend myself from the fire as best I may. So you won't help me, then? You'll tell me nothing more?"

"I'll tell you nothing!"

"All the more credit to me when I have solved the mystery unaided." Lachlan called the black boy to him, paid his score, pushed back his chair and arose.

"Good-night to you, Almayne," he said.

"Where now?" the hunter asked gruffly.

"The night's young," answered Lachlan. "There's time to make a beginning in this affair of Mistress Jolie Stanwicke, whom I still prefer to call the Lady Sanguilla. I think I shall pay a visit to a certain Captain Lance Falcon in his room at Ramage's tavern. Perhaps I can learn from him what I have failed to learn from you."

Almayne spread his hands in a gesture of resignation.

"Sit down, Lachlan McDonald, Gentleman," he said gloomily. "I am in charge of the affair of Mistress Jolie Stanwicke, and Captain Lance Falcon is her enemy and mine. Since you are bound to meddle in what does not concern you, there are certain things that you had better know."

JAMES ALMAYNE, the hunter, and Lachlan McDonald talked till after midnight at Jem Marshall's inn. Before they parted, certain matters had been concerted between them; and Lachlan was thinking deeply of these matters when, on his way to his lodgings, he passed by Ramage's tavern. Falcon lodged there when he slept in town instead of on his brig, and as Lachlan walked slowly along the street, he watched curiously a lighted window of an upper room, thinking possibly to catch a glimpse of a man with whom he had already had a somewhat memorable passage and who seemed likely to become even better known to him in the near future.

The man interested him keenly. None seemed to know certainly who he was or whence he came. In the taverns, where he spent his money freely, he was a hero. He had dined at the Governor's Mansion and he enjoyed terms of intimacy with Edward Stanwicke of Stanwicke Hall, master of two Carolinian baronies and one of the greatest landholders of the Province.

Yet it was well known that his brig, the "Good Fortune," was in reality a ship of war, well armed, well manned, with a crew of marvelously disciplined cut-throats;

and some who remembered the pirate wars whispered that Charles Town might find one day another Stede Bonnet on her hands, and prophesied a time when Captain Falcon and his men would dance on air at Execution Dock, where Bonnet and his crew had danced so grimly.

Lachlan had passed by now some yards beyond Ramage's tavern so that he could see over his shoulder not only the east window fronting the street but also another window in the south wall of the house, facing a small courtyard. Suddenly this second window, which also opened upon the corner room occupied by Falcon, fixed his attention.

In the bright moonlight Lachlan saw a small white object like a little ball shoot upward from the courtyard toward this south window, strike against the wall of the house just below the window sill and drop back into the yard.

LACHLAN halted, instantly alert. A high fence separated the courtyard from the street; but his ears were the ears of an Indian hunter, and presently he heard faintly the sound of someone moving in the courtyard. He knew then what was coming moments before it happened.

This man, whoever he was, was searching in the grass of the courtyard for the little white ball which he had tried to throw into Falcon's window. Presently he would find it; and when he found it he would throw it again.

Some minutes passed. Then upward into the moonlight soared the little white ball once more. This time, the thrower had evidently stationed himself directly below the window; and this time his aim was better. The white ball soared a little above the window sill, then dropped upon it and rolled inward.

Lachlan, from his watching place in the street, could see what the thrower of that mysterious missile could not see: To the latter, peering straight upward at the window above him, it must have appeared that the white ball had dropped from the sill into the room; but Lachlan knew that it had not fallen into the room, that it still rested on the sill, some inches from the edge. He could see, moreover, that it quivered slightly in the light breeze; and at once a faint hope stirred in him.

His eyes remained fixed on the window, while his hearing groped for each stealthy sound that came from the courtyard beyond the fence. He heard the man who had thrown the little white ball make his way out of the courtyard through a gate that opened on an alley behind the inn.

Lachlan realized that he could only play a waiting game. He chose to wait, however, in the now empty courtyard instead of in the street, where some belated passer-by might interrupt his vigil. Scaling the fence, he dropped to the ground on the other side.

For a long while thunder had been muttering in the distance, and Lachlan watched hopefully the black cloud from which these mutterings came.

At last the squall burst, with a sudden glare of white lightning and a thunderclap like a frigate's broadside. And Lachlan saw with delight that the curtains of the lighted window above him were blowing outward in the breeze which swept through the other window into the room.

From his post in the courtyard he had not been able to see the little white ball on the sill; but he knew now that it was there no longer. He had seen it quiver in the light airs before the squall came. Beyond a doubt that first gust blowing through the room from the east had blown it outward from the window sill.

The next task was to find it; and just as the first volley of rain began to fall he lit upon it in the grass. Stealthily, yet swiftly, he made his way out of the black courtyard through the gate opening on the rear alley and hurried homeward through the rain to examine his prize.

It was what he had expected, but far better than he had dared hope for. The white ball was a bit of white cloth rolled and bound with a light cord. Within the ball was a closely folded square of paper. Eagerly he spread this out upon the table in his room and read by the light of his candle the following in Spanish:

Antonio the Indian will deliver this in the usual way. It will make known to you Don Ruy Ortiz, now my lieutenant, who but recently arrived at St. Augustine from Barcelona. By Don Ruy I send you news of Chief Concha's prisoner, and Don Ruy will request certain information that I would have from you.

His sloop will enter the River of Stono. You will anchor your brig in mid-stream in the River Ashley off the old Cypress Wharf. At 12 o'clock of the night after this is delivered to you, Don Ruy will come by canoe to your brig. See that you *display two lights*, one above the other, for his guidance.

The letter was signed "J. M."—plainly the initials of Don Joachim de Montiano, the Spanish commandant at St. Augustine.

He read the letter twice, whistled softly, and smiled, his black eyes shining.

"So," he murmured, "our captain is on good terms with the Spaniards, and will receive a visitor from St. Augustine tomorrow night. And he is much interested in someone whom Chief Concha holds as a prisoner. A strange coincidence, that, and one which would interest Almayne."

FOR a while he sat frowning, putting two and two together, going over in his mind certain facts that Almayne had made known to him. Suddenly the frown vanished. For some minutes he studied a plan which had leaped full-formed into his brain. Then he went swiftly to work.

Carefully, with a knife point, he erased the "2" in the numeral "12," then with his quill and ink inserted in its place a cipher, so that the "12" became "10." This accomplished, he refolded the paper, replaced it in the cloth, rolled the latter again into a ball and bound it with the cord. He then blew out his candle and went down once more into the street.

The squall had passed, but the moon had not yet emerged from the clouds. A few minutes' walk along unfrequented ways brought him to the alley behind Ramage's inn. He entered the courtyard and saw at a glance that the light still shone in Falcon's window.

Lachlan smiled, interpreting this as possibly meaning that Falcon expected a message. With greater skill than the first messenger had shown he threw his little cloth ball and saw it pass through the window; and watching from the cover of a cassena bush, he had the added satisfaction of seeing Falcon appear at the window for a moment and wave his hand.

Lachlan, invisible in the blackness below, bowed with mock courtesy.

"Good night, Captain Lance Falcon," he whispered. "Good night and good luck, until we meet at the Sign of the Two Lights at ten to-morrow evening!"

Lachlan slept late the next morning. When he had arisen and had breakfasted, he turned his back on the April sunshine which made Charles Town as fair as Eden, climbed once more to his room, and sat down at his table with quill, ink, and paper before him.

For some moments he sat idle, his thoughts seemingly far away. But when of a sudden a black and russet oriole of that slim, graceful species which was called sanguilla in Carolina burst into spirited song in the oak just outside the window, he awoke from his dreams. A quick smile lit his face. Bending his head, he began to write:

To MISTRESS JOLIE STANWICKE: I must ask your pardon at the beginning for addressing you thus boldly upon an acquaintance which was due to accident. I shall risk your displeasure for a reason which you may or may not deem sufficient—to wit, the fact that I am now engaged upon your service, and in your behalf shall this night hazard my life.

I have learned from the hunter, Almayne, my old friend, of your predicament and of your quest, and we are become allies in serving your need. Thus I know that you have come to Carolina seeking that lost lover of yours, Gilbert Barradell, who has your heart, and who came to this New World a year ago to seek his fortune. I know that he vanished in the wilderness not long after his coming here; that he was traced to the country of Concha, the Appalache chief, and that there all trace of him was lost; that his brother, Richard, who sails this day for London on the "Queen Bess" has engaged the services of Almayne as your last hope of finding him; and I know, too, that your father, for reasons of his own, disapproves your quest.

It may be—and I pray God so—that I can help. Almayne believes, as you are aware, that the man Captain Lance Falcon has knowledge which we need. Last night chance permitted me to confirm this suspicion in some measure, and at the same time opened to me an opportunity (I hope) of learning more.

To-night, at some risk, I shall grasp that opportunity. This letter will come to your eyes only if misfortune befalls me. If all goes well with me, I shall reclaim it unopened from Almayne, to whose safekeeping I entrust it.

He sat, then, for a while considering what he had done. Why had he written this letter? And why was he about to venture his life for this girl whose loveliness was not for him, because it was already pledged to another?

IF HIS deception were discovered, what chance would he have alone on Falcon's brig, with that crew of cut-throats? He believed himself, thanks to Mr. O'Sullivan, his Irish teacher, to be one of the best swordsmen in the New World. But one rapier could not withstand forty cutlasses.

And was she so beautiful—this Lady Sanguilla, as he had named her? In the dim garden, where he had seen her for the first and only time, Lachlan had not been able to distinguish her features clearly. Her hair, he had thought, was red or bronze-gold; he had been thrilled by the richness of her voice; she had moved with indescribable grace, and she was slender and of more than middle height, and there had been something about the way in which she carried her head. But as for beauty—well, Almayne, who had de-

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scribed her grudgingly as a miracle of loveliness, might not be a trustworthy judge. Yet, even in that dim garden—

He mused for a long while at his writing table, curiously considering these and other matters. At last he arose, slipped under his belt the sealed letter addressed to Mistress Jolie Stanwicke, and went out to find Almayne.

He spent some hours with the hunter, for there was much to be argued and discussed, and there were certain things to be done in preparation for his enterprise. He talked also with two tall young Indians, Muskogee warriors from Talasé, who had arrived in Charles Town two days before to accompany Lachlan on the long and dangerous wilderness journey to the Muskogee capital. In the late afternoon, after dining sparingly at Marshall's tavern, he returned to his room.

It was at ten o'clock that he was to meet Falcon on the latter's brig. Three quarters of an hour before ten o'clock, Lachlan went softly down the stairs and into the street.

The moon and Lachlan McDonald were good friends; but never before had she seen him as he was now—a swaggering young soldier of fortune. A red feather nodded in his broad-brimmed hat; a scarlet sash was wound about his buff jacket; a serviceable rapier swung at his side. Withal, there was something foreign about his gear, or about the way in which he wore it—something which smacked not at all of Charles Town or the English folk who dwelt there. Swarthy as the swarthiest Spaniard, lean, lithe, and straight as a sapling pine, Lachlan McDonald on this night might well have been Don Ruy Ortiz of St. Augustine, to any man to whom Don Ruy was unknown.

THERE was one disagreeable possibility which might spoil everything at the start, the possibility that Falcon might recognize this false Ortiz as the man with whom he had wrestled in the Stanwicke garden.

Determinedly Lachlan put this thought from him; and logic seemed, in a measure at least, to be on his side. He had leaped upon Falcon from behind. The latter had not seen his assailant's face until after some minutes of desperate struggle, and by then that face was grimed and bloody. He had seen it, moreover, only in the half-light of dusk. He would hardly recognize it, Lachlan told himself, when he saw it again.

There was no time to lose. At twelve o'clock the real Ruy Ortiz would board Captain Falcon's brig, and before that hour arrived the false Ortiz must have concluded his business and bade his host good-by.

He walked swiftly, therefore, by the most direct course, toward the place for which he was heading, passing presently beyond the old city wall and out upon the meadows and commons to the west of it, where as yet only a few houses had been built. A creek made in here, and at a small boat landing on the shore of this creek a tall figure loomed suddenly in the darkness.

It was Almayne—no longer clad in hunter's garb, however, but looking a nondescript seaman in soiled, open-necked shirt and loose trousers, a blue handkerchief about his head, a cutlass strapped to his belt. A few words passed between them; then they dropped from the end of the landing into a long cypress pirogue which waited there. Amidships sat two figures almost indistinguishable in the gloom, the two Muskogee warriors of Talasé. To these Lachlan whispered a grave greeting in their own tongue.

"Striking Hawk, Little Mink, my brothers," he said, "you have come, as you promised. It is well."

Almayne loosed the rope which held the pirogue to the landing, pushed the boat clear, and seated himself on the forward thwart. In a moment the long paddles wielded by the two Indians were driving the canoe swiftly and noiselessly down the winding creek to the river.

Presently they swung to the left and dropped straight down the Ashley toward two lights, one just above the other, which glimmered faintly far out in the stream.

SUDDENLY the brig loomed black before them, not ten yards distant. They ran under the vessel's stern, then eased the pirogue along to the ship's waist, where her rail was nearest the water line.

No sound came from her. Lachlan rose, placed his foot in Little Mink's cupped hands, reached upward and grasped the bulwark. Next moment he stood on the brig's deck.

He stood silent, watchful, his back to the bulwark, his hand on his sword hilt, his eyes searching the gloom. He saw nothing, heard nothing. The dim deck lay empty before him. If there were any living thing on Lance Falcon's ship, it kept itself hidden, and it made no sound. Yet somehow Lachlan knew suddenly, with a queer tingling of his spine, that unseen eyes were fixed upon him.

The knowledge startled yet steadied him. His hand left his sword hilt and, sweeping off his hat, he bowed low.

"By our Lady, Captain Falcon," he said in Spanish, "yours is a merry ship! For a moment I thought I had stepped into a tomb."

There followed several seconds of silence. Then a form detached itself from the shadows, and a deep voice spoke.

"Welcome, Don Ruy Ortiz," it said. "I have been waiting for you. It is generally the custom of my visitors to ask my permission before they tread my deck."

Lachlan laughed easily.

"A thousand pardons," he replied, "if I have transgressed a rule of the sea. I know little of such matters."

His tone changed suddenly, became stern and hard as steel.

"As for your permission, Captain Falcon, I came not here to seek favors. If you like not the manner of my coming, there are those who, perhaps, can alter your tastes."

It was a bold stroke. For a tense moment Lachlan awaited its effect, his hand once more on his sword hilt, his face close to that of the tall man who confronted him. He could hear the latter's quick, hard breathing, could almost see his lips frame an oath. But the oath became a laugh.

"My faith, Señor, I had not meant to ruffle your feelings," said Falcon, "but only to give you friendly counsel. He who boards a ship unannounced in the night may find his head split by a cutlass before he can speak his name."

Lachlan bowed gravely.

"I will treasure your advice, Captain Falcon. And now to business. The sooner it is dispatched the better. My paddlers will await me in their canoe."

He had hoped that that business might be conducted in the darkness of the brig's deck; but Falcon led the way aft, and Lachlan followed perforce. Falcon entered the cabin ahead of him, lit lamps, poured red wine from a handsome silver vessel, and, motioning him to a chair beside the table, seated himself opposite.

"I have sent my men ashore, Señor," he said, "except three or four who are asleep below deck. My crew will return in an hour and till then we shall not be disturbed. . . . By my faith, Don Ruy Ortiz, I think that I have somewhere seen you before."

Lachlan looked his host coolly in the eye.

"It is not likely, Captain Falcon," he replied, "unless you have traveled in Catalonia or Valencia or have visited the Sicilian coast, where I served in Gonsalvo's command. I came only last month to St. Augustine, and I have yet to pay my respects to the English in Charles Town."

For a long moment he endured the ordeal calmly, while Falcon stood frowning; then the latter smiled and made a gesture as though to dismiss the matter.

"'Tis some trick of the memory," he said lightly, "some whimsy of the mind. And now, sir, to our affair. You have certain tidings to give me, I believe."

"I hope, Captain Falcon," Lachlan replied, "that my news is more valuable to you than it appears. It is brief enough: My colonel, Don Joachim de Montiano, bade me tell you that Chief Concha, the Appalache, still holds his prisoner."

Lance Falcon nodded slowly, twisting the end of his stiff mustache.

"And what of the affair of Chief Concha's daughter?" he asked eagerly.

Lachlan reached beneath his sash for a kerchief, pretending to rub a spot on his sleeve. He was in deep water at the very start. There had been no mention of Concha's daughter in the letter.

He lifted his shoulders in a shrug and spread his hands in a gesture which might have meant anything.

"As to that, Captain Falcon," he said, "I am given to understand that it progresses very slowly."

IT WAS a blind stroke delivered with a silent prayer that it might not be a blunder. Its effect was startlingly dramatic.

In an instant Falcon's face was convulsed with rage. His thick brows drew together in a black scowl and his closed hand struck the table with a crash. Lachlan pushed his chair back a little that he might more quickly leap to his feet if the need arose; but in a moment the man opposite him seemed in a measure to regain his self-control.

"I knew it," Falcon growled. "I knew that nothing would come of it. I was a fool to listen to Montiano. Henceforth, I do what my own judgment tells me."

Again Lachlan plunged blindly.

"You are too hasty, Captain Falcon," he remarked quietly. "I did not say that the affair was at a standstill. I said that it progressed slowly. Is not that something gained?"

The question seemed in some measure to renew Falcon's anger.

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Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is based upon a scientific cleansing principle. It has a dual action. When you brush Colgate's on your teeth, two things happen: First, the finely ground calcium carbonate rubs loose the clinging food particles and safely polishes the enamel to a sparkling brilliance. Second, a delicious, aromatic foam sweeps over the teeth and gums, seeks out hidden crevices, rinsing them scientifically and removing the very causes of decay. Keep your teeth "Colgate" clean; visit your dentist regularly, and you are doing the safest, most sensible thing in the world to keep your teeth healthy and beautifully.

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806

Make this test—
See teeth grow cleaner

Send today for the generous trial tube of Colgate's. Brush your teeth with it for a week and note the difference! You will be amazed at the brilliant cleanliness which this method brings.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 200-J, 595 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Please send me a sample of this cleansing dentifrice.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd., 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal

"Upon my life, Señor Ruy Ortiz," he cried irritably, "I do not know, and I am not likely to know so long as I trust to your commandant, Montiano, in this matter. Why he should be so tender toward this Gilbert Barradell I cannot guess. But this I will tell you—that I am done with dallying and paltering. The matter is my private affair. It is no part of my bargain with Montiano that I should follow his wishes in this business. I shall defer to him no longer. Within the week I shall set sail for the southward, and when I reach Concha's town I shall deal with Barradell as I think best."

At the first mention of Barradell, Lachlan's heart had given a mighty leap. It was true, then. Chief Concha's prisoner was indeed Jolie Stanwicke's lost lover. What had been hitherto mere conjecture was now a certainty. That there was much more to be learned was obvious; but it was obvious, too, that an effort to learn more would be desperately dangerous.

All this Lachlan realized in a flash; yet yielding to impulse, he ventured greatly.

"So be it, Captain. It is not for me to dissuade you."

He lifted his wine to his lips.

"To your success!" he murmured and drained the glass. Then, with a quizzical smile, he said softly:

"THERE is a proverb in my country which affirms that when you have dealt with My Lady's lover, you have still to deal with My Lady. Will that be easy, Captain?"

He did not know what storm this rash impertinence might provoke. He had scarcely spoken the words before he regretted them. Yet, to his amazement, Falcon smiled.

"I perceive," he said, "that Don Joachim de Montiano has told his lieutenant much but not all. There will be no trouble about the lady, Señor."

He held out his left hand, palm upward, and tapped the palm with the forefinger of his other hand.

"I hold her father there," he said slowly. "I can crush him when I choose!"

He broke off suddenly and, reaching for the wine, refilled his glass.

"But enough of this matter, Señor," he said. "I see that you have nothing more to tell me regarding it, and that Montiano's object in sending you here was to prevent me from acting upon it in my own way. In that object he has failed. As I told you, I shall sail southward within the week."

He raised his finger as Lachlan began to speak.

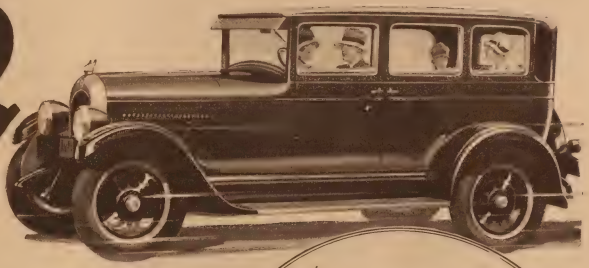
"Spare me your remonstrances, Señor!" he exclaimed. "My mind is made up. If Don Joachim values my services to him here, he will not seek to thwart me."

"Your services have indeed been valuable, Captain Falcon," Lachlan murmured. "I make no doubt they will be suitably rewarded."

"As to that," replied Falcon briskly, "I ask but little—though I might ask much, not only for what I have done for the King of Spain in Charles Town, but also for what I have refrained from doing to him upon the seas. I carry letters of marque, as you doubtless know, but since my bargain with Montiano, I have touched no Spanish ship."

"And your work in Charles Town?"

NEW CHRYSLER "52"



Still Higher Quality— Yet Lower Prices

LOOK at the car pictured here—the new Chrysler "52"—a big, roomy, full-sized automobile with typical Chrysler dash and beauty.

At its astonishingly low price—the lowest for which you have ever been able to buy a Chrysler—the new "52", beyond any question, completely overshadows and dwarfs any car of comparable price.

Through Chrysler Standardized Quality of scientific engineering and precision manufacturing, these big, roomy cars give you 52 and more unvarying miles an hour; pick-up of 5 to 25 miles in 8 seconds; power that purrs smoothly and silently; comfort beyond compare—all at the cost of an ordinary car, plus a beauty of line and coloring, a luxury of appointment, and the staunchness of wood and steel body construction that you have come to expect only in far more expensive cars.

That's why thousands and thousands have already bought the new Chrysler "52". That is why scores of thousands more will buy it. That is why, once you see it and try it, you will not even consider any other car of equal price.

Coupe $725; Roadster (with rumble seat) $725; 2-door Sedan $735; 4-door Sedan $795; De Luxe Sedan $875; f.o.b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax. Chrysler dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan. All Chrysler cars have the additional protection against theft of the Fedco System of numbering.

$725

TO $875 F.O.B. DETROIT.

- 52 miles per hour
- 5 to 25 miles in 8 seconds
- Full-sized Bodies, for adult passengers

New Chrysler "Red-Head" Now Available for New "52"

The new Chrysler "Red-Head" engine, giving extra speed, pick-up and hill-climbing ability, is designed to take full advantage of high-compression gas. It is now standard in the Roadsters of the new Chrysler "52" and is available for all other "52" body types at slight extra cost. Any Chrysler dealer will gladly give you full particulars and an impressive demonstration of the "Red-Head" engine advantages.

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

Williams
AquaVelva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake a few drops into the hand and simply apply to the *moist* face
The J.B.Williams Co
Glastonbury, Conn. U.S.A.

The After-shave is *half* the shave!

AT the first touch of Aqua Velva's cool, sparkling drops, you can feel your skin wake up with new life. Any little nicks of the razor, seen or unseen, are quickly soothed—sterilized for easy healing.

Flabby tissues are stimulated, and the skin is made buoyant with a new feeling of vigor that sets up a man for the whole day.

Aqua Velva, made expressly for after shaving, is the scientific result of 87 years' study of what the skin requires to keep it in perfect condition. Its daily use is the finest possible protection against the irritations caused by wind, sun and weather.

Aqua Velva sells in large 5-ounce bottles for 50c in the U.S.A. By mail postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it.

Williams Aqua Velva

FOR USE AFTER SHAVING

FREE Trial Size. Simply write "Aqua Velva" on a postcard and mail to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 110, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canadian address, 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal.)

* * *

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WILLIAMS SHAVING CREAM

Lachlan asked, not too eagerly. Here was a new lead worth exploring.

"The time is not yet ripe," Falcon answered. "It is not ripe, but it is ripening. The defenses of Charles Town are weak and they are not being strengthened. It is rumored that the Cherokees are ready to move against the English. If Spain will rally the Indian nations to her side—But let that wait, Señor Ruy. I shall visit your commandant at St. Augustine within the fortnight. He can wait until then for the information which he desires."

"As you will, Captain Falcon," said Lachlan easily. "So short a delay can be of little moment—though, if you have nothing to tell me, I might have been spared this journey."

HE PUSHED back his chair and arose. "I think, then," he continued, "that I shall bring my visit to an end. My sloop lies in the River of Stono, and it took my paddlers two hours of steady work to bring me here. With the tide ebbing, 'twill take them longer to return."

"Aye," said Falcon, "and 'twill be well if you get to sea before daylight. Your Spanish sloops, no matter how disguised, still look like Spaniards."

He rose, put on his hat and took a step forward towards the door; but midway he halted suddenly. A murmur of voices came from the deck without. Lachlan heard them also, heard them with a thrill which set his heart beating a little faster.

"My men from below deck," growled Falcon irritably. "They are faithful scoundrels; but I prefer that they shall not see you."

He stood, his head cocked on one side, listening. A hail rang out from the deck and was answered from the river.

"Strange," muttered Falcon. "The time has passed quicker than I thought."

He turned to Lachlan.

"We will wait here a little, Señor Ruy," he said. "Apparently my crew are returning from the town, and when they have come aboard, perhaps I can get you off unobserved into your canoe."

Lachlan nodded, and for some moments they waited in silence. His keen ears told him when the approaching boat ran alongside the brig; but he listened in vain for the loud jests and laughter which he thought would mark the return of Falcon's crew. At last came the sound of footsteps, the footsteps of three or four men. They came straight to the cabin door and halted outside; then, after a moment, a loud knock sounded on the panel.

Falcon, frowning, muttered an oath.

"Come," he growled.

The door swung open. Without stood three men of Falcon's crew, evidently the men who had been sleeping below deck; while in front of them, framed in the doorway, stood a short, squat Spaniard, bearded and swarthy, one hand raised to his plumed hat, the other resting lightly on his rapier hilt.

He lifted his hat and bowed to Falcon. He did not see Lachlan because the latter was hidden from him by the door, which opened inward.

"I am an hour before the appointed time, Captain Falcon," he said suavely; "my paddlers made a swift journey from the River Stono. I am Don Ruy Ortiz of St. Augustine!"

(*To be continued*)

Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

To women who guard the family budget—1927 is a turning point

A BUDGET is a great responsibility. One unexpected repair bill due to faulty lubrication takes away the money you hoped to spend on things the family needs.

In today's cars you have noted new colors, new lines, new style. New driving comfort, too. New ease in handling. New power. New ability to speed up and slow down in traffic.

But—

Higher engine temperatures and faster working speeds accompany these changes.

And many oils which "worked all right" a few years ago are showing serious shortcomings today. Raising repair bills. Increasing carbon deposit. Causing other troubles.

They *haven't the margin of safety needed* for 1927 driving conditions.

As you drive over today's improved country highways, you find faster speeds both comfortable and safe. *But this puts a new burden on your engine and on your lubricating oil.*

As you crawl through crowded streets remember this: A few blocks of frequent starting and stopping *can injure your lubricating oil* more than miles of straight-away driving.

There is one oil which will surely keep your automobile bills at the lowest possible point.

That oil is the 1927 Gargoyle Mobiloil.

When you turn to the 1927 Mobiloil, you use the oil which is asked for by more automobile engineers than any 3 other oils combined.

The Mobiloil Chart tells you exactly which oil to use to meet the mechanical needs of your particular car. Every Mobiloil dealer has it.

We advise you to ask for the oil both by name and grade designation, thus: Mobiloil "E," Mobiloil Arctic, Mobiloil "A," Mobiloil "BB," Mobiloil "B," Mobiloil "C," Mobiloil "CC." The Chart tells which.

And Mobiloil is the most convenient oil you can buy—it is sold by more dealers than any other oil you can name.

YOUR guide—If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's and remember that . .

182 automobile and motor truck manufacturers approve it!

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chandler Sp. 6	A	A	...	...	...	...	...	...
" other mods.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler 60, 70, 80	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" other mods.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	...	...
Dodge Bros. 4-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	F	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	...	...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	...	...	...	...	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Velie	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4	...	...	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
" 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	...	...

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

Ordinary Lather

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.

Colgate Lather

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

"Small-bubble" lather *makes shaving simple*

COLGATE bubbles are wringing wet; and water softens the beard, says science. These tiny bubbles get down deep where whiskers sprout out—soak them soft at base—razor whisks them off. See lather pictures above.

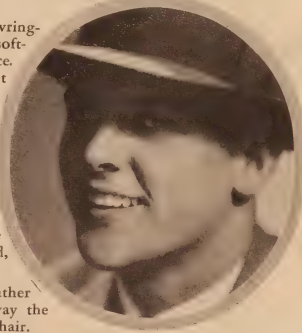
How "small-bubble" lather works

The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. Every hair is cut close and clean. And your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.



Clean shaven—neat—trim

A WEEK'S SHAVES—FREE. The coupon below will bring a generous trial-size tube—free.

EXTRA DIVIDEND! A sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men—the new after-shave powder that *keeps* your face looking freshly shaved all day long.

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 501-J, 595 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the FREE sample tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. Also sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

Five Cents for Luck

(Continued from page 23)

Not until she was met at her own door by incoherent mutterings did she allow herself to think ahead of the moment. Even then she put the future resolutely out of her mind as she ran to the wee baby nurse who, with arms outstretched on the table and head fallen forward, had gone to sleep on her feet.

Then followed hours of waiting. Nothing seemed to move—not even time. Only the disease lived and grew and tortured the moaning boy. Outside the wind whistled around the house, the snow beat on the windows and the voice of the prairie sang a wild, savage dirge.

Jean refused to listen; and after another eternity the doctor arrived, big, capable, kindly, and, oh, so cheerful! But Jean knew from his expression that there was a fight ahead, and silently, capably, she stood by his side, obeying his slightest move.

One hour—two—three—five hours passed before, white and shaken but triumphant, the doctor looked up. "Just in time. A close shave; but we've won!"

Jean couldn't speak after the blessed words, but she didn't need to—not with words. Her tightly-shut lips, her shining eyes as they rested on the sleeping boy, were enough. Then, with a shaky smile, she turned toward the doctor; "I'll get you a cup of tea and something to eat. You must be nearly dead."

"And what about you?" he asked. Their eyes met. Without a word more they shook hands.

AFTER that, time took wings to itself. Days and weeks passed in quick succession, until Harry was sitting in their one rocking chair, wrapped in a blanket. Jean came in with her apron bulging and opened it for him to peek at the contents. "Did you ever see anything like that at this time of year? If we only had a market for them—but—" she laughed. "I said that if you got better I'd never complain about anything again." She went to the cupboard to put away the eggs, humming a bar of "Red Wing."

"You shouldn't be doin' the chores," Harry spoke impatiently, and with one thin hand he flipped the blanket from around him. "When do you think McGregor will be here with the boots?"

"He should be back day after tomorrow. I hope he is, for I'd like him to look at Hughey. He hasn't been well since that trip for the doctor. I'm afraid I drove him too hard."

"Just as likely it was McGregor." Harry spoke irritably. "I hate to be lying around, when—"

"Now, young man," Jean stood over him, shaking her finger playfully, "you'll do just as I say. I have the doctor's orders. You don't think I'm going to pay good money for advice, and not follow it?"

"We haven't any money left, have we?" Jean laughed. "I still have the five cents! Do you know, someway I feel I'm going to keep that."

"Hasn't Father—?"

"No, not yet; but he has a job now—in Regina. He'll be able to send us some-

Admired always *the engaging* MOUTH of YOUTH

A GAY carefree smile, pretty teeth, these belong to Youth. And to later years, when one has learned to keep the mouth glands active.

For your fine white teeth and hard, healthy-pink gums, your pure and wholesome mouth — all depend on natural fluids from active, youthful mouth glands.

But the modern soft foods, easily chewed, do not exercise the mouth glands, do not keep them young. The fluids gradually slow up, teeth start to decay, gums soften dangerously.

To correct this, Pebeco Tooth Paste was given an important additional ingredient which restores the mouth glands to their full normal activity.

Brush your teeth with Pebeco. It cleanses even where the toothbrush cannot reach, and its sharp tang leaves a healthy, tingling after-sensation. Your mouth feels young. Your lips take the upward quirk that so easily becomes a joyous smile.

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N.J. Distributed in Canada by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.

How attractive, popular you can be

Everyone applauds your charm when your smile is gay, spontaneous. And how self-confident you feel knowing you have the lovely Mouth of Youth.

"Pebeco is splendid," happy users say. "Its salty taste is so refreshing and the clean, tingling after-sensation lasts and lasts."

Where the tiny Mouth Glands are, three on each side

The mouth glands are 20 times more active when we chew. The fluids they produce wash away food deposits and counteract the acids in the mouth. But soft food makes them lazy. Pebeco contains the important ingredient to keep them always working.

FREE OFFER: *Send coupon today for generous tube*

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. D-33
Bloomfield, N. J.

Send free your new large sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste
PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

(THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER OCTOBER, 1928)

PEBECO *keeps the Mouth Glands young*

Copyright, 1927, by Lehn & Fink Products Company

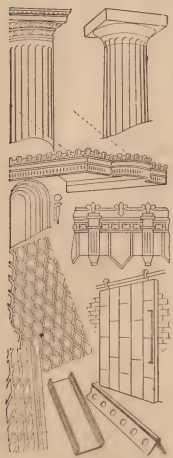
STEEL plus Copper means service plus satisfaction from exposed sheet metal work. This alloy gives a new measure of endurance. It is to your interest to use

KEYSTONE

Rust-resisting Copper Steel

Sheets

AND ROOFING TIN PLATES



Better building construction, no matter how large or how small, is depending more and more each year upon the utility of sheet metal. For repairs, replacements, or for new construction, Sheet Steel has become an important factor with architects, contractors and property owners.

Columns, doors, metal lath, ridges, roofing, gutters, conductor pipe and spouting, ventilators, cornices, skylights, and sheet metal work are better and more enduring if made from KEYSTONE quality (alloyed with copper). Supplied in Black and Galvanized Sheets, and Roofing Tin Plates. Sold by leading metal merchants.

Send for booklet FACTS—It will give you some surprising information relative to the superiority of KEYSTONE Quality as determined by actual time and weather tests.

AMERICAN SHEET and TIN PLATE COMPANY
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Manufacturers of High Grade Steel Sheets and Tin Plates for every purpose

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thing soon. He thinks we'd better go there to live."

"You don't want to?" Harry half rose from his chair as he asked the question, but quickly fell back.

"No, I don't; but—" She did not finish the sentence.

NEXT morning Jean was much longer than usual at the stable doing the chores. Several times Harry went to the window to look for her. When she did come in, he jumped from his chair, "Mother, Mother! What is it? What has happened? Is it Hughey?"

Jean looked toward him but not at him—her gaze seemed to go through him. "Yes; Hughey is dead." Her voice was hard, flat, drained of all emotion.

"Dead! Hughey!" Harry looked his horror.

"Hughey dead!" Bess shrilled, and began to cry.

"What are you going to do?" The boy's anxious eyes followed his mother, who was going methodically about her ordinary tasks.

"Going to do?" she repeated. "There is nothing to do. We are through."

"You mean—?" He walked to the window and looked out at the snow-covered prairie.

Jean laughed shortly. She hummed the chorus of "Red Wing." She laughed again. "I'll use that five cents to buy stamps to let your father know we will go to Regina and do odd jobs!"

"But—Mother—"

"It's no use, Harry." Jean smiled, but not her old smile. Something had gone out of her. "Your doctor bill is not half paid. I shall have one; we would have to buy another ox; your father can't do it all, and keep us besides. Maybe it will all be for the best. I can keep boarders; perhaps your father can get—" Her voice trailed off. That night she wrote to Jim telling him she would sell what they had and join him in Regina.

Next afternoon Mr. McGregor returned from his second trip to Swift Rapids. He had exchanged the boots.

"I examined them myself this time," he explained as he watched Harry try them on. Then he dug into his bulging pockets and drew out another parcel, which he handed to Jean. "I made that feller in the store give me them fur his mistake."

Jean opened the parcel with the eagerness of a child, "Oh, how good!" She held up a pair of slippers for herself. "Mr. McGregor, are you sure you didn't add a little persuasion out of your own pocket?" she demanded.

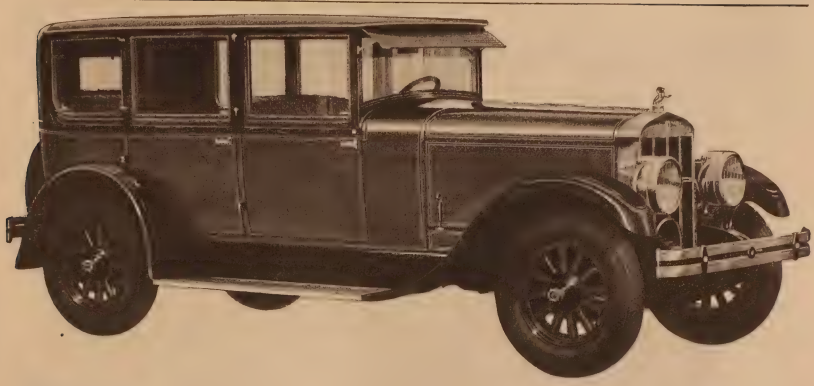
"Now, Mis' Carroll, don' you be askin' questions that ain't your business," he protested; but he flushed and shuffled from one foot to the other. "If I hadn't been such a danged fool before!"

"Don't say that," Jean spoke sharply. "You've been like— I haven't words to say what you've been to us this winter, and it makes me more sorry to leave. But—"

"Leave!" the little man shouted.

"Yes, Hughey's dead. We can't—Jim hasn't had much work—and—" Jean handed him the letter and the five cents. "Will you get that posted?"

"And the new road just startin'!" McGregor lamented as he put the letter and the money in his pocket. "I heerd the



Miles per day—
the new standard of fast travel

TALK CARS with a Franklin Owner! His first statement is almost invariably—the fastest car in a day's run I have ever owned. And—he will frequently add—the least tiring to drive. ¶ Franklin's ability to maintain a higher average speed *all day*, establishes a new definition of the factor of speed in travel. Miles per hour *in the spurt*, now gives way to miles per hour *for the day*. Franklin road records convincingly prove that no other car can travel so many *extra* miles per day with so little fatigue to the driver. ¶ Advanced engineering features, exclusive to Franklin, have achieved a greater speed in travel without sacrificing personal comfort or safety. Aviation has convincingly proven the endurance and dependability of the air-cooled motor. Franklin offers the advantages of the air-cooled motor—no danger of freezing or overheating—inherent economy and long life—as a positive protection to Franklin Owners. Franklin's scientific light weight construction and spring suspension create an unexcelled roadability. ¶ The combination of these and other factors explains why Franklin has long enjoyed the highest percentage of repeat buyers in automobile history. Such a record has been established solely by the fact that—to Franklin—precedent has always been good only where precedent has been amply sufficient. An impressive discovery awaits you—in your first Franklin demonstration.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE CO.
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

Another Franklin Superiority Feature—flexible chassis construction. Coupled with scientific spring cushionism, a major factor in Franklin's unprecedented roadability and long life.

Air-Cooled

FRANKLIN

This Mennen combination ~ 50 cents

all 3 for the price of one

Millions of men use Mennen Shaving Cream—and we want them all to know the complete Mennen shave. We are therefore making this demonstration offer—buy the shaving cream and get a tube of Skin Balm and a can of Talcum for Men *free*.

First, Mennen Shaving Cream brings you *dermutation*—which softens the beard, relaxes and levels the skin peaks around each hair, and provides a smooth, even surface for the razor. No little nicks and cuts left behind to smart and bite—but the sweetest shave ever.

Second, Mennen Skin Balm is a cooling, soothing, healing, antiseptic and mildly astringent face lotion in a handy tube—no bottle to break—for after-shaving use. Skin Balm is neither greasy nor sticky. It has a wonderfully refreshing and invigorating scent.

Third, Mennen Talcum for Men is a man's talcum, tinted the color of the skin—doesn't show—removes face shine after shaving.

To make you better acquainted with the last two your dealer will give you all three for the price of the shaving cream alone. Get yours today. The supply is liberal but not unlimited.

The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., and Toronto, Ont.

MENNEN

The Improved

SHAVING CREAM

superintendent's to be over it next Saturday; after that a train a day, with a dining car and everything. Dang it, that's hard luck!"

"A dining car?" Jean looked toward him. "Did you say a dining car?"

"Yes, so I heerd."

"Then they'll want eggs?"

"I s'pose so," McGregor agreed grudgingly, as if afraid to stir hope in the desperate eyes looking into his.

"Mr. McGregor, do you think they'd buy my eggs?" Jean was standing with tensely clasped hands, staring into his face.

"I—I—can't say as to that. But, Mis' Carroll, how'd you git them there? It's twenty-five mile to Cargill station, the nearest one, and Hughey being dead?"

Again Jean was oblivious to her surroundings. She was looking far beyond them. With a determined set of her shoulders she reached out her hand. "Mr. McGregor, give me back that letter and the nickel. I'm going to have one more try."

"But, Mis' Carroll," he began; then he stopped. McGregor knew when he met inevitables, like the coming of a new day, and pioneer courage.

ON SATURDAY Jean stood on the crude new platform at Cargill station. Her wind-whipped skirts betrayed her feet wrapped in sacking. She shivered uncontrollably and her teeth chattered, despite the red sweater that she pulled tightly around her throat.

In front of the platform stood the first through train, the engine puffing like a triumphant black monster, champing to bound on into its new domain. Jean was walking along, looking anxiously at the cars.

"I want to find the dining car," she explained to a man in the trim uniform of the road.

He looked curiously at her, as he pointed toward the end of the train; but his glance did not reach her. Jean was looking for a man in white. She thought chefs always wore white.

Presently she saw a car with tables, and a man wearing a white smock. She beckoned to him. He bent down and looked at her. Again she beckoned, peremptorily this time. He hesitated, then he walked away.

She met him at the bottom of the car steps, "Fresh eggs," she said. "You need eggs, don't you?" She wished her teeth wouldn't chatter. It made her sound so queer.

"Why! Why!" The man's eyes swept over her, right down to the sacking on her feet. "We use eggs; but we get our supplies in—"

"Yes—I suppose," Jean interrupted; "but these eggs are fresh and large. I wish you'd look at them—try some if you like. Twenty dozen—big, big ones; and they're not frozen."

She smiled her wide smile, "That's why I'm so cold. I came quite a piece, and I put the blankets and my coat over them. I was afraid they'd get frozen, but they didn't. They're awful big eggs. Will you look?" She pointed back behind the platform to Bob and the jumper.

"I'll—I'll ask the dining-car conductor." He sprang up the steps and disappeared.

Presently another man came out. He,

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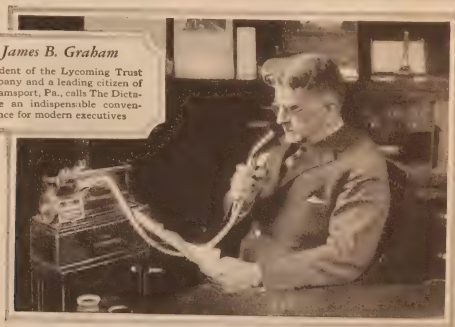

James B. Graham

President of the Lycoming Trust Company and a leading citizen of Williamsport, Pa., calls The Dictaphone an indispensable convenience for modern executives

"A great saver of time"

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"IT'S the greatest time-saver I ever had the privilege of using. Available day or night, before or after hours. Convenience itself."

Sharp and clear comes this statement of facts from James B. Graham, President of Lycoming Trust Company, Williamsport, Pa., the largest financial institution in Northern Central Pennsylvania. Mr. Graham is Chairman of the Board of Lycoming Manufacturing Company (makers of Lycoming Motors), of Spencer Heater Company, President of Crescent Refractories Company (makers of high-grade fire brick), and President of the Williamsport Y. M. C. A.

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"Yes, I do mind staying late."

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too, looked from her red hood down to her awkwardly clad feet; but Jean was not conscious of his scrutiny.

"I have eggs," she began again, "fine fresh eggs. I know, for I gathered them myself—and they're large. I wish you'd try them; maybe if you do, you'd take some every week. They're not frozen, not cracked. I upset once, but I saved them. I held them up." She raised her arms to show him. "I fell down; but I saved the eggs."

"We buy our supplies in—" the man began.

"Yes; but if you need eggs—maybe those other people are near a railroad. You see, you're the only chance I have, and—"

"All aboard!" Away up toward the front of the train the conductor's voice rang out, as if he too enjoyed man's conquest over distance.

The man to whom Jean was talking stepped back into the train; the great mass began to move forward.

"But, I say," Jean spoke to the passing cars. "I say I have twenty dozen eggs—fresh and large. What—what?"

On and on the train moved. Jean turned her back to it. In her hand she held the five-cent piece. "I'll have to spend you, spend you to send a letter to Jim. Spend you to tell him—"

"EXCUSE me, madam. One of the dining-car men told me you have some fresh eggs for sale." Jean looked around at a gentleman in plain clothes who was standing regarding her. Vaguely, she noticed that the train had stopped.

"Yes." She was too dazed to be coherent. "Did you ever have eggs for sale—nothing in the world but eggs—and nobody wanted them?" She looked hard at him, demanding an answer.

"No," he said, "I never did. But I remember hearing my grandmother tell about living away out in the bush Down East, and not having anything to sell but butter, and no market for it."

"Yes, my grandmother was a pioneer Down East too," Jean agreed, with interest. "They had it awfully hard." Her teeth were still chattering. "I'm thankful we've never had to go through what they did. But, sir, would you buy my eggs? They are large and fresh, and I—"

"How far did you come?"

"Twenty-five miles straight; but, Bob—" she looked toward the ox—"Bob gets lost every few miles. I guess I traveled about fifty."

"Yes, we'll take your eggs." He motioned to the man in white to go for them. "How many have you?"

"Twenty dozen." Jean's voice was hoarse with excitement. "Perhaps you'd better count them."

He put his hand in his pocket and drew out a roll of bills. "Let me see—they are forty cents a dozen." He held a ten-dollar bill toward her.

Jean looked at it, but did not take it. "I—I can't give you the change." She opened her hand and showed the five-cent piece. "That's all I have." She laughed unsteadily. "I was going to spend it for a stamp to tell Jim I'd given up. But if you'll take some eggs every week, I'll get the mail carrier to bring them here for you. If—if—you could do that—I'll not write

Why spend yourself on what a *machine* can do?

Every woman has been through it—that thankless job of housecleaning—that wearisome and joyless toil that faces her spring and fall.

Dragging dust-cloths and stepladders through the house, stooping and straining to reach under furniture and over moldings, wrestling with smudged draperies and such.

Some women suffer it still, and more's the pity—needlessly spending their energy and charm on work a *machine* can do, easily and with *all the furnishings in place.*

The light, deft, efficient dusting tools of The Hoover take all this sort of labor off a woman's shoulders; they bring all the hard-to-get-at places within easy cleaning reach.

You want The Hoover because of the time and labor its dusting tools will save you in housecleaning, but you want it more because of

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The Hoover is easy to buy. If you already have an electric cleaner, your Authorized Hoover Dealer will make you an allowance on it in trade, delivering you a new Hoover, on easy payments if you like. Cash price, the Model 700 $75.00, or the Model 543 **$59.50.** Dusting Tools $12.50. Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners
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Painted clean *to stay clean!*

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The microscope shows the difference!

These photographs of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Smooth, unbroken and non-porous, it resists dirt and washes like tile.

THERE is something about white or light-tinted walls and woodwork—a certain bright freshness, a wholesome cleanliness—which nothing else can ever quite replace.

But it is one thing to *paint* them clean and another to *keep* them clean! Hence the amazingly widespread use of Barreled Sunlight today. It produces a surface so smooth that it can be washed like tile.

And there is real beauty in this rich, lustrous finish—at a lower cost than enamel!

Guaranteed to remain white longest.

Beautiful tints can be obtained by adding oil colors. (Ask your dealer about the new Barreled Sunlight Tinting Colors in handy tubes.)

Quantity for quantity, Barreled Sunlight covers a greater area. And the extreme ease of application with brush or spray saves many labor-hours.

In Gloss, Semi-Gloss, and Flat finishes. Cans and drums. For priming, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat. See coupon below.

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Please send me information on the use of Barreled Sunlight in—
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the letter." Her voice rose with eagerness, and she plucked at his sleeve.

"God!" he muttered, and he turned away. When he spoke his voice sounded gruff. "Where's Jim?"

"He's in Regina—work is scarce in the bush—he's been doing odd jobs."

"What part did you come from?"

"Komark is our post office. We're ten miles from it, east."

"Then you must be near the projected line to Markheim?"

"We're right on it." Jean's eyes began to glow. "Oh, if they only build that—oh, sir, if they do! It seems too good for me even to think about."

"Are there many others like you out there?" he asked.

"Yes, lots, and it's the finest farming country in the world!"

"I'm the superintendent of this railroad." He spoke simply, like one of her neighbors. "I'll give an order that your eggs are to be picked up here each week. I want you to write to Jim, and tell him we need another man on the section here. That will keep him until spring. Then we'll start that line right past your place!"

Jean had lost her voice completely; but she caught his hand and held it a second in both hers. The train began to move. The superintendent shoved a bill into her hand and stepped on board.

"It's a great country out there—you'll never regret it," Jean chattered after him.

"A great country," he muttered. "God, how could it be anything else, with such stuff going into its making!"

Headaches

(*Continued from page 29*)

with her eyes and wore glasses. She also told me about occasional attacks of stomach trouble or "biliousness," and said that all her life she had been a sufferer from persistent constipation. She also admitted being more or less nervous, especially when she was younger, and described her headache as follows:

My headaches sometimes come on regularly, but as a rule they come when I am tired out or nervous, or after I have been excited. I notice that indigestion and neglect of my bowels also tend to bring them on. If I go without my glasses a few days, or use my eyes a great deal, I find that I am more likely to have a severe attack. My pain is usually all on one side of the head. As a rule, it is sharp, lancinating pain. Sometimes it is of a gnawing or boring character, at other times it is pulsating, throbbing, or beating. When my headache is really bad, I just feel like I had been "knocked in the head." My sight is more or less affected. I am often dizzy, and zigzag flashes of light pass before my eyes. I am very pale, usually sick at the stomach, and sometimes vomit.

Now, that is a pretty good description of a migraine headache. The attack generally begins in the morning with uneasy, premonitory sensations, reaches its height during the middle of the day, and tends to improve with the going down of the sun. Starting over an eye, the pain gradually spreads to the forehead and side of the head, and is often described by the patient as being in the skull, and of a boring or tearing character.

I want to make it clear, that, while migraine is an hereditary legacy, it is

You can make mine P. A.

THAT'S my standing order. Anywhere. Any time. Prince Albert gives me what I want in a pipe. Morning to midnight. Seven days out of seven! I get a brand-new thrill every time I open a tidy red tin and breathe that rich, rare P. A. aroma. There's no other fragrance like *that,* Men. Appetizing! Tantalizing!

And when I put a load to bed in the bowl of my pipe and light up . . . *there's* a thrill that takes a better man than *I,* Gunga Dhin, to put into words! Cool as a creditor calling a loan. Sweet as the thought that you are able to pay. Fragrant as you smoke it, too. Fragrant and long-burning. What a smoke, Men!

Prince Albert is so mild you can smoke pipe-load after pipe-load. It never bites your tongue or parches your throat. Yet it has that full-bodied richness that reaches *deep down* and satisfies your pipe-hankering as nothing else can. P. A. is what I call a *balanced ration.*

Get this one, big, fundamental fact: You haven't scratched the surface of pipe-pleasure unless you have smoked Prince Albert! There are joys you will *never* know until you pack that old pipe of yours with P. A.! That's my story. It will be *your* story, too, when you know good old P. A.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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Already dreaming of the years you cannot share

She cannot know how much she needs your care in little things like this

HOW much you do for her day in and day out—planning and working for the years when she must face the world for herself. Years of which she, too, already dreams.

Not perhaps until she has children of her own, will she realize fully just what her mother's care has meant. Care not only in the big things, but even more in that endless round of little things which count for so much.

It is one of these seemingly small points which is now the center of interest in a nation-wide school movement. The American Medical Association and the National Education Association are pointing out the importance of school day breakfasts. They have found that children's grades and health are vitally influenced by the kind of breakfast they eat. This slogan is now displayed on the walls of over 50,000 schools: "*Every boy and girl needs a* hot cereal *breakfast.*"

Only a *hot* cereal can furnish the boundless energy which children need to meet the strain of school work.

You already know well that one *hot* cereal which authorities have for years recommended for growing children—Cream of Wheat. You probably also know why it is recognized as ideal:

First, it brings a remarkable store of mental and physical energy—just the elements needed most by little minds and bodies. Second, Cream of Wheat is so easy to digest. Third, children enjoy its delicious creaminess.

It is so simple to safeguard your children in this little thing. Begin now! Tomorrow morning start them off to school, ready for a good day's work. Give them a *hot* bowl of good old Cream of Wheat.

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This little girl has learned to read well because she eats the right foods. Every school morning she eats a hot cereal breakfast – Cream of Wheat
45 YEARS

FREE*—Mothers say this plan works wonders—*
To arouse your child's interest in eating a hot cereal breakfast, send for attractive colored poster to hang in her room. There is a four week record form on it, which the child keeps herself, from day to day, by pasting in gold stars. Poster and gold stars sent free with authoritative booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children," and sample box of Cream of Wheat. Mail coupon to Dept. P-7, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

For a girl aged..... *For a boy aged*.....

Name and address.....

greatly aggravated by microbic toxins from diseased tonsils, abscessed teeth, and so on, as well as by emotional excitement, nervous stress, eye strain, overwork, loss of sleep, indigestion, chronic constipation, and possibly by certain disturbances in the ductless gland system.

If you are a sufferer from periodic sick headaches, I would advise you, between attacks, to exercise daily in the open air; play golf or some other outdoor game, take tonic baths, and get ten hours of sleep nightly. Relax an hour or two in the middle of the day. Avoid alcohol, coffee, and too much meat. Eat regularly—at least three times a day. A daily sweat is good, but change of climate is of no value.

WHEN you get up in the morning with a dazed or dizzy feeling, pressure on one side of the head, and you feel you should step very carefully in order not to jar or move the head unduly, you know that before a few hours have elapsed you will be the victim of a headache attack. Although you are not hungry, you should eat a light breakfast of bland food, such as cornflakes and cream, toast and butter. After breakfast, go quietly about your usual duties. Do not attempt anything unusual that day. In one or two hours, if the stomach becomes highly acid, take a scant teaspoonful of ordinary baking soda in one-half glass of water, and while busy with your day's duties drink a glass of cold water every thirty minutes until you have taken at least eight glasses. Eat a light lunch, such as whole wheat bread and butter, or crackers and butter, and in the evening take your usual meal.

When threatened with an attack avoid concentrated proteins such as meat, eggs, nuts, cheese, baked beans, and the like. During an attack, it would also be well to avoid these protein foods, as well as rich gravies, pastries, tea, and coffee. If not too greatly nauseated, take food during the attack. Buttermilk and green vegetables are especially recommended.

Naturally, you will ask: What can I do to help myself during the migraine attack?

A hot foot-bath for ten or fifteen minutes, commencing with a temperature of 105° Fahrenheit, and rapidly adding hot water until 115° to 125° Fahrenheit has been attained, will do much to relieve you, especially if hot compresses are applied over the forehead and eyes and an ice bag to the back of the neck. After three or four minutes, reverse the procedure and apply the hot compresses to the back of the neck and the ice bag to the forehead.

Hot compresses applied to the spine and stomach, hot leg-baths, or hot tub-baths, are also of value in averting an attack of migraine.

People subject to migraine headaches should make every effort to lead an even, regular, and tranquil life, free from nervous strain, mental worry, emotional excitement, and unusual physical stress.

Neurasthenic headaches: Next to migraine, probably the most frequent headache is the neurasthenic or "pressure" headache. In many cases there may be a toxic side to these headaches—the patient suffering not only from nervous exhaustion, but also from auto-intoxication. However, I think this the exception rather than the rule. More often these headaches are due to erratic

Is Your Town Safe?

© 1927 M. L. I. Co.

These boys and girls are being taught to save their lives! They are learning the meaning of the "Stop" and "Go" traffic signals. In many schools the children make their own semaphores, and the teacher appoints different members of the class to act the part of a Traffic Officer so that the lesson of caution at street crossings can never be forgotten.

EVERY five minutes someone dies from cancer. Every six minutes someone is killed by accident. One death in every 13 is caused by cancer—one in 15 by accident. One—a tragedy foreseen weeks in advance when beyond hope of prevention. The other—swift annihilation that could have been prevented.

Most fatal accidents need never happen; 90,000 a year in the United States—240 a day—deaths from various causes that could be prevented. One half of the children who are killed are the little untaught ones less than five years old. And accidents claim all too many persons past middle age—who have not adjusted themselves to the swift pace of passing vehicles.

In cities where public caution and protection are taught, the deathrate from accident is far less than the Nation's sad average. Modern scientific Safety Campaigns are organized in these cities. The Mayor, the Police Department, local associations, clubs, societies and citizens of ability and initiative are working together for safety in industry, in the home and on our streets. The newspapers which help to promote Safety Campaigns find a quick response.

These continuous safety programs are as carefully and skilfully planned as a great battle, but with this difference—a battle is planned to end as many lives as possible and a Safety Campaign is planned to save as many lives as possible.

No longer has one a right to say, "Accidents are bound to happen. You can't prevent them." Today accident prevention is neither a beautiful dream nor a vain hope. It is a splendid reality. In cities which have said, "It can be done"—it has been done. In some cities the deathrate from accident has been reduced more than half.

Do you know how many people were killed by accident in your town last year? You will find, again and again, that a little forethought or a little more care would have avoided many tragedies. Help to prevent such deaths.

700,000 Americans seriously injured last year; 23,000 killed by one cause alone—motor vehicle accidents.

Appeals to individual caution have failed to stem the constantly rising tide of accidental deaths. Last year the New York State conference of Mayors decided to conduct an "entire city" Safety Campaign. Albany, N. Y., was selected for the test, and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company was invited to send safety engineers to co-operate.

A vigorous educational program was undertaken. Every stage of this campaign was carefully mapped out in advance. During the first six months of the demonstration, while practically the entire city supported it, accidental deaths of all kinds were reduced 31%. Fatal accidents to children were reduced 33⅓%. Fatal accidents in homes were reduced 71%.

Based on the results in Albany, the Metropolitan has prepared two booklets, "Promoting Community Safety" and "The Traffic Problem", which outline practical ways and means for accident prevention. Send for two copies of each, one for personal study and one to send to your Mayor. If your town has a working safety organization, support it whole-heartedly. If not, help to establish a local Safety Council.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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She just knows they'll be safe in a Yale-locked closet

A YALE LOCKED CLOSET—such an inexpensive, yet sure way of protecting personal property!

We Americans are away so much—motoring or yachting; at the theatre or the club; that we simply *must* have Yale protection.

Your silver and jewels, your furs, your cigars, your valuable papers—put these behind a Yale Deadlock or Deadlatch and you'll know they'll be guarded every moment of your absence.

Yale features several distinct types of auxiliary locks for home-closet use—

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Yale No. 10F Steel Bar Deadlock
Yale No. 193 Rotary Bolt Deadlock
(the one pictured below)

Each one of these offers effective modern improvement over the ordinary lock—the *safe* over the *unsafe*.

Go, yourself, to a hardware dealer who has the Yale line. He will advise you and help you select the right lock for installation on your Yale Locked Closet. *Printed directions for applying packed with each lock.*

Send for booklet just published—"You may not have a skeleton in your closet but—"

Yale No. 193 Rotary Bolt Deadlock

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Company
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YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

nervous behavior. Auto-intoxication has become a fad with many neurasthenics. The best proof that these headaches are not generally due to so-called auto-intoxication is the fact that they can often be completely relieved by a warm soapsuds enema. If the headache resulted from the system being flooded with poisons, how could flushing the colon immediately cure the headache? The fact is, the headache was a reflex nervous manifestation, and, of course, was promptly cured when the cause was removed.

Nervous patients also suffer—many of them chronically—from cold hands and feet. The least excitement causes them to break out in a cold sweat; they sometimes also suffer from excessive blushing.

Quite often the headache of neurasthenia, nervous exhaustion, or brain fag is hardly a pain; it is an unpleasant feeling of pressure or constriction, the feeling usually being strongest in the region of the forehead and top of the head, although it is sometimes felt at the back of the head.

Prominent among the underlying causes of these exhaustion headaches may be mentioned worry, grief, fear, anger, anxiety, introspection, psychic strain, overwork, nervous tension, overstudy, and all other influences which are contributory to nervous exhaustion and brain fag.

Prevention is the main thing in the management of these nervous headaches. If we permit nervous exhaustion to creep upon us, headaches are certain to follow.

If you are a victim of neurotic headaches, you must live a regular life. Have set hours for eating, working, and playing, and see that you get eight or nine hours of sleep. Avoid alcohol and tobacco; drink sparingly of tea and coffee, and also avoid all forms of excesses or overexertion.

Neurotic headaches are sometimes relieved by eating; but the food should be limited to hot liquids, toast, or crackers.

Cold compresses, if persistently applied, will cure most of these headaches. Other methods of relief are alternate hot and cold compresses to the head; alternate hot and cold sponging of the entire spine; rubbing with menthol ointment, five to ten per cent, to relieve the sensation of pressure; a very hot colonic flushing of three or four pints of water at 108° to 110° Fahrenheit; warm foot-baths at 110° Fahrenheit, or hotter, given for ten minutes, followed by a short cold foot-douche.

Neurasthenic headaches are usually greatly benefited by change of climate, new scenery, or other diverting influences, but sometimes the only cure is several months of absolute rest in bed.

Indurative or rheumatic headaches: The majority of sufferers from this form of head pain seem to be women of middle age. They give a history of being free from headaches in their younger years, but of having these irregular attacks come upon them as they grow older. The pain, as a rule, covers the whole of the head, with the exception of those cases where it begins about the back of the head and the nape of the neck, sometimes radiating down toward the back and shoulders.

This form of headache does not cease at night. In fact, occasionally it is even more severe when the patient assumes a

"NERVOUS, MISERABLE . . . *I had to give up every outdoor sport*"

ABOVE, MRS. CYRIL E. ALLEN, *of Philadelphia*

RIGHT

"THREE YEARS AGO I was told that, to avoid a nervous breakdown, I vitally needed a rest. My whole system was run down from overwork. On returning from my vacation boils started to break out upon my face and neck—the result of the condition of my blood. Ointments and poultices seemed only to alleviate—not overcome—the disorder.

"Numerous friends advised Fleischmann's Yeast. I began eating it regularly at meal times. Soon the boils simply faded away and I have had none since. I still eat Fleischmann's Yeast daily to keep 'fit'."

LEIGHTON M. REID, Detroit, Mich.

LEFT

"I WAS under the anxious responsibility of starting my own business and nursing it along the road to success. Of course my hours were long, and I overworked. Soon my system was run down. At the same time I began to suffer from constipation. My digestion, too, was impaired. One day someone recommended that I try Yeast. . . . I did try it. Today, after taking Fleischmann's Yeast regularly for two months, I find myself, to be brief, 'enjoying the best of health'."

LEO S. KILLEEN, St. Paul, Minn.

Philadelphia, Pa.

"Riding, swimming, tennis—I was forced to give up each of my beloved sports. And my dancing, too . . .

"The doctor's words sounded hopeless! 'Auto-intoxication' had become chronic! I feared I would be afflicted my whole life long.

"I led a miserable existence. Something had to be done. I tried medicines. To no avail. I was terribly weak—oppressed by an overwhelming desire to sleep continuously.

"Then one day my mother handed me several cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast, saying, 'You have tried everything else.' It was with a mere flickering ray of hope that I began eating it—three cakes a day.

"Today I can snap my fingers at the word 'chronic.' For in 5 months my auto-intoxication had *disappeared*. I've never felt better in my life. I'm riding again, and fit for any strenuous sport. And I am thinking of starting my dancing again, too."

—Mrs. Cyril E. Allen.

WHEN the body is depressed by intestinal poisons, Fleischmann's Yeast gets surely at the source of the trouble.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a food as fresh as any vegetable from the garden. It cleanses the digestive tract of accumulated wastes, strengthens the intestinal muscles. With elimination regular, the assimilation of food becomes normal, the blood is purified — the tone of the whole system is raised. Indigestion, skin disorders yield to the action of Fleischmann's Yeast.

Start today on this easy, natural road to health. You can get Fleischmann's Yeast from any grocer. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in any cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Health Research Dept. J-45, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

This modern, natural way to health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold), or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians say it is best to eat one cake with a glass of hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Train yourself to regular daily habits.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

LOOK AHEAD MAN, LOOK AHEAD!

YOU are up and doing. Business is fine. Lots of health. Lots of enthusiasm. Full of the love of living. Not much time to be full of the fear of *not* living. But, Look Ahead Man, Look Ahead!

You don't have to be "preached" into the idea that you're now riding on the crest of a wave. *But* you *do* need a hint, such as this, to put some of today's funds into life insurance that will provide for you in the tomorrows that lie ahead. Look Ahead Man, Look Ahead!

Send for free booklet, "Seven Keys to Contentment." It will help you plan your insurance program. Just send the coupon. Look Ahead Man, Look Ahead!

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Send me booklet, "Seven Keys to Contentment," free of charge
(*To insure correct mailing, please print name and address*)

Name_____

Address_____

Date of Birth *Month*_____ *Day*_____ *Year*_____

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reclining position. It is seldom associated with nausea and never with vomiting.

The rheumatic headache is brought on by exposure; it often starts with a chill following excessive perspiration; in the case of women, chilling as a result of washing the hair. The first and most important thing in treating it is to avoid all forms of chilling and sudden exposure.

The next step in the treatment is the application of heat. Hot compresses followed by proper massage is the surest method of gaining relief from this serious affliction. The first few treatments may aggravate the headache, but if the patient will persevere, the vast majority of cases can, in time, be relieved. Generally speaking, these headaches require persistent daily massage during four to eight weeks.

Blood-pressure headaches: We now come to the headaches which owe their existence to variations in the blood and the blood pressure. Headaches are known to result from both high blood pressure and low blood pressure. In this group of headaches will also be included those associated with hardening of the arteries, as well as the headaches which result from anemia.

Any influence which can cause blood to accumulate in the head can produce a *congestive headache*. The return of blood from the head is many times interfered with by the wearing of too high and too tight collars as well as too heavy hats.

Women around forty years old, who have high blood pressure, with slight kidney involvement, suffer inordinately from headaches of this type. The head is hot; face flushed; arteries of the neck throb; the eyes are red; and the patient complains of a bursting feeling, as though the brain were too large for the skull; the hands and feet are generally cold.

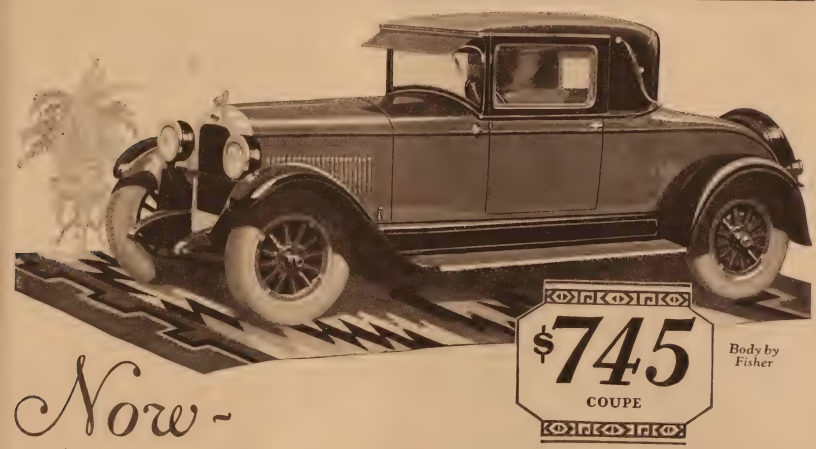
This form of headache, where the brain is overfilled with blood, is not due to the popular notion that the "blood is too thick" or that one has "too much blood."

A good illustration of this type of headache is that which almost invariably occurs in the early stage of a fever or other acute infection, such as influenza. The patient's face becomes red, the eyes are bloodshot and abnormally bright, and the pulse rapid and full.

The congestive headaches of school children are usually due to stomach and bowel complications. High altitude and extreme solar heat are also productive of conditions which predispose to congestion.

Headaches of this nature usually yield to those measures which relieve the congested blood vessels of the head by mechanically drawing the blood into the large vessels of the trunk and lower extremities, such as the hot foot-bath, the hot full bath, hot-blanket packs, electric-light baths, and hot-water bottles to the extremities—used in connection with ice bags or cold compresses to the face and head. Mild friction to the scalp is also helpful. These patients should rest with the head and shoulders elevated.

When we come to the *headache* of *high blood pressure*, we encounter a more persistent form of head pain—but one in every essential very similar to the congestive type we have just considered. The pain of high blood pressure is generally of a throbbing nature, and is accompanied



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—improvements that resulted in smoother operation and greater handling ease, in greater comfort, greater economy and greater owner pride—in higher standards of quality and higher levels of popularity!

And now Pontiac Six again represents a sensational new standard of value—the result of this notably finer quality, combined with beautiful new Duco colors on Bodies by Fisher, at lower prices on all body types.

This history-making announcement has turned all eyes on the Pontiac Six. It has created a known standard of what buyers have a right to expect in a low-priced six. It is causing thousands to make *comparison* the basis of their buying—

—and because no other six at or near $745 offers so many luxury and quality features, Pontiac Six sales continue to establish new high levels. Visit your nearest dealer. See and drive the finest low-priced six in automobile history!

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Pontiac Six De Luxe Delivery, $585 to $770. The New Oakland All-American Six, $1045 to $1265. All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the General Motors Time Payment Plan.

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The 22,000,000th *Western Electric telephone*

IT was finished only recently.

But it began well over a generation ago. It began, not in the shape of a telephone, but in the shape of an idea strong enough to be repeated in 22,000,000 telephones – the idea that every Western Electric telephone must be as good as human ability coupled with efficient machines could make it.

This ideal of the founders of the business still inspires the workers of today. That it will continue to be their aim is one assurance that telephone service in America will continue to maintain its supremacy.

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by a fullness of the head, especially marked, and made more severe, by coughing or by any other sudden exertion.

The eye is often affected—almost bloodshot in appearance, the face is flushed, and a general nervous irritability accompanies the malady. The sufferer often complains of a sense of pressure back of the eyes—which appear to bulge slightly forward.

Stooping, lifting weights, sitting up suddenly, lying down quickly, hard straining at stool, physical exertion, all are factors in producing or aggravating a high blood pressure headache.

Dizziness and vertigo often accompany headaches of this sort, as also does another group of sensations, such as numbness, tingling, and twitching, weakness in a limb, or in one half the body.

The treatment of high-blood-pressure headaches, in addition to these remedies already suggested for the relief of congestive headaches, consists in keeping the *feet and legs warm, the bowels open, and the head cool.*

Almost immediate relief may be obtained by immersing the body in a full bath at 98° Fahrenheit. This neutral bath will bring the blood immediately to the skin, lower the blood pressure, and greatly relieve the pain in the head.

Rubbing the skin with cold water, or with coarse salt slightly moistened with cold water, will help equalize the circulation; a hot enema is also helpful.

However, for most of these blood-pressure headaches, rest, fasting, and sleep are vastly superior to any other treatment.

HEADACHES due to impoverishment of the blood—*anemic headaches*—are produced by either an anemic state of the blood stream, or result from the fact that too little blood is sent to the head by the circulatory apparatus, as in the case of low blood pressure.

Before these headaches can be permanently cured, the condition of the blood must be improved. Owing to a deficiency in red corpuscles, the blood is crippled in its oxygen-carrying capacity, resulting in under-nourishment, digestive disorders, and poor circulation. If possible, an outdoor life should be led: abundant fresh air and sunshine are of paramount importance. A liberal diet—rich in fats and proteins—cream, butter, eggs, olive oil, nuts, oranges, spinach, and tomatoes, should be used in addition to ordinary foods. Short cold baths, if the reaction allows them, or hot baths followed by a brisk cold rub should be taken every morning; and, if possible, frequent sun baths. Moderate physical exercise and special exercises designed to deepen the breathing and quicken the circulation of the blood are all good. Concerning the treatment of the headache proper, I would recommend the following method: Apply a hot-water bottle or bag of hot salt to the back of the head and neck, and very hot compresses to the painful points in front, or on top of the head. Keep this up for ten to twenty minutes—depending on the severity of the pain. Great relief is often obtained by following these hot applications with cold friction to the head, given by dipping the finger tips in ice water and rubbing the scalp.

Toxic headaches: Most of the headaches that used to be called toxic I have

Those Winning Smiles

That come when teeth are film free

Dentists urging NEW-FOUND WAY to tooth beauty and adequate protection against tooth and gum disorders

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

(*Above*) THE ANCIENT SPORT OF ARCHERY is immensely popular among Long Island summer residents, among whom are Misses Cabot, Deane and Morrissey. This pictures another situation where Pepsodent-bright smiles are quite apparent.

(*Above*) "THE AMERICAN COLLEGE GIRL," says Consuelo Flowerton, "has come to realize that on glorious health, beauty depends. And on healthy, film-free teeth, as gained by Pepsodent, rests the radiance of one's smile."

IF your teeth are dull, lustreless, "off-color," discard old ways of brushing for a while. Try cleansing them of the dingy film ordinary brushing has failed to combat successfully; of the film to which present-day dental opinion charges many serious tooth and gum disturbances.

In other words, do as thousands are doing on dental advice; turn to Pepsodent. Not simply a medicated dentifrice, but a special Film-Removing Agent compounded in collaboration with world's dental authorities to REMOVE FILM FROM TEETH.

Run your tongue across your teeth. Note the film that you feel; that slippery, viscous coating. Note whether your present brushing method is failing in its duty.

Film is the great enemy of pretty teeth and gums, a chief enemy of *healthy* teeth and gums. Film clings to teeth and forms a breeding place for germs. It invites the acids of decay. It is the basis of tartar. And tartar, with germs, are the dentally *proved cause* of pyorrhea. You must remove film thoroughly *twice* daily, say dentists, from your teeth.

(*Above*) SUSAN TALBOT is winning unusual recognition by the excellence of her work. And through the brilliance of her smile, made gleaming white by Pepsodent, she's won innumerable friends.

Pepsodent is *made* by its makers for that purpose, and urged by dentists. It removes film. It firms the gums. It multiplies the alkalinity of the mouth's saliva. It meets the dominant dental opinion of today in a dentifrice. It is the kind of dentifrice you want in your home.

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Motor Protection Must be AUTOMATIC

If you would effectively combat cold—destroyer of motor life and efficiency

SCIENCE has developed—in *automatic* motor protection—a positive and effective means of putting an end to the great annual repair bill now caused by cold. *Automatic* so you *can't* guess—you can't forget.

Your car needs this vital protection at 60° Fahrenheit. That's when cold strikes its first blow.

"Over-choking" warns you

Coughing, spitting noises and delayed starting are the danger signals. Out comes the "choke"—flooding cold cylinders and cylinder walls with raw gasoline. Excessive dilution follows, fouled spark plugs, high gas consumption, extreme carbonization, corrosion and rapid cylinder wear. These are the troubles that bring *big* repair bills—troubles for which cold alone is responsible.

Winterfront regulates motor temperature

The radiator on your car was put there to waste heat—thus to prevent overheating in hot weather. An efficient radiator throws away 35 to 40% of the heat of the fuel. At 60° Fahrenheit there is no heat to spare, yet heat-waste continues through the radiator. Obviously, therefore, there is only one place to efficiently control motor temperature—that's at the radiator, where heat-waste occurs.

Pines Automatic Winterfront completely covers the radiator, and remains closed until the motor is warm enough to operate without damage to vital parts. The shutters

Closes Itself when your motor needs heat.

Opens Itself when your motor needs cool air.

then begin to open, *automatically*, allowing the entrance of exactly enough cool air to maintain a scientifically correct temperature.

Important—When your motor stops, Winterfront shutters start to close and are fully closed while your motor is hot.

With a Winterfront on your car, you "warm-up" in seconds. You lose the dangerous "choke" habit because Winterfront eliminates the need for it. Your motor starts quicker and easier with less battery strain. You enjoy a noticeable increase in gasoline economy—snug warmth inside your car—summertime smoothness and flexibility in your motor.

Put on any car in ten minutes

Pines Automatic Winterfront is sold by automobile and accessory dealers everywhere. It is installed in less than ten minutes without changes of any nature to your car. *Models for all cars—priced $22.50 to $30.00. Special models for Ford, $15; Chevrolet, $17.50; Dodge Four, $20. Slightly higher prices in the Rocky Mountain area and West—also Canada.* Pines Winterfront Company, 424 North Sacramento Boulevard, Chicago.

Pines Automatic Winterfront is the Only Automatic Radiator Shutter on the Market

It is automatic because—

There is no other way to assure you of timely, constant protection against the destroying force of cold. When cold strikes, Winterfront is *always* ready. You can't forget to operate it. There's nothing to remember. Its results are possible *only* because it is *Automatic*.

The motor car dealer who recommends and sells you a Pines Automatic Winterfront is considering your interests first. Take his advice. Your dealer will supply you.

135

PINES WINTERFRONT—*It's Automatic*

come to regard as neurasthenic. Still, we do meet—every now and then—a case that seems to be real toxic headache.

A woman patient of mine, thirty-four years of age, suffers from irregular attacks of this form of headache. In describing it to me she said:

My headache is not always the same. I usually have pain in the forehead, most severe just above or back of the eyes. It is a sensation of fullness, and sometimes it is more painful when I jar my head, as in walking. The pain often extends up from the forehead so that the whole top of my head hurts, and occasionally I suffer from a painful constriction band extending around the head. Sometimes, when I have a bad headache, the pain is diffused—extending over the whole head.

That is a pretty accurate description of the headache of toxemia. When the blood is toxic the tender nerves and blood vessels of the brain and scalp are much irritated by these poisons.

It makes not the slightest difference how the poison gets into the blood, or what is its origin. A piece of tainted meat, or salad made from some spoiled vegetables, will produce a headache just as promptly and effectively as an overexposure to the July sun or an attack of influenza.

Poisons entering the body from the outside, such as lead; morphin, arsenic, alcohol, ether, and so on; or those poisons resulting from such intricate and complicating conditions as the toxins of pneumonia, typhoid fever, chronic Bright's disease, diabetes, all result in the head pain which may be classified under toxic headaches.

Deficient elimination by the kidneys, together with chronic constipation, is perhaps among the chief causes of the toxic headache. Headache is also often associated with gout.

FATIGUE is often accompanied by headache, partly toxic in character, and partly nervous in origin. The same is true of the headache which results from sitting too long in a stuffy room.

These poisons, of course, go all over the body, wherever the circulation goes, but they produce their promptest and loudest pain outcry in the region where the nerves are most exquisitely sensitive. When your head aches, nine times out of ten your whole body is suffering, but other regions are not able to express themselves so promptly and so eloquently.

Sometimes these headaches result from the gradual accumulation of acid substances in the blood stream, and are promptly relieved by reducing the amount of bread and meat in the diet, and by the temporary use of soda or other alkalis.

Toxic headaches, when due to tobacco, alcohol, tea, coffee, or other poisons, demand, first, cessation of the intake of such articles; and, second, profuse sweating measures, followed by a brisk cathartic. The patient should take copious drinks of water. The diet should consist exclusively of vegetables, fruits, cereals, bread, and milk. Meat and eggs should be temporarily avoided.

People who have a tendency to toxic headaches should employ some form of sweating bath, followed by a cold spray or rub. Immediate relief during an attack can be obtained by the application of cold compresses to the head and a hot

High compression cars are here at last!

THE ADVENT of Ethyl Gasoline has in the last year brought a new standard of automobile performance to hundreds of thousands of car owners. As an Ethyl user, you have had the benefits of greatly increased speed, more power on hills and heavy roads, quicker acceleration, and complete elimination of "knock."

But the real high compression automobile is here at last!

Ethyl Gasoline has made it possible!

Ride with Ethyl in a high compression motor and get the thrill of a lifetime. Ethyl Gasoline is available throughout the United States and Canada at pumps which display the "ETHYL" trademark.

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NEW YORK, U.S.A.
Knocks out that knock

Pipe Smoker Applies Medical Training Selecting Tobacco

Some folks act on "hunches," some on emotion, some on pet theories, and still others on cold logic.

Here is a pipe smoker in the "logic" class. And the reason, as he explains, is that for three years he has been taught to take nothing for granted, but to prove his way as he goes.

427 Lyons Avenue
Newark, N. J.
Oct. 16, 1926.

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

Most medical students by the time they reach the third year of their work have absorbed the scientific spirit. That is, we take nothing for granted unless it has been confirmed by experiment or other reliable means. Prove it, we say!

Some time ago I decided to start smoking a pipe. Choosing the pipe was easy enough, but finding the tobacco to go with it was not so easy. I experimented, trying one tobacco after another. Some would have a fragrant aroma, but oh—what a taste they would leave! Others left my mouth like a furnace. A few reminded me of a poorly ventilated chemical laboratory.

I had almost decided that what I was looking for—a cool, sweet taste and a pleasant aroma—was impossible. Finally, I took the advice of one of the fellows and tried your good ole blue can. Eureka! You can't get me away from it now.

You should call Edgeworth—"money's worth."

Sincerely yours,
Irving H. Plaine

To those who have never tried Edgeworth we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 3 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va. —the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254.1 meters.

foot-bath. When the bowels are inactive, as they generally are, the patient should take a large dose of castor oil and a warm-water enema.

Reflex headaches: We now come to the pains in the head which are produced by some specific irritation or general disturbance occurring in some part of the body remote from the head—referred pains—or sympathetic headaches.

The behavior, intensity, and location of the pain, in reflex headaches, varies greatly and is, of course, more or less dependent on the offending organ or system which is responsible for these manifestations.

1. SEDENTARY HEADACHE: Many highly nervous and hereditarily predisposed individuals suffer from vague head pains, and distressing head sensations, as a result of sedentary living and the habits of modern civilization.

In other cases it is luxurious living associated with physical idleness and intellectual indolence that brings about that state of body and nerves which is so frequently characterized by chronic headache and backache.

Several years ago, I was completely baffled by a case of persistent headache occurring in a man around forty years of age. All the tests of an exhaustive examination had failed utterly to disclose a single clue to the nature and origin of this man's head pains. He was not toxic and he was not nervous. After a year's study I came to the conclusion his headaches were simply a result of the unnatural sedentary life he was leading. I became more insistent about his getting out of doors and engaging in active exercises. In six weeks his chronic headache disappeared—and it has not returned.

2. HEADACHES OF WOMEN: The periodic headaches of women are best treated after the methods already discussed under the head of congestive head pains.

While headaches of this sort are relieved by cold applications to the head accompanied by the hot foot-bath, they are more intelligently treated by directing remedial efforts toward removing the underlying causes found in the anemic and nervous states, as well as those abnormal anatomical conditions which may be responsible for the unnatural and unnecessary suffering occurring at these times.

3. STOMACH TROUBLE: Chronic indigestion, no matter what the cause, never fails to produce recurrent headaches in certain types of nervous individuals. No doubt these headaches are sometimes more or less of a toxic nature, while at other times they are simply reflex—stomach ache in the head.

Sometimes headaches occur when the stomach is allowed to go too long without food, or if it is denied food at the customary meal hour. In other cases, where there is too much gastric secretion—too much acidity—we have a very definite form of reflex or toxic headache which is close kin to migraine in its general behavior. A tablespoonful of milk of magnesia will frequently relieve a headache of this sort.

These headaches are also greatly relieved by drinking an abundance of hot water; by hot foot-baths and general cold applications to the head, and by copious hot enemas.

4. CHRONIC CONSTIPATION. While the distressing headache so often associated with chronic constipation has been heretofore regarded as a part of the toxic picture of so-called auto-intoxication, nevertheless I believe that much of this constipation headache is purely reflex in nature. That this is true is shown by the already mentioned fact that a warm soapsuds enema is able immediately to cure the headache. Now, if this headache were toxic in nature, the result of poisons circulating in the blood, it is obvious that the blood stream, as well as the bowel, would have to be cleansed in order to effect a cure. The fact that emptying the bowel produces a radical cure is sufficient to prove that the headache was purely nervous or reflex.

5. DISPLACED INTERNAL ORGANS: Many times a sagging stomach, a displaced kidney, or a tumble-down colon may be sufficient to start up reflex headaches.

Many times a headache of this sort is cured by putting a patient to bed for three months on a fattening diet and rest cure; a proper-fitting abdominal support will also cure many of these cases.

6. CONSTITUTIONAL DISEASES: There are a number of constitutional disorders which are often attended by headaches; while among the more common organic disorders which may cause headache the following should be mentioned: Adenoids, diseased tonsils, crooked nasal septum, nasal polypi, sinus infections, ear disorders, eye troubles, diseased teeth, neuralgia, kidney disorders, brain tumors, syphilis, epilepsy, goitre, and pituitary compression.

It is obvious that their cure consists in improving the constitutional defect or the organic disorders which produced them.

IN THE real treatment and permanent cure of headaches, drugs are practically worthless. While they afford temporary relief, they do not get to the root of the trouble. In fact, drugs cure headache in about the same way that chloroform kills the pain attending a surgical operation.

The majority of headache sufferers have a more or less irritated condition of the nervous system, and most drugs only serve to aggravate and perpetuate this condition. The headache remedies which guarantee to cure in a few minutes must certainly contain very powerful drugs, and should be looked upon as exceedingly dangerous compounds. Occasionally a large dose of "headache" medicine kills suddenly by overwhelming the heart or the vital nerve centers.

As a matter of fact, the frequent use of so-called "headache remedies" is no doubt in itself responsible for many cases of chronic and persistent headaches.

VACATIONS are over; the fall with its stimulating weather is here, and most of you feel as if you were sitting on top of the world. Next month, in "Getting Ready for Winter," Dr. William S. Sadler tells you how you can continue to sit pretty all through the artificial life of winter, with its attendant colds and other minor ailments. The article is full of valuable and timely health hints.

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DON'T let Headaches cost you money

WATCH a man trying to work when he has a headache—

He fusses over trifles—he snaps at his secretary. Routine tasks he manages to struggle through somehow—but anything of importance he pushes aside till the morrow.

Don't let headaches slow you up. It's expensive and it's unnecessary.

To really correct a headache you must get at the condition that causes it. The simple, natural way to do this is by the use of Sal Hepatica, the standard effervescent saline.

Congestion in the stomach or intestines is a common cause of headaches. Congestion produces excessive blood pressure. The result is dizziness and headaches. Sal Hepatica relieves a headache because it promptly removes this congestion.

Sal Hepatica contains the same health-giving salines as the famous European spas. Not only does Sal Hepatica relieve headaches but it is the approved treatment for many other ills as well.

For Sal Hepatica sweeps away the poisons set up by foods retained too long within the intestines. These poisons may result in indigestion or poor complexion, in hyper-acidity or rheumatism; they are at the root of kidney and liver and other organic disorders.

Keep free of headaches—keep free of the poisons of waste. Take Sal Hepatica promptly when you need it.

Send for the free booklet which explains more fully how Sal Hepatica relieves headaches and other ills.

For booklet please address

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. L-107, 71 West St.,
New York City

Sal Hepatica

© 1927

In Her Own Country

(*Continued from page 41*)

Eleanor looked into the child's shy eyes, and then caught the woman's work-roughened hands in her own.

"Oh, I'm so glad you came!" she said impulsively. "Did you bring anything Mary has done?"

The woman reached for the basket. From layers of protecting newspapers she drew out the well-thumbed drawings.

Eleanor leafed through them. Childish of course and out of perspective, but the sure, subtle lines and curves that proclaimed skill *were there.*

She looked into the woman's anxious eyes.

"They're good," she said. "She has the gift. If only—"

Then she stopped with a small cry. As she had glanced down again at the papers, another, unnoticed before, had slipped into view. She picked it up. It was a strong, crude drawing of the old Black Oak! The woman laughed nervously.

"It was foolish of me to put that one in. That's one I drew myself long ago. I just brought it, I guess, to show you I liked the old oak too. But my, I can't bear to look at the spot now since it's been cut down."

Eleanor's throat felt tight.

"You *knew,* you recognized it!"

"My, yes! Who wouldn't? The minute I set my eyes on it in the paper I said, 'Well, who'd ever have thought that the old Black Oak would hang in a picture gallery in Paris!' It just seemed somehow to bring me nearer to . . . to . . . oh, everything I've thought about, and couldn't ever have. . . . It made me feel almost as if I was there too."

ELEANOR leaned forward, her dark eyes caressing the older woman's face.

"Would you like me to tell you about it, just as I saw it, just as it looked to me?" she breathed.

"Oh, if you *would!*"

And Eleanor told them. There, in the big quiet kitchen, she poured out the story of beauty that she had longed to tell.

There was no effort. She forgot her outline. It was as though all the scenes her own artist soul had feasted upon were now spread out afresh to satisfy the hunger of her listeners.

"Look—Paris dreams—nocturnal, nebulous,
Under the blue moonbeams hung from wall to wall—
Yonder, behind her veil of mist, the Seine,
Like a mysterious and magic mirror,
Trembles. . . ."

She quoted the words with her heart in them, and the woman's face grew alight and the child's deep eyes were like stars.

She poured out her stored memories, gay and somber, but all shining now with the glory of another's understanding.

Time was forgotten. The woman's shabby hat slipped over her ear; the child's dusty hands clasped Eleanor's Paris gown. What were externals? They were living together the three golden years in the city of artists!

When Eleanor stopped at last, breathless, apologetic, the woman rose to her feet. Her eyes were full of tears.

"You don't know. . . . I couldn't ever tell you what you've done for me to-day. I'll have something now to think about as I go 'round at my work. I'll have something now all my life long to—to wonder about. And Mary, she'll never forget this day. I can't thank you."

"Wait," Eleanor said gently, and hurried up the stairs. From the bottom of her trunk she drew out her finest sketch, washed in dim colors. It was exquisite. It would have brought a price in New York. She had saved it to show to Willetsburg.

She carried it back to the woman, who gave an involuntary cry of delight.

"It's for Mary," Eleanor explained, "and here," catching up a pencil, "I'll write on the back of it something she must read every day. *You* will understand what it means."

She wrote in her high, clear hand:

Beauty! Old yet ever new.
Eternal voice and Inward Word.

She showed them out the front door as though they had been of the blood royal, and as she spoke her last good-by to the woman, she whispered:

"And when Mary's old enough, I'll see that she gets her chance!"

WHEN they were gone, Eleanor stood on the porch marveling at the change in herself. All the hurts had gone from her heart as though they had never been. All the warm gladness of life was leaping once more in her veins. For she knew what she must do. She must leave Willetsburg to-morrow. She would come back often; but never again for long.

For she had work to do! Blessed work! All that that poor woman's coarse and roughened hands had not been able to do, was now hers to accomplish. All that hundreds of others like her had been denied—they who felt the beauty in their souls and yet could not create it—all this was hers now to give to the world. It lay upon her like a sweet and glorious burden.

Suddenly up the walk came Bess Laird.

"I just blew in," she said, "to say I'll take you 'round to Belle's to-morrow in the car."

Eleanor roused herself.

"I'm very sorry, Bess, but I'll have to cancel all the rest of the parties. I'm leaving for New York to-morrow."

"Why, Eleanor, are you *crazy?* And Helen's luncheon on Thursday! Why, you . . . why, you *can't* go!"

"But I must. I *must* go in the morning."

The rest of the conversation was duly reported to all the old crowd before Bess slept that night.

"And, you know, I think Eleanor's *getting queer!* They do sometimes, artists and writers and things. I said to her, 'Well, why did you just decide now you had to go back? Did you get word?' And she looked straight past me, honestly, as if she didn't see me, and she said, 'Yes, I did. The *inward word!*' Now can you make any sense of that? I ask you!"

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

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We have solved the problem of pen point selection. The color of the band on the holder tells the whole story. You can now select with confidence exactly the pen point best writing requires.

A fine, broad, stub, flexible or stiff point may be selected at a glance. You can't go wrong.

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ROUNDED—A different pen point. The tip is ball shape. Makes a heavy, characteristic line without pressure.

$7.00

Number Seven
Made of beautiful resilient *Ripple* stainless rubber, protected with a lip-guard to prevent breaking, and an unequaled, patented filling device.

Waterman's

CORONA

in six beautiful Duco colors to suit your taste

IF ATMOSPHERE has anything to do with the way you think and write—this gay Corona portable will simply breathe life into the words you type.

Corona can now be in perfect harmony with your library, your boudoir, or the little nook of a study where you write. You may choose from a variety of exquisite color combinations—devised to suit people, like yourself, who love beauty in everything.

Mechanically these new colored Coronas are as nearly perfect as typewriters can be, embodying as they do, all of our twenty years of experience in this field.

Seeing is believing. Step into the nearest Corona store and feast your eyes on these beautiful new models.

These are the six colors in which Duco finished Coronas are obtainable:

1 **Lavender.** Panelled in crystalline rose gold.

2 **Light Maroon.** Crystalline panels in same color.

3 **Channel Blue.** Crystalline panels in same color.

4 **Mountain Ash Scarlet.** Contrasting panels in crackle-finish black. This is the finish shown in the large picture above.

5 **Cream Color.** Panelled in crystalline rose gold.

6 **Bruce Green.** Crystalline panels in the same color.

WRITE for our illustrated folder showing all six of these new Duco finished models in full, rich colors. Better still, look for Corona in your phone book and ask to have a colored Corona brought to you for examination. Used machines will be accepted in trade and easy terms arranged to suit you.

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Sales offices in principal cities of the world

Established 1903

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How I Tamed My Temper

(*Continued from page 15*)

This rule has at times been very difficult to follow. There is nothing harder for a man to bring himself to do than apologize, especially if he knows he was only half or less than half to blame, and that properly his antagonist ought also to apologize for his share.

But it is this very unpleasantness connected with the humiliation of a public apology that gives the rule its greatest value. After a few experiences, you will remember subconsciously, during any argument, that if you let yourself go you must apologize for it by and by. And knowing in advance that you are going to apologize if your speech becomes too intemperate makes for great temperance in language.

The very first time I applied this rule was of course the hardest.

I was in a public billiard room, playing pool. My opponent named a shot, drove his cue-ball into a difficult combination, and the ten-ball dropped into a corner pocket. I picked it out and started to "spot" it. "Here!" he said, "what are you doing that for? I called the ten-ball in the corner."

"You called the two-ball," I answered.

There was no money at stake save the price of the game, and no reason for me to take it seriously, except that I had been playing in "hard luck"—meaning I wasn't playing as well as usual. He had beaten me two or three games.

"You may have meant the ten," I insisted, "but you said the two."

"No;" he replied; "you may have misunderstood me, but—"

I dropped the ball into the pocket whence I had lifted it and said, pointedly, "Anybody can win a pool game that way!"

HE WAS several years older than I and had good control of his temper. To all intents and purposes, I had publicly accused him of cheating. He flushed, looked at me hard for a second, then said, very quietly, "If that's the way you feel about it, we'll call it off."

He racked his cue and paid for the game, although I was behind him in the score.

I left the pool-room and went for a walk.

The square in which that place of business stood was very long on two of its sides, and I walked completely around it, passed the pool-room door, and went around again. I still believed he had announced his intention of pocketing the *two-ball*. My reason, however, told me that, if he had done so, it was a slip of the tongue of which he was not conscious. He meant the ten, and he honestly thought that he had said "ten."

To apologize before all those acquaintances who had ceased playing to listen to our dispute was hard. And for precisely that reason, if no other, it had to be done.

I went into the room, raised my voice sufficiently for everybody to hear, and asked them to take note that I had not meant to imply that Frank Smith was not a square player, and that I apologized.

"Why, that's all right," said Frank. "You needn't have done that. We all get hot under the collar once in a while. I ought to call my shots more clearly, anyway." Then I insisted on reimbursing him for the game, and he was wise enough to let me do it without more than the most perfunctory protest.

And that was that. Frank Smith was my good friend for as long as I remained in that town. And if I lost anybody's respect by that *amende honorable*, I never saw any evidence of it.

WHEN I was only partly to blame, and apologized, either the other man had to apologize also for what he had said, or the sympathy of the innocent bystanders, who may have more or less sided with him in the beginning, tended to shift and be with me. American men, by and large, are likely to be fair and just in their verdicts. And most of them, whether or not they ever themselves apologize for error, are inclined to think no less of the man who does.

There frequently, of course, is some little man present who, if you do not recognize an opponent by getting angry with him, will say you were a coward and "took it;" or, if you do get into a row and later apologize for your share in it, will call you "yellow" and a "quitter." But my observation, which is based on a wide acquaintanceship over a long stretch of years, is that those men are persons whose opinions count for very little.

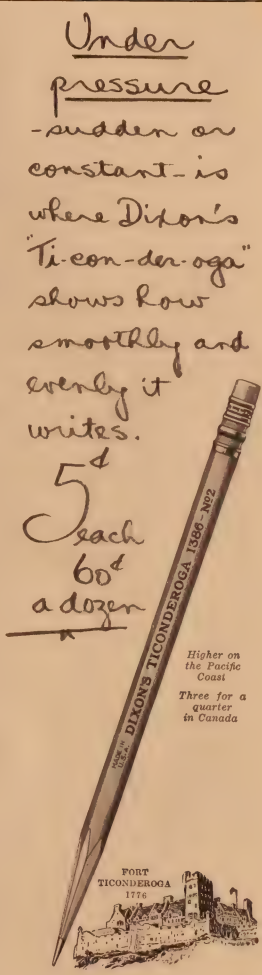
I once gave a Boston editorial room, where I was managing editor, the shock of its life by apologizing to a desk editor whom I had unreasonably called down the night before. Sharp words are not uncommon in the heat of a newspaper work day, and no experienced newspaper man resents them, provided they are just; but mine had been unjust. I knew how I had felt when a boss whom I couldn't answer back had called me down unfairly, and I saw no reason why, because I had a little brief authority, I should not make public apology to a subordinate.

My editor-in-chief, when we went out together to supper at midnight, had heard of the incident. He said, mildly, "That little speech you made to the staff was of course very honorable, but I'm afraid you've shot your discipline all to smithereens."

I was managing editor of that paper for several more months, and after that I was city editor in charge of the second largest editorial staff in the city of Boston, and if any boss ever had more enthusiastic, hard-working, loyal workers than I had, with a greater *esprit de corps*, I have never come in contact with him.

Beating an ingrained tendency of disposition takes a long time of course; I was no "changed man" after that night of bitter self-appraisement following the fight with the young thief in my room. No miracle was worked. However good rules may be, they won't carry themselves out.

Few men have more than three or four real friends, anyway. But control over one's temper will give every man a far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A COLLEGE education is estimated to be worth $150,000 to the man who has one. Will you be able to afford a college education for *your* son or daughter? This page tells how you *can*.

How to get the things you want

THOSE children of yours—how your hopes and plans are wrapped up in them! You want to give them the best chance in the world for happiness and success; you want to be sure that they will have an education adequate for the demands of modern life.

But a college education costs money. When the time comes, will you be able to afford it?

You can make certain *right now* that your children will go to college! All you do is deposit a few dollars a month with us—so little, really, that you'll hardly miss it. And when the time comes, your boy or girl goes to college and it's all paid for.

We have just published a little booklet that tells all about it. It's rather an unusual book for a life insurance company to put out. For it talks, not about death, but about *life*—about getting the things you want *while you live;* about having the most possible fun with the least worry.

Wouldn't you like to have a copy? Sending your children to college is only one of the things it tells about; some of the others are listed at the bottom of this page.

Read the list. These are things you want, aren't they? The booklet tells you how to get them.

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HERE are just a few of the things you can do under the Phoenix Mutual Plan:

1 RETIRE with an income when you are 60 or 65.
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wider circle of friendly acquaintances. Friendship, or the close acquaintanceship that passes for it, is half made up of overlooking or forgiving the human failings of those one likes.

After these years, being now the governor of my temper, I will not be drawn into any quarrel unless the issue is so certainly a question of right and wrong, as I see it, and the right so completely on my side that I am willing to have an irrevocable breach. And such a situation doesn't arise in the life of the average man once in a decade.

Let no one understand this to be an argument for not being as violent as necessary when there is no other honorable or practical way out. Even the Founder of Christianity once became angry and hurled the money changers and merchants out of the great temple that had been called a house of prayer and had become, as he put it, "a den of thieves."

But His anger was not over any petty matter of personal precedence or prestige.

One of the greatest of Americans could keep his temper when a group of citizens came to him with the tale that his Secretary of War had said, "Lincoln is a fool." He could smile and say, "Well, Stanton may be right; he often is." Because Stanton was a valuable servant to his country, and in Lincoln's mind that was the important thing.

I KNOW a man sixty years old who boasts that he has "always said what he meant"—meaning he has allowed his temper to ride him masterfully—and that he has never once in his life apologized to anyone. Not a month ago this man's closest and most friendly business associate for a dozen years said to me, regretfully, "So far as I know, he hasn't one friend in the world." And the speaker did not except himself.

I have known for some years another man, who once said to me, "No man can say anything I don't like in my hearing and get away with it, whether he's my boss or anybody else. That's the kind of man I am! I tell 'em all where they can get off."

He is in many respects a likable man, and he has friends. But he ought, with his education, experience, and ability, to be earning, at the age of fifty, at least eight or ten thousand dollars a year. Instead, he is holding with discontent a job that pays him perhaps sixty dollars a week.

Well, it is seven years now since I have experienced a brain storm, and as that was a justifiable one and therefore shouldn't count against my score, I can truthfully say that I haven't been licked by my temper for sixteen years.

And during the past year, since the record stood at fifteen, I have thought several times of writing this little piece, with the hope that it might prove helpful to someone else who was finding his or her disposition hard to control; but each time I have hesitated.

"How do you know you've really got it under control?" I would ask myself. "As the years pass you aren't tempted as much as you used to be. How do you know, if you really had occasion to lose your temper—if something should happen which almost, but not quite, ought to make you lose your temper—how do you know that

you wouldn't blow up with a loud crash? Suppose you were to write an article like that, and then something should happen to prove that you couldn't keep control of yourself after you had boasted about it, how ridiculous you would be."

And then, several weeks ago, I had the test. It wasn't at all an important matter, but it was an exceedingly exasperating one, and in the old days I would have exploded spectacularly.

I thought of all the smart and cutting things to say that would have given me momentary satisfaction and turned a small matter into a big one—and I didn't say one of them. My pulse didn't increase one heartbeat above normal. In the face of really great provocation, I kept my temper absolutely and completely.

So now I know that I have it mastered. I know now that when one says his temper is "ungovernable," he is mistaken. Any man can learn to control any temper he may have.

The king who is reputed to have said more wise things during his lifetime than any other man in all the thirty centuries since, included this in his proverbs:

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

My Worst Fault and How I Overcame It

Prize Contest Announcement

"OPEN confession," says an old proverb, "is good for the soul." J. Frank Davis has started the ball rolling with his article "How I Tamed My Temper." We may not all be hot-tempered, but, being human, we all have our faults. The contest this month, therefore, is "My Worst Fault and How I Overcame It." Maybe you remember stammering and blushing and wishing to crawl into a closet when the spotlight shone on you for a minute. Or perhaps you used to be always late for appointments, until your pocketbook, pride, or feelings got a severe jolt and you decided to cure yourself of that habit. Maybe you had the habit of being evasive and dodging issues, before you learned that it pays to meet a situation squarely. Cast back in your memory for your worst fault, and tell us how you overcame it. If you haven't overcome it, tell about the fault, anyway, and what it has cost you in happiness.

For the best letter of not more than four hundred words we offer the following prizes: $30, first prize; $20, second prize; $10, third prize. Competition closes October 20th. Winning letters will appear in the January, 1928, issue.

Address "Fault," Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to this contest, and any enclosures, cannot be returned, so you must make a copy of your contest letter and of any enclosures, if you want to preserve them. Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

"—this luncheon will cost you more, Bill!"

"I've Said Good-bye to Indigestion!"

Both buyer and salesman had often lunched together before, but this time the buyer said: "Today I'm going to eat heavily."

"Great—but where did you get the new appetite?"

"Well, Bill, I've found a way to enjoy bigger and better lunches."

"How is that?" said the other.

"Why you see I now know how to fix my old enemy—indigestion. I just eat a few Life Saver Pep-O-Mints after each meal and presto—no more discomfort and suffering. I've said 'Good-bye' to indigestion."

* * *

Why suffer from indigestion when you can relieve it so easily by using the same old method that our grandfathers used—peppermint?

Use it in this delicious new form—Pep-O-Mint Life Savers; the little candy mints with the hole.

Try them after meals when you first feel that heavy logy feeling coming over you or to relieve the irritating distress of indigestion. Pep-O-Mint is displayed at all good stores so that you may help yourself.

Six popular flavors: Pep-O-Mint, Wint-O-Green, Cinn-O-Mon, Lic-O-Rice, Cl-O-Ve, Vi-O-Let. Five cents a package everywhere.

They are "life savers"—

—as an aid to digestion

P. S. Have you tried LIFE SAVER FRUIT DROPS? Three refreshing flavors — Orange, Lemon and Lime. 5c a package.

You can't paint a house with *"apple-sauce"*

SOME folks say that "apple-sauce," the popular term for blarney, is a blessing. It makes one feel good even though it is obviously untrue.

But when someone tells you that a "cheap" paint will do a wonderful job—save you money—outlast good paint and so on—*that* kind of "apple-sauce" *is no blessing.*

As a matter of fact, "cheap" paint isn't cheap at all. The *low price* is possible only because the paint is poorly made *of poor stuff.*

Compare the formulas

If you want to save money, demand to see the formula of any "cheap" paint you are tempted to buy. Compare it with the ingredients of SWP House Paint—the world's standard of quality for half a century.

Note that in SWP Outside Gloss White, for example, there is 90 per cent of *white lead carbonate, white lead sulphate* and *zinc oxide,* in a scientifically *"balanced"* formula.

To assure superior quality and unvarying uniformity, Sherwin-Williams mines and makes its own special white lead carbonate, white lead sulphate and zinc oxide exclusively for SWP House Paint.

Now examine the "cheap" paint formula. Note that it contains only 50 per cent or less of the basic ingredients—white lead and zinc oxide. Note the *large percentage* of useless material—fillers—mere "apple-sauce" used to fill the can.

There you have the reason why "cheap" paint can be sold at a low price, also why it is so costly on the wall.

The Master Touch

But quality of ingredients alone does not make a fine house paint. Formula alone does not

Up-to-date painters everywhere are using SWP House Paint. They realize that its beautiful colors—creamy smoothness—brushing ease—covering ability—and durability—can only be produced by scientific processes and modern machinery.

make a fine house paint.

Even formula and ingredients combined do not assure a fine house paint like SWP.

The SWP "balanced" formula is openly printed—and has been for years. Every paint manufacturer in the world, we imagine, has studied it.

Yet today there is only one SWP House Paint—the accepted leader throughout the world.

Why is this? Because there is an element in every can of fine old SWP House Paint that cannot be duplicated or imitated successfully.

It is the *Master Touch*—that inimitable touch of superiority with which the few great scientists of the world have been endowed.

Edison, the wizard of electricity, has it. Burbank, the great American horticulturist, was blessed with it. Marconi, discoverer of wireless, has it.

And so, too, the scientific men at the head of Sherwin-Williams' laboratories add to the fine materials of SWP House Paint the Master Touch that has set it above and apart from *all* others—as the leading house paint of the world.

This Master Touch of science is evident in the quality of the raw materials made by Sherwin-Williams. In the delicate "balancing" of ingredients. In the wonderful power-driven machines which mix and grind SWP to its creamy-smooth texture. In the critical analyzing, testing and proving which daily guard and control each step in the SWP process.

This is the vital element of SWP which no "cheap" paint even *attempts* to have—and which no paint regardless of price can successfully imitate.

Naturally, no individual can equal, by hand, the scientific skill and modern machinery that produce the creamy texture of SWP.

Gallon price no guide to cost

When you hear or read that some "cheap" paint will save you more money than SWP House Paint put it down as "apple-sauce."

Cost of paint is figured by the job—not by the gallon. A gallon of SWP House Paint covers 360 square feet, two coats.

Will a cheap paint do this? *No*, Sir. If you get 250 square feet per gallon, two coats, you will be doing well.

SWP costs more per gallon. But by the job—it costs no more and often less, *because fewer gallons are needed.* And think of the difference in the *quality* of the paint film.

Greater beauty—two to five times longer life

As to permanence there is no comparison. SWP House Paint, due to the extra-fine quality of Sherwin-Williams Linseed Oil, forms a tough, durable film *that weathers very slowly.* SWP colors, famous the world over for rich beauty, *do not fade or* wash out.

On the wall SWP House Paint lasts two to five times as long as the average "cheap" paint. And it costs only about half as much for repainting.

"See Paint Headquarters"

Before you let "cheap" paint get the laugh on you, see your SWP dealer—"Paint Headquarters."

Get his advice. Compare his estimate with an estimate of any "cheap" paint. Decide by what you learn.

If you want color cards, or a copy of the famous Sherwin-Williams Household Painting Guide, write us.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
Largest Paint and Varnish Makers in the World
Cleveland, Ohio

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS SWP HOUSE PAINT

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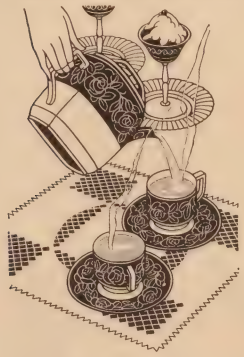


At noon—each day

JAPAN TEA

Relax as you enjoy it

At luncheon, when you've had quite enough to eat, give yourself just ten minutes more to *linger* over a cup or two of steaming, fragrant Japan Green Tea.

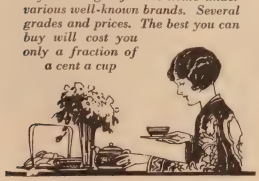
Drink it slowly. Relax as you enjoy it. Taste with leisurely appraisal its fine full-bodied flavor.

Then, all through the afternoon, note the result. You're fresh and wide awake.

No mid-afternoon slump of energy. No four o'clock fatigue.

Japan Green Tea is tea at its best—tea in its natural state, uncolored, unfermented, with all the flavor-laden juices of the fresh leaf preserved by immediate sterilization.

Specify Japan Green Tea when you buy. Packaged for the home under various well-known brands. Several grades and prices. The best you can buy will cost you only a fraction of a cent a cup



The Biggest Thing That Lindbergh Has Done

(*Continued from page 16*)

or even more. It is a conservative statement to say that the offers he received within the first few weeks alone amounted to more than eight million dollars.

"This includes only the propositions in which he was guaranteed a fixed sum by responsible individuals or companies. He had dozens, perhaps hundreds, of other invitations to join in business enterprises of all kinds.

"Of the definite contracts offered him, the largest ones, in the amounts guaranteed, were from motion picture producers. One firm went as high as $750,000—and probably would have gone higher. The most amazing offer was one for $2,500,000 for a flight around the world.

"HE COULD have made several million dollars of 'easy money'; yet he let these chances go, without apparently feeling a pang of regret. For instance, a movie concern offered $240,000 for not more than forty minutes of his time!

"They asked him to do a very simple and not undignified thing: merely to stand in front of a camera, which would register both sound and motion, and to read the first account of his flight as it was published in the New York 'Times.' It would be hard to find an easier way of making a quarter of a million dollars! Yet Lindbergh unhesitatingly declined to take it.

"He never even looked at most of these movie offers. When they were read to him he would make only one brief comment: 'I'm an aviator; not a movie star.'

"He knew what he was and what he wanted to be. And, like a good golf player, he everlastingly 'kept his eye on the ball.'"

MacDonald's estimate of the business offers which Lindbergh received covers only the first few weeks after the flight to Paris. I was told of a later one, of half a million dollars, from a national organization of women.

This also was a motion picture contract, but quite different from the purely commercial ones. The women, it seems, wanted a picture which would be an inspiration to the boys and the young men of America. This new world hero, clean, modest, courageous, and victorious, was the ideal they wanted to set up in the mind of youth. But Lindbergh, who had refused to be made into a movie sheik, declined also to pose as the ideal hero.

The first contract he did sign was with G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, for the publication of "We," the book in which he tells his own story. Commander Fitzhugh Green, who obtained this contract for Putnam's, told me what happened.

"We knew we had to meet strong competition," he said. "Other publishing firms were bidding for the story and some of these bids were superficially more attractive than we were willing to make. Nevertheless, I went down to Washington, hoping for a chance to present our case to Lindbergh after he reached there.

"When I arrived at the place where the 'Memphis' was to dock, I found a crowd composed of distinguished government officials, diplomats, army and navy officers, and famous people from all over the country. I began to realize then what I was up against; and I didn't try even to speak to Lindbergh.

"But I knew that MacDonald had crossed with Charlie on the 'Memphis.' I knew that he had been very close to Lindbergh and that Lindbergh liked him. Fortunately, I was acquainted with Mac, so I waited to greet him when he came ashore.

"We had barely shaken hands, however, when he practically 'passed out.' The strain and overwork had made him really ill. For forty-eight hours I stayed with him, missing all the big events and not even laying eyes on the man I had gone down there to try to sign up.

"Lindbergh had given MacDonald a card bearing written instructions that Mac was to be allowed to see him whenever the card was presented. As soon as my patient was able to be up, we drove to the temporary White House, showed this card, and were admitted.

"After Mac had finished his business with Lindbergh, he introduced me. We had a fifteen-minute talk, and I came away with Lindbergh's promise of the book. When he reached New York the contract was signed.

"The way in which the whole business was put through gives an interesting slant on his character. The reason he gave me his attention in the first place was because he had confidence in the man who brought us together. That was the best passport I could have had.

"Neither then nor later was there any argument about money. He accepted, without discussion, the terms we offered. But before signing the contract he had his representative investigate the standing of our firm. He wanted to be sure of being associated with a company which had a dignified and honorable reputation.

"YOU will laugh when I tell you what were the only things he did discuss. They were syntax, unity of paragraphs, and style! He hated the idea of writing a badly-constructed book just as he would hate to fly a badly-constructed plane.

"'I'm not a writer,' he said. 'But when I was in school, I was taught that a sentence must have a subject and a predicate. I was taught that all of a paragraph must be about one thing. And I was taught that there is something wrong with the style if you can't read a thing aloud and take breath at the same time.'

"Lindbergh didn't seem to be thinking of what he was going to get out of the job. His only concern was to make it a *good* job of workmanship.

"He is quick to catch an idea; but he doesn't waste words talking about it. When we went over the plan of the book together, our conversation—if you could call it a conversation—was a queer one.

"After an airplane has been put in condition, two men go over the list of all

All the mechanism is in here

It's all in a single hermetically sealed casing inside these coils . . . . . there's no machinery underneath, none in the basement

YOU will notice that the unit of the new General Electric Refrigerator is on top of the cabinet. There are many important reasons why it should be there. General Electric engineers, in fifteen years of intensive research, found that the top-unit design was most efficient . . . and most economical.

With this arrangement, no heat is generated under the refrigerator. It all rises above. This cuts down current consumption. And the air-cooled coils also play an economical part in the running of the General Electric Refrigerator.

The top-unit means no installation problem. All the mechanism—with a permanent supply of oil—is enclosed in one hermetically sealed casing. This is merely lowered into the top of the cabinet. There is no plumbing or assembling. There are no belts, pipes, drains or stuffing boxes. There is a constant circulation of air through the coils which actually prevents dust from settling.

This simplified refrigerator is unusually quiet. It is very economical. It is generously roomy because, with a given over-all size, a minimum of space is occupied by the freezing chamber. Even the smallest model—the five cubic foot size—has a shelf area of nine square feet. Each refrigerator is guaranteed by General Electric. There are many models. You will want to see them before you decide. Let us send you the address of the dealer who has them on display and booklet 10-A which is interesting and descriptive.

• • • •

Electric Refrigeration Department
of General Electric Company
Hanna Building Cleveland, Ohio

Refrigerator

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Old Briar

TOBACCO

THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE!"

"My happiest discovery in fifteen years Old Briar Tobacco!"*

Here are words of sincere appreciation that reach right out to every pipe smoker. Every day, from everywhere, men are writing that Old Briar Tobacco is bringing back to them all of the old pleasure, solace and contentment of pipe smoking.

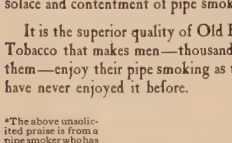
It is the superior quality of Old Briar Tobacco that makes men—thousands of them—enjoy their pipe smoking as they have never enjoyed it before.

Light up your pipe filled with Old Briar Tobacco. Draw in the ripe, blended fragrance and aroma of its selected leaf. Taste Old Briar's full natural flavor, its rich body, Smoke it awhile. Then notice how cool it is—and how smooth!

It has taken years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending and generations of tobacco culture to produce Old Briar Tobacco. Step by step Old Briar has been developed—step by step perfected!

Of all the pleasures man enjoys, pipe smoking costs about the least.

*The above unsolicited praise is from a pipe smoker who has tried *"them all"*



TO DEALERS: *Old Briar is sold in sealed Pocket packages at 25c and sealed boxes at 50c, $1.00 and $2.00 If your jobber has not supplied you, write us and we will send you a supply by prepaid Parcel Post at regular Dealer's prices. Every box and package of Old Briar has our unlimited guarantee.*

IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT HAVE OLD BRIAR

Tear out this coupon and mail to:
United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

SPECIAL OFFER: So many thousands of pipe smokers have found so much extra enjoyment in a pipeful of Old Briar, it is a guarantee to you that you, too, will find it is the best tobacco you ever smoked. On receipt of this coupon with your name and address, we will mail you the regular 50c size of Old Briar Tobacco. In addition we will send you a 25c package of Old Briar—extra—if you send us your dealer's name. Send no money, but pay the postman only 50c when he delivers the tobacco.

Print Name .....
Address .....
City and State .....
Your Dealer's Name .....
Address .....

If you prefer—send stamps, money order or check with coupon. Tear out now, while it's handy. A-10-27

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, U. S. A.

the parts. One man reads the list, item by item. To the reading of each item, if it has been properly taken care of, the other man responds, 'Check,' and this is indicated on the list.

"That was what Lindbergh did. As I went over the points in the outline for the book, he responded to each one with this brief 'Check;' the workman's way of saying, 'That's all right.' It was all he said, but it was enough.

"It had been planned, for two reasons, to have an experienced writer help in getting the story on paper. In the first place, early publication was desirable; and nobody believed that a man who was scarcely allowed time to eat and to sleep could possibly manage the slow business of writing thousands of words.

"In the second place, an experienced writer might be able to turn out a more readable book. Charlie could *tell* the story in a quarter of the time he would need for the mere act of writing it. The experienced man could get it all down and would know just how to handle it. He would be a kind of super-secretary. The story itself would be Lindbergh's and he would sign it. This is the method usually followed in similar cases.

"At first he agreed to it. Then, although he realized that he might lose money by his decision, he changed his mind and determined to write every word of the book himself.

"He admitted that this would delay publication, and that this delay might make him lose thousands of dollars. He knew he couldn't write as brilliantly as the man who was to have been his collaborator. But it was contrary to his instinct to claim, as his own achievement, something which was not absolutely and entirely his.

"Every word of 'We' was written by Lindbergh's own hand. I have sat in the room with him while he worked. During the terrific first week in New York, in the midst of that unparalleled excitement, he would snatch every possible hour, shut himself up, and write.

"In another room, a score of important men would be asking to see him. Many of them wanted to offer him positions which the average young man would consider the chance of a lifetime. Lindbergh didn't even want to be told that they were there.

"Once, when I was talking of the difficulty of his finding time to write the book, he replied: 'Don't worry! I said I'll do it—And I *will* do it!'

'A GOOD many people were disappointed because he and his mother made no public display of feeling when they were together. In reply to a comment, almost a complaint, about this, Lindbergh merely replied: 'Mother and I understand each other.' He seemed to think that was all that was necessary."

Commander Green had been exceptionally close to Lindbergh, so I asked him to sum up his impressions.

"He is a clean chap," said Green thoughtfully; "clean, courageous, modest, honest, and with remarkable concentration of purpose. He instinctively wants to stand on his own feet—and he keeps his feet on the ground."

In the amazing details of the Lindbergh affair must be included an unprecedented eruption of poetry. One New York news-

"You Must Have Spent *Years* on Shorthand"

"No; *I Learned it in 6 WEEKS!*"

HER employer laughed aloud. "Six weeks! You're joking, Miss Baker. No one could learn shorthand in six weeks."

"But I *mean* it, Mr. Chapman. When I came here to work for you I had only studied shorthand for *six weeks*."

The president of the large corporation hesitated; the girl was evidently sincere; she expected him to believe her. But *six weeks!*

"You're fooling, of course, Miss Baker. You have been with us not more than a month and you are by far the most competent secretary I ever had. Surely you don't expect me to believe that you gained your present speed and accuracy in only six weeks! Why—a great many young ladies who have been here with us, had studied shorthand for ten months or a year or more and still they made a great many errors."

"That wasn't their fault, Mr. Chapman. That was the fault of the system they were taught. Old fashioned shorthand requires months of hard study and practice and even when it is mastered it is difficult to read. But Speedwriting is very easy. I—"

"Speedwriting!"

"Yes. Haven't you ever seen my notes? You can almost read them yourself. See—"

The big business man took his secretary's note-book.

"Why, this is remarkable, Miss Baker. It's in simple A.B.C.'s!"

"Yes, surely. That's the secret. That's how I learned it in so short a time. *Anyone* can learn Speedwriting. There are only a few easy rules. There are no hooks or curves; every 'character' you use is a letter you already know—one that your hand needs no special training to make."

"And it's called *Speedwriting?*"—Mr. Chapman was more than interested.

"Yes. Isn't it simple? Can't you read that? See—here is the first letter you ever dictated to me. Those notes are a month old, but I can read every word of them. That is another advantage Speedwriting has over all other systems—notes *never* get cold. And my notes are just as plain to another Speedwriter as your handwriting is to one of the salesmen."

"Well, that's the most remarkable thing I ever heard of. I could use that myself at board meetings and a dozen other places—You can write it rapidly too?"

"You have never dictated too fast for me yet, and I haven't had to retype a single letter since I've been here. One boy I know who studied Speedwriting *in his own home*, took *court testimony* at the rate of 106 words a minute after only 15 hours of study."

"Miss Baker, where can I get some literature on Speedwriting? I am very greatly interested. I really believe I'll take it up myself!"

"I answered an advertisement in a magazine and Miss Dearborn sent me a booklet. I'm sure she will send you one if you want it."

"I certainly do. Will you take care of it for me!"

"Yes sir!"

Two months later every stenographer in Mr. Chapman's organization was a Speedwriter!

Speedwriting
—The NATURAL SHORTHAND

Tens of thousands have been freed from the drudgery of the old fashioned methods of learning and writing shorthand by this marvelous new system. Speedwriting may be written with a pencil or on a typewriter; it can be learned in a third the time needed to master any other system; it is more accurate, and it can be written with amazing rapidity.

A FREE Book
Describes *Speedwriting* Thoroughly

Put this coupon in the mail tonight. It will bring you an illustrated book full of examples and stories of successful Speedwriters all over the world. No matter *what* your need for shorthand may be—you can fill that need *better* with Speedwriting.

Never mind looking for the scissors, just *tear* the coupon off and mail it to

BRIEF ENGLISH SYSTEMS, Inc.
200 Madison Ave., Dept. 10K
New York, N. Y.

Also offices at 1415 Royal Bank Building, Toronto, Ontario, and Transport House, Smith Square, Westminster, London, Eng.

Brief English Systems, Inc.,
200 Madison Ave., Dept. 10K,
New York City.

I *do* want to know more about Speedwriting. You may send me the free book without obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Could you use an extra $1000?

An extra thousand dropped in your lap! . . . How many wonderful ways to spend it! A new car! A trip abroad for two! . . . Of course you could use that extra thousand. So, right now, make up your mind to be one of the winners—

1001 *cash prizes in* POSTUM'S $10,000 *Contest*

Three big contests in one! Three first prizes of $1,000 each! 998 other prizes! No tricks! Just a little easy writing! Read the details. They may mean a $1,000 to you!

The 30-day-test contest

THOUSANDS have made this famous test—used Postum in place of caffein beverages for a month and noted their progress—and become regular Postum users forever after! Hundreds had written us about it before this contest started. How wonderful it was to find a hot drink that gave them everything except regrets! Now we want to hear from *you*—whether you are a life-long user of Postum, or only a beginner. The best letter wins $1000! 333 additional cash prizes!

The Instant Postum made-with-milk contest

Teachers and mothers throughout America tell us Instant Postum made with milk is the best hot drink for boys and girls. A drink made of whole wheat and bran, plus all the body-building nourishment of milk! Healthful—easy to make—and loved even by the children who "don't like milk!" Tell us why *you* think Postum is the best hot drink for children! $1000 for the best letter. Hundreds of other prizes!

The "How I make Postum" contest

Some people are enthusiasts for Instant Postum, prepared instantly in the cup with boiling water or hot (not boiled) milk. Others swear by Postum Cereal—prepared by boiling, or in a percolator. Then opinions differ on the proper strength of the drink—whether it should be strong, weak, or "medium." As with other hot drinks, a little experimenting is needed to suit the individual taste. Hundreds of cash prizes for the best letters on this subject—beginning with a $1000 prize!

Read the rules on this page—then enter the contest while there is yet time!

Subjects and Prizes

1. **"What the 30-day test of Postum has done for me."**
2. **"Why I think Instant Postum made with milk is the best hot drink for boys and girls."**
3. **"How I make Postum—and why I like it best made *my* way."**
   (Letters on any subject not to exceed 300 words in length)

For the best letters on *each* subject: First prize, $1000; second, $500; third, $250; fourth, 3 prizes of $100 each; fifth, 4 prizes of $50 each; sixth, 5 prizes of $25 each; seventh, 10 prizes of $15 each; eighth, 25 prizes of $10 each; ninth, 35 prizes of $5 each; tenth, 35 prizes of $3 each; eleventh, 68 prizes of $2 each; twelfth, 146 prizes of $1 each for first and second subjects, 145 prizes of $1 each for third subject.

RULES

1. You may write on any one or all of the subjects, and submit as many entries as you care to.
2. Write the subject at the top of the first page of each manuscript you submit.
3. Write plainly on one side of the paper only. Neatness counts.
4. Write your name and address on each manuscript.
5. In case of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the full amount of each prize tied for.
6. Contestants agree to accept the decisions of the judges as final.
7. No communications will be acknowledged, and no manuscripts will be returned.
8. Employes of the Postum Company, Inc., are not eligible.
9. Address envelopes to "P. O. Box 584—F, Battle Creek, Michigan."
10. Manuscripts must be received before 5 p.m. December 31, 1927.

(Prizes will be awarded, and the names and addresses of prize winners announced as early as possible in 1928.) This contest is not limited to residents of the United States—it is open to everyone everywhere.

THE JUDGES

U. S. Senator Royal S. Copeland, M. D., former Health Commissioner of New York City; Alice Bradley, Food Editor, Woman's Home Companion; Sarah Field Splint, Home Economics Editor, McCall's Magazine.

© 1927, P. Co., Inc.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms—Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, and Postum Cereal, the kind you boil. If you are not one of the millions who now purchase Postum, you may obtain a sample of either Instant Postum or Postum Cereal by addressing the manufacturer.

paper alone received about fifteen hundred poems! In these, he was called the Columbus of the Air, the Lochinvar of the Skies, the Ambassador of Good-will, the Winged Crusader, and a dozen other literally and figuratively high-flown titles. Some of these efforts had genuine literary merit. All of them burned with an enthusiasm as sincere as it was intense.

The New York "Times" attempted to classify the hundreds of letters it received about Lindbergh. It was found that most of them expressed simply "wild enthusiasm." Some were incoherent, as if the writers' emotions could not find words.

Others were clearly expressed and came from persons of high standing and, ordinarily, of dignified conservatism. But even these were filled with superlatives.

One letter, from the dean of an Eastern college, a sound economist of international reputation, was as extravagantly enthusiastic as any of his young students might have written.

Many suggested various gifts for "Lindy." Some asked that funds be raised by popular subscription, so that the aviator and his mother would be spared financial worry. One demanded the raising of a sum "so big that even Lindy wouldn't have the nerve to refuse it."

Others suggested that the Government grant lifelong annuities to both Lindbergh and his mother. Seventeen writers were worried lest the young man be obliged to pay income tax on his twenty-five thousand dollars prize money.

There were letters asking that statues be erected to him. The preference seemed to be for bronze ones; and it was specified that they were to be "life-sized."

THOSE who wrote about giving things to Lindbergh needn't have been worried on that score. Hundreds of people were not only thinking of it; they were actually doing it.

Of the gifts sent to him in Paris, those which had permanent value were packed and forwarded by express to this country. On these alone, a valuation of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars was placed.

When he finished his flights at St. Louis, several armored trucks full of gifts were waiting for him there. These did not contain the most valuable presents, for they were sent to the safe deposit vaults of a bank.

Neither did they include the two automobiles which were presented to him: one a sports sedan, the other a roadster, painted silver gray, the color of the monoplane which was his famous partner in the "We" combination.

Among the Lindbergh gifts were an exquisite diamond airplane and a golden key. The former was presented by French aviators, the latter was "the key to the city of London" and was presented by the Lord Mayor of London himself.

There were gold medals, gold plaques of honor, loving cups, crosses and decorations, given by kings, presidents, cities, and distinguished societies.

In contrast with all this magnificence were the humble offerings which ranged from candy to pajamas. A good deal of this generosity took a practical turn. People sent him overalls in which to work at his engine; soap with which to "wash up," liniments for the healing of tired or

Restored Enchantment

This is the Eveready Layerbilt that gives you Battery Power for the longest time and the least money.

THERE is no doubt of it—radio is better with Battery Power. And never was radio so worthy of the perfection of reception that batteries, and batteries alone, make possible. Today more than ever you need what batteries give—pure DC, Direct Current, electricity that flows smoothly, quietly, noiselessly. When such is the current that operates your receiver, you are unconscious of its mechanism, for you do not hear it humming, buzzing, crackling. The enchantment of the program is complete.

Batteries themselves have improved, as has radio. Today they are so perfect, and so long-lasting, as to be equal to the demands of the modern receiver. Power your set with the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486. This is the battery whose unique, exclusive construction makes it last longer than any other Eveready. Could more be said? In most homes a set of Layerbilts lasts an entire season. This is the battery that brings you Battery Power with all its advantages, conferring benefits and enjoyments that are really tremendous when compared with the small cost and effort involved in replacements at long intervals. For the best in radio, use the Eveready Layerbilt.

Radio is better with Battery Power

At a turn of the dial a radio program comes to you. It is clear. It is true. It is natural. You thank the powers of nature that have once more brought quiet to the distant reaches of the radio-swept air. You are grateful to the broadcasters whose programs were never so enjoyable, so enchanting. You call down blessings upon the authority that has allotted to each station its proper place. And, if you are radio-wise, you will be thankful that you bought a new set of "B" batteries to make the most out of radio's newest and most glorious season.

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC. UCC New York—San Francisco

Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

Tuesday night is Eveready Hour Night—9 P. M., Eastern Standard Time

WEAF—*New York*
WJAR—*Providence*
WEI—*Boston*
WDAF—*Kansas City*
WFI—*Philadelphia*
WGR—*Buffalo*
WCAE—*Pittsburgh*
WSAI—*Cincinnati*
WTAM—*Cleveland*
WWJ—*Detroit*
WCN—*Chicago*
WOC—*Davenport*
WCCO—*Minneapolis, St. Paul*
KSD—*St. Louis*
WMC—*Memphis*
WRC—*Washington*
WGY—*Schenectady*
WHAS—*Louisville*
WSB—*Atlanta*
WSM—*Nashville*

Pacific Coast Stations—9 P. M., Pacific Standard Time

KPO—KGO—*San Francisco*
KFOA—KOMO—*Seattle*
KFI—*Los Angeles*
KGW—*Portland*

Have you heard the new Victor record by the Eveready Hour Group—orchestra and singers—in Middleton's Down South Overture and Dvorak's Goin' Home?

EVEREADY
Radio Batteries
—they last longer

Good Photographers display the Mark of Membership and appreciate the high ideals and ethics of the profession
©M. A.C.
Only
a tiny shoe
to remember by
Missing .... in countless homes ..... childhood Photographs! Are *you* postponing the children's visit to the Family Photographer?
PHOTOGRAPHS
Live Forever
VISIT YOUR FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHER ONCE A YEAR

injured muscles; goggles to wear while flying.

He received enough lotions and other toilet articles to stock a beauty parlor. There were even patent fish hooks, evidently intended for use on a vacation, in case—as one man put it—"the poor guy ever gets a chance to rest!"

There were drawings and paintings; many of them made and sent by children. And several manufacturers offered to furnish the materials with which to build a home for him.

Speaking of homes, there were letters from girls who were eager to join Lindbergh in another "We" partnership; this time a matrimonial one. But his correspondence contained surprisingly few of these "mash notes." Most of the letters from girls were dignified expressions of congratulations. Only in rare cases did they ask for a personal meeting.

Not that they wouldn't have given a year of their young lives for the chance to know him! Standing in one of the crowds, which gathered in New York wherever it was rumored that Lindbergh would appear, I happened to be within a few feet of the young man as he waited for his car. In front of me stood a woman; with her was a girl of perhaps eighteen.

When Lindbergh came out, there was a shout of welcome, but it quickly gave way to silence. I had seen him several times; so, instead of watching him, I watched the crowd.

No one could have doubted their enthusiasm. There was affection, almost tenderness, in their faces. But my strongest impression was of something else. They seemed to look at him with a searching wonder, in which there was a trace of fear. Not fear of him! But fear lest they be disappointed in him. They were afraid their idea of him had been "too good to be true."

While he stood there, head and shoulders above us, we were packed close about him. Yet no one pushed or jostled him. It was in the courtyard of the huge apartment house where he and his mother were staying with friends. The open windows were full of people watching him. There was the crowd below. Yet, after the first shout of greeting, it was so still you could almost have heard a pin drop.

After he had gone, speeded by another great shout, the girl in front of me turned to the woman beside her and said breathlessly: "I touched his sleeve, Mother! He didn't know it, but I touched his sleeve!"

THE men who were closely associated with Lindbergh, in those days of feverish excitement, tell some astonishing stories of people's eagerness to meet him.

On one occasion in New York, a man offered MacDonald *one thousand dollars* simply for the chance to shake hands with Lindbergh! He apparently had no motive except an overwhelming desire to meet the boy who had aroused his profound admiration.

"I promise I won't try to talk to him," he said to MacDonald. "I won't speak a word to him. All I ask is to be allowed to shake hands with him."

It will interest you to know that this offer was not accepted. To have taken money, under such circumstances, would have been contrary to MacDonald's ethics both personal and professional.

This family saves $12 a year on tooth paste—*and has whiter teeth*

Now with 50 years' experience to guide us and new methods of manufacture to cut costs we are able to produce a perfect dentifrice at a price that appeals to all.

The name is Listerine Tooth Paste. Your druggist has it. The price is 25c for a large tube.

Using a tube a month, you pay $3 less per year than you do for costlier dentifrices that accomplish no more.

Think of what a saving there is when there are several in the family.

Listerine Tooth Paste contains sixteen ingredients to meet every requirement for healthy teeth, gums and a sweet condition of the mouth. It whitens teeth as never before—with less effort and in less time because of a new polishing ingredient contained in no other paste.

Because of its marvelous results and its amazing economy, thousands now use it in preference to older and costlier dentifrices.

Get a tube at your druggist. Note its large size. Try it. See how it makes teeth gleam. How good your mouth feels. How little polishing is necessary. You will be delighted.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Resinol Soap for the woman who travels

gives a sense of exquisite cleanliness, while its Resinol properties protect the skin against dryness and roughness.

YOU are thrilled at the thought of the coming trip. For weeks—perhaps months—you have been studying maps and schedules. Gowns, hats and all the accessories have been selected carefully to make you look your best on all occasions, but how have you planned to protect your skin in the strenuous days to come?

There is no space to give to an array of cosmetics, and no time to use them if she had them so the experienced traveller safeguards her skin with a product that will meet all the requirements for thorough yet quick and gentle cleansing. She is wise when she selects Resinol Soap because—

It quickly yields a rich sparkling lather in practically all kinds of water, thoroughly cleanses the tiny pores, and rinses easily.

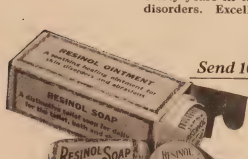
It gives a delightful feeling of cool and refreshing cleanliness, because of its distinctive Resinol fragrance.

But, most important of all, it contains the specific Resinol ingredients so favorably known through the other Resinol products—those ingredients which soothe the skin under all conditions, protect its natural oil, and keep it soft and velvety.

All druggists and toilet goods counters sell Resinol Soap. Buy a cake today—try it a week, and you will want to enjoy it always whether at home or abroad.

For the annoying little blemishes which sometimes mar the complexion use a touch of Resinol. This ointment has been prescribed by doctors for more than thirty years in the successful treatment of various skin disorders. Excellent for sunburn and chafing.

Prove these statements. Send 10c with the coupon below for the new and larger size samples of the Resinol products.



Send 10c for the new Resinol combination

Resinol, Dept. 12-H, Balto., Md.

For the enclosed 10c please send me the larger size samples of Resinol Soap, Ointment and Shaving Stick and the Resinol Soap booklet.

Name.....

Street.....

City ..... State .....

It is worth mentioning here that he might have made a good-sized fortune for himself, out of his association with Lindbergh, if it hadn't been for these inhibitory ethics. At least he might have tried. He was offered commissions, running as high as twenty per cent of certain contracts, if he could get Lindbergh to sign them. He might have made $200,000 during the one week he was in New York; but he refused to commercialize his friendship with the young aviator.

Many of you know, from your own experience, that one of the things people did was to cry over Lindbergh! I have seen women do it. And I have heard men acknowledge that they did it.

What kind of men? Well, they were decidedly not the crying kind, at any rate. One was the booking agent for a prominent theatrical firm; and I can assure you that theatrical booking agents are about as "hard-boiled" as any human being you can find anywhere.

I know other men—shrewd, dignified, and usually unemotional—who admit having found themselves shedding unaccustomed tears over "that boy," as they call him.

At least one radio announcer was compelled to break off his broadcasting, during the arrival of Lindbergh in New York, because his emotion made it impossible for him to control his voice.

DID you read about the dinner given to Lindy at the Hotel Commodore? It was the largest public function of its kind that has taken place in the country's greatest city. The list of guests was almost a metropolitan roll of fame.

When the young guest of honor entered the banquet hall, scarcely a man was standing on the floor of the immense room. And the very good reason was that they all were standing on the chairs! Standing—and almost raising the roof with their cheers.

When these excited gentlemen "came to," some minutes later, a good many found themselves in queer company. Perched on the same chair, clinging to each other, even hugging each other, were coupled men who were total strangers, men who were business rivals, men who were bitter political enemies, men who were separated by racial antagonism.

There they were; young and old, Jew and Gentile, Republican and Democrat! Some in smiles and not a few in tears. But all of them, for once, swept together by a current of overwhelming and mutual emotion.

I could go on indefinitely, recounting these details of what Lindbergh did; and, more particularly, of what we ourselves did. But the real point at issue is: *What did he do to us?*

We know that he set the world on fire with excitement. But what was the fuel that fed the flame of our enthusiasm?

To answer that question, we shall have to dig down into our own hearts; even into our souls. If we will do this, and if we will take a good look at the treasure we bring up, we shall know what I think is the biggest thing that Lindbergh has done.

I have asked a good many people how they accounted for the unprecedented furor over this one human being; and I have received various answers, each containing its kernel of truth.

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Some say we were stirred by patriotic pride. First, because an American had performed so splendid an act of daring and of skill. Second, because he then had borne himself so creditably in the spotlight of world-wide admiration.

I know there is truth in this. I was in London when Lindbergh arrived there. I saw him as he left Buckingham Palace after his audience with the king. In spite of the rain, a crowd was waiting to cheer him.

It is hard to describe how I felt. After months of travel abroad, I knew that foreign nations were none too fond of Americans. The crowd was waiting to see Lindbergh. But I was waiting to see whether, in the eyes of a foreign people, Lindbergh would do credit to my love of my own country and my pride in it.

His car drove very slowly, so that we had a good look at him. Young, handsome, modest, dignified, but without a trace of affectation, he instantly won all hearts. After he had passed, there was a confusion of excited comments; exclamations of wonder at his youth, of admiration over his appearance and his manner.

I remember that, as Lindbergh came out of the palace, the sun came out of the clouds. I am not exaggerating when I say that it "came out" also in my heart as an American. I was so proud of him.

Yes, there was a strong element of patriotic satisfaction in our enthusiasm. But that wouldn't account for the response in foreign countries.

When I have pointed this out, people have replied that the British admired his sportsmanship and that the French were captivated by his courage.

These explanations, too, have their kernel of truth. But they are a long way from the whole truth. If Lindbergh had been arrogant and conceited, if he had been a mountebank, if he had said and done the wrong things, even if he had been himself, but twenty years older, the whole story would be different.

It is curious that everyone seems to recognize the comparative unimportance of the thing which riveted our attention on him. I have not found a single person who gave the flight itself as the real cause of our enthusiasm. Everyone admits that this achievement merely "turned on the light." The thing that did "get us" was what we saw after the light had been turned on. And that was the man himself.

One woman put it in this way: "He is a sort of symbol; a universal son. We love him with the same pride and happiness that a father, or a mother, would feel toward their own boy, if he was all that they wanted him to be."

Another said: "He is the modern 'perfect knight; without fear and without reproach.' He has all that we want for ourselves: youth, honor, romance, victory. He is the dream that is in our own hearts."

WHILE I was writing these words a letter was brought to me. It had been written by a man who saw Lindbergh in Washington and who watched the crowds that gathered to greet him. The whole letter is extraordinary; but there is one paragraph in it which is so pertinent to this story that I am going to quote it here.

"These multitudes," he wrote, "seem as if they were driven by an inner and overwhelming desire, the desire to get one clear view of the man himself. After one deep, possessive look at him, they turn away with an expression of complete satisfaction."

In that phrase, "a deep, possessive look," there is a world of meaning. He *is* the dream that lies more or less hidden in our hearts. And we "turn away with complete satisfaction" because, in him, we possess our dream.

WE ARE getting very close now to what I think is the biggest thing that Lindbergh has done.

Ever since the war there has been an outcry against "modern" character, ideals, and morals; especially against those of the younger generation. Most of us have contributed our share to this chorus of denunciation. All of us have had to listen to it.

You hear it in every stratum of society. The high-brows talk of the "moral degeneration of the age." The low-brows say: "Ain't it perfectly awful!" The old folks raise their eyebrows in horror—and the young folks defiantly raise Cain! The professional reformers bewail the passing of "the good old days." The professional cynics shrug their shoulders and reply: "*Autres temps, autres mœurs.*" Or, if they don't speak French, they say: "Get it into your bean that times have changed, old thing!"

And this is the big thing Lindbergh has done: He has shown us that this talk was nothing *but* talk! He has shown us that we are *not* rotten at the core, but morally sound and sweet and good!

At the time Lindbergh made his flight, a particularly atrocious murder was the leading front-page story in the New York newspapers. They were giving columns to it every day. There were other crimes and scandals on the front pages.

Lindbergh banished these to almost complete oblivion. Not exactly that, either. We ourselves banished them! For if it had not been for the things *we* did, the Lindbergh news would not have demanded much space.

There wouldn't have been much to write about, if there had been no public demonstrations; no parades, dinners, receptions; no tidal wave of letters and telegrams; no truck-loads of gifts; no reams of poetry; no songs; no cheers and shouts; no smiles of pride; no tears of joy; no thrill of possessing, in him, our dream of what *we* really and truly want to be!

When, because of what we believe him to be, we gave Lindbergh the greatest ovation in history, we convicted ourselves of having told a lie *about* ourselves. For we proved that the "things of good report" are the same to-day as they were nineteen hundred years ago.

We shouted ourselves hoarse. Not because a man had flown across the Atlantic! Not even because he was an American! But because he was as clean in character as he was strong and fine in body; because he put "ethics" above any desire for wealth; because he was as modest as he was courageous; and because —as we now know, beyond any shadow of doubt—*these are the things which we honor most* in life.

To have shown us this truth about ourselves is the biggest thing that Lindbergh has done.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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Freeman's Whale

(*Continued from page 33*)

telling himself this, and also that it could not endure . . . of course it could not!

This last took him out of his repose and set him ransacking the place for discarded equipment. He found waders that could be patched, a good old rod, a spare reel; and when the youngster showed up the next day he was equipped down to fly dope—speechless with gratitude, and faced with an absurdly small series of tasks to pay for what he had received.

When this trouting thing takes real hold it usually assumes the virulence of a disease, and it had hit Mickey with the full force of its infection. He was on the stream every hour that he could be away from camp. The headway he made was remarkable, and if more time lay before him, Manners predicted at the end of his first week, he would be a great fisherman for his years.

"Time enough," growled Jim. "I fixed that. This boy needs the woods. He's none too strong. They tell me his family's poor as church mice. We need a boy around here sometimes. Hank can use him, he says, and the scout master arranged it with his mother by wire."

He looked around the table defiantly then, as though daring any one of the group to suggest that he was being sentimental, or was taking an interest in the boy. . . . And, of course, none dared.

So young Mickey came to live with Hank, the caretaker, over the garage, as he had come to live in the heart of old Jim Freeman. The incredible had happened. The shell had cracked; the long years without admitting affection, without a vital interest in anyone, had ended in his complete surrender to this boy!

THE man believed that he kept the strange, precious thing a secret. He was gruffer than ever, even with the boy; he spoke no word of Mickey to the others, and when the lad was mentioned he either kept a dour silence or changed the subject.

But they knew, those old friends of his. He could not hide the gleam in his eye, could not always wholly conceal the mellowness of his mood which invariably followed a day on the river with Mickey. And so, this night, when he talked again of his Whale, and grew voluble as he described how the fish had escaped, Manners waited, ready to make his try.

The rest drifted off to bed; but Manners engaged Jim in argument and, in the first gap in the talk, shot it at him:

"Jim, you think a lot of this young Mickey."

No use to palaver with Jim Freeman. He hated indirect methods. But now Manners's assertion gave him a jolt, and he checked his cigar on its way to his lips.

"Seldom you'll find a boy who wants to do *anything* well," he grunted.

Manners nodded. "Maybe, though, there are others," he suggested. And when the publisher did not respond, he leaned forward to lay a hand on Freeman's knee. "There's no use fooling ourselves, Jim. You've reached that time when you need what we all need—someone to be fond of, someone to watch over and bring along and take pride in."

Jim got the cigar to his lips somehow. "Your interest in this strange kid proves that. It's fine of you to take him up. But, Jim . . . Jim, old friend, you have one of your own blood to—"

Freeman got to his feet with that.

"No, no! *Not* my blood!" he said through shut teeth, suffering. "No, Manners, it's no blood of mine. It's a rat's blood! She's Regan's wife; her brat is Regan's!" He stopped suddenly and dropped his cigar into the fire. "Don't, Dick," he said flatly. "The boy would be impossible. Regan's brat!"

SO THAT was that; and, more than that, because Manners's overture had stripped old Jim's need bare, and made way for the realization that he was asking something of the life that had left him only fishing. He faced himself that night as he lay staring into the darkness. After all these years of listening to him growl defiantly at life, these men *knew!*

He ground his teeth and tossed under the torture. They knew he had to have something, somebody, after all, and were feeling sorry for him, knowing his weakness. . . . Wel', he'd show them! He'd show them he could stand alone!

He went to Detroit and stayed four days, each one agony. He came back, more surly than ever, and when young Mickey greeted him he took no notice. He fished alone, savagely, flogging the river through the last days of a hot, dry August.

Late one afternoon he sat on a log below the pool where lived his Whale. So intent was he upon himself that for a long time he did not hear the splashing downstream, and when he looked up the boy was casting within a hundred feet of him. Old Jim got quickly to his feet, impelled to flee. He did not want to be near Mickey, did not want to sense that boyish charm. . . .

There was one of his own . . . one of his own. But Mickey saw him, and he could not run away under fire. So he began changing a fly, and when Mickey called out to ask his luck he merely growled into his mustache.

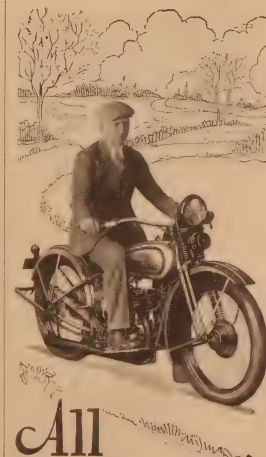
"Waiting for the Whale to show, sir?" the boy asked as he came up, and Jim grumbled that perhaps he was.

"Pretty slow, now." Mickey looked at the setting sun. "Last few nights, though, there's been a big hatch about this time. Fish went crazy last night; but I couldn't make 'em take what I had. I thought—"

Gentler impulses were clamoring in Jim again, but he would not heed them. He was trying to thread a fly, and his hands shook until he was in a rage.

He made the knot finally, sprayed oil on the hackle, and looked glumly at the pool above, wondering how he could send this boy on his way, and quiet his disturbing emotions.

It was very still and the river murmured drowsily. A dance of gnats filled the air and a hatch of small flies had suddenly come on, winging up-stream.



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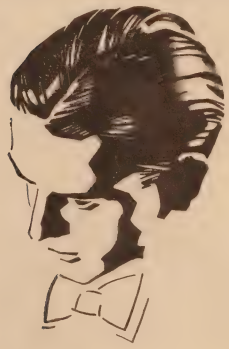

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The river was flecked with them, and yet, for many minutes, no fish showed.

Then a vicious little plop sounded across the river, and another from below. A small fish jumped in the riffle and, between breaths, the river teemed with activity!

"Here it is!" cried the boy, breaking short. "Dog-*gone*, it's on!"

He turned and waded across, and began casting. And old Jim, wholly against his will, followed with his gaze, beset by conflicting desires, by need and pride and prejudice and weariness. And then—

Above him, the deep hole under the alder-cloaked bank was purple velvet—dark, and so still that one could see, even in the fading daylight, the submerged log across its bottom. Dark and deep and still, yes—but now its surface was swollen and broken by a mighty surge. The water bulged upward, broke slightly, and a shadowy hulk slid back beneath the log.

FREEMAN forgot Mickey, forgot the battle within him, and moaned. Then he began to cast, expertly and swiftly.

His fly rode the velvety pool erect and natural, dropping with no more disturbance than a spent insect would make, not retrieved until it had entered the eddy below. Once, twice, a dozen times, the fly went across that sheet of placid water. Again the line sang through the false casts, again the fly settled, and once more the pool bulged as the great fish rose.

The man's right arm drove backward and the trout settled to his lair. He had not been within his own splendid length of the lure. Jim muttered sharply and cast again. Once more the trout rose, this time on the outer edge of the hole, six feet from where the concealed barb dallied, and Freeman drew in his leader to break off that fly.

Across the river Mickey was chattering to himself.

"Won't take it!" he cried. "Wasn't even after it! It's your big one!"

Old Jim was threading on a Grizzly King, and only nodded.

Again the trout rose and the boy, who had left off his own fishing and come close, whimpered.

The fresh lure took the water and the Whale surged upward, unfrightened by the drawn-gut leader above his home, uninterested in its fly. Again and again he fed, ignoring the Grizzly King. And while old Jim changed to a Wickham's Fancy, the boy stood in mid-stream, breath catching audibly each time the huge trout disturbed the tranquillity of his pool.

"What you got on?" Freeman asked, voice husky, all other emotions wiped away now by the excitement.

"The one I made myself. See?"

"It's a Drake," muttered the man. "Might do. Try it."

Mickey gawped. "You mean, you want me to try *your* fish?"

"Go ahead; we'll get him between two fires."

The boy edged away as the Whale's dorsal fin flashed in the dusk. He took his stand out in the stream, made his false casts to dry line and fly, and then dropped the lure in the riffle. It came out of the rough water to the glassy pool, lying on its side, a draggled, unimpressive creation of the novice, and—

The fish swirled!

The lad cried out as he struck. "Missed!" he gasped. "Missed, but I think—" He did not say what he thought. He dried his fly and put it down. Again the tiny fly, made to imitate a Drake, floated across the pool on its side. Again . . . and yet again. . . .

His next words came in a shrill scream: "*I got him on!*"

On, indeed! The great trout, sulking for the moment, had shot from his retreat and smashed that badly tied fly. He smashed as Mickey shrilled the word. And the boy drove the strength of his small arm into the butt of the rod as the fish sounded, diving for the log which had been the Waterloo of seasoned fishermen. But now he drove downward at a new angle, and pitted against him was a green boy, wholly rattled, disregarding the frailness of his tackle in that frenzied instant.

Against the butt, then, went every ounce of which Mickey was capable. It went sharply, frantically, inviting disaster. But the tackle did not give, and the pull, at right angles to the trout's canny course, turned him sideways and upward and he missed his log! Old Jim, floundering out of the way, could just make out that streak of shadow sweep across the greeny-yellow of the snag, swing toward his feet, pass outside by inches and rush for midstream.

"Look out!" the man croaked. "Look out! You got him out of his back yard!"

Out, and charging across and down the current, the line laying back a fin of water, humming as it tightened!

"Give it to him! Give him line! . . . Slack! *Slack* him!" Freeman roared as Mickey screeched again that he had him on.

He stripped line from his reel, then—panting through parted lips, edging downstream as the trout swirled and doubled and hesitated in the riffle. That pause gave Jim time to reach Mickey's side.

"He's coming to you, now; but that's because he wants to. Watch him, now. . . . Careful. Now! Give it to him!"

Again the fish had rushed, this time for the far bank, angling with the current, and Mickey followed, thigh-deep, floundering over slippery stones, yielding line a foot at a time.

"Give it to him; keep on!" Freeman urged. "Give him all—"

BUT that jam!" panted the boy with a nod. Freeman had nothing to say, then. The slash of line through the water was swinging that way, swinging in a majestic arc toward the tangle of submerged stuff. "If he gets there—"

Yes, if he reached there, it would be over. A crisis had come, and Mickey braced himself, one foot far forward, water tugging at his hips, and gave the Whale the butt again. He leaned back, and his right arm trembled and gave with the strain. His rod slowly straightened. He had not strength in that wrist to hold it bowed. He moaned, and let go the small slack of line. Then with two hands he jammed the butt against his side and shut his eyes. Gut held, line held, noble old rod held—and Freeman's Whale, with a mad swirl, swung short of his sanctuary, doubled and drove down the river, straight through the next riffle.

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"Good lad! Now—give it—"

No need to counsel yielding. The boy had yielded, with wrists and hands and body and feet. He was running down the shallows, water flying about him, stripping off line as he ran. He ran through water made wine by a sunset, ran with old Jim Freeman lumbering after, panting.

Mickey gave ten feet . . . twenty . . . thirty. Sixty feet beyond, froth showed where the great square tail broke the surface. Another fifteen feet, and the reel would be bare. The boy began to grudge it as he floundered along . . . another five feet . . . another three—then stopped.

Somewhere down there the Whale had paused, and Mickey moved with caution, drawing line in through the guides with his left hand now, letting the slack float on before him. Jim caught up, but they did not speak. Was the Whale free? Had he snagged the leader? Was he gone?

Ah, no! He was not gone, but he was powerless to check the rush. But that maddening pull on the trout's jaw set him frantic. He rolled over, again and again, churning the water to bubbles, slapping with his tail as though to smite and break the leader. But he did not, and nosed on doggedly again.

SUCH a fish; such a fight! Every trick in his big bag was used, and with variations. But the things Mickey had learned from Old Jim, combined with the audacity of youth, met and mastered them.

No running, now. When they moved with the fish they walked slowly. Mickey gave line no more, and at intervals took a few inches . . . a foot or two. When the fish sulked he held the rod in both hands, and when, for the first time, the Whale's belly showed as he worked across the riffle the youngster grinned and spoke the only words that had been uttered in long:

"Cryin' out loud, but I got your fish on!"

Old Jim pulled his mustache.

"Tired?"

"Nah!"—with more strength of spirit than of voice.

"You're half through . . . maybe."

Half through! Those slender hands half through that tough pulling, that sudden yielding, those adroit maneuvers!

The boy commenced taking line again, and the fish showed a fresh burst of vigor. He waited, patiently for one so young, tooling the Whale back and forth; then took again . . . so slowly, so carefully.

He began leading the trout about, across stream, back; into the current a few feet; then let him float down. . . . After a long, long interval he raised the tip of his rod slowly. The great fish, lying on his side, followed with only a slow wriggle!

Mickey fumbled for his net.

"Not that!" warned the man. "Not that dinky. . . . Here, I'll net him."

He disengaged his long-handled, deep net and shook it out.

"I'd—If you don't mind, I'd rather you didn't," the boy said, and Jim Freeman looked sharply at him. "It'd be better for me to, wouldn't it?"

For a moment the man frowned, hurt and offended, and then a strange warmth expanded his throat. Silently he handed over the net, and the boy slipped it quietly into the stream, down below the wary fish. Then, with a swoop and a lift and a gasp, he dragged it through the current and, dropping his rod into the water, stumbled for the bank with a gleaming burden writhing heavily in the mesh!

AFTER it was all over, after the Whale, had been weighed and measured and handled reverently by the Whirling Duns; after the boy Mickey, so white, so silent, so graciously humble in his achievement, had been saluted with all the extravagant praises that the group could conjure, old Jim Freeman sent Hank for his chauffeur.

"Why shouldn't I?" he demanded when questioned. "I'm a newspaper man, and if this isn't a story, I don't know one!"

He went, with the constrained boy beside him, and in the ticket office of the tiny station the old man seated himself before a pad of telegraph blanks.

Express, Detroit, Coll NPR., [he wrote:]

Note to Worthington: Set full face in box Page One Must. End Note.

The largest brook trout taken from the famed Au Sable River within the memory of the present generation of fishermen was captured to-night by a—

"How old are you, young man?" he asked.

"Fourteen," came the boy's voice from the shadows behind him.

—fourteen-year-old Detroit boy. The fish weighed four pounds one and one-half ounces, and measured twenty-one and five-eighths inches in length.

The boy is—

He hitched about in the chair.

"Mickey, what's your name?" he demanded, suddenly aware that he had never known it. Queer—he had been just "Mickey" to everyone around the club.

For a moment the boy did not reply, and old Jim turned further so that he might see. The partly shadowed face behind him was set in a curious expression.

"Jim," he said faintly.

"Jim. That's James." He wrote it so. "What else? James . . . ?"

A queer sound, and then the boy spoke again, rather stoutly:

"James Freeman Regan, sir."

The pencil began:

F-r-e-e—

It stopped and the old man stirred slowly in his chair.

"James Freeman Regan," he repeated aloud dully. "Regan . . . James . . . Freeman . . ." He closed his eyes, and all manner of emotions went rampant within his breast. James . . . Freeman . . . Regan. . . .

He straightened with an effort and wrote it out then:

—man Regan, son of Marjorie Freeman Regan and grandson of James Freeman. The latter was with the boy when he made his capture, which was only accomplished after an hour's grilling battle.

Young Regan has demonstrated that he is not only a fisherman of parts but a youth of character, determination, and great promise.

No right to that next-to-last paragraph, perhaps, but he took it. He took it. And the style of the final sentence was archaic,

To make our food delicious, modern cooks and chefs have stripped it of roughage and fibre. There is nothing in our diet to exercise the gums—nothing to stimulate them to health.

Rouse your gums from their life-long lethargy

The soft foods you eat have put them to sleep; IPANA and massage will stir them to health

THE troubles that assail our gums today are troubles brought upon them by the "easy" life they lead—a life of too much luxury—too little work and exercise. For the gums, like every living tissue, need activity and use.

But the gums of most of us get very little. The dentists lay the blame upon the soft foods we eat, which, they say, deprive the gums of the exercise and stimulation they were meant to get from our diet. And so our gums become lifeless, dull and dormant. They lose their tone and health.

It's all very simple. Nature put fibre and roughage in our food to massage and rub the gums—to offer resistance to the teeth. But to give us dainty and delicious things to eat, our wives and our cooks have stripped out of our food all these coarse materials. We subsist upon a soft and creamy fare. In short, as one famous dentist puts it, "We live in an age of pap."

How Ipana and massage offset the harm that soft food brings to gums

Our gums no longer receive the brisk stimulation that speeds the fresh, revitalizing blood through their walls. Deprived of the sustenance they need, the tissues grow weak and flabby. "Pink tooth brush" is the warning that commonly betrays the onset of more severe, more serious troubles.

The dental profession tersely informs us that we may hope for improvement only if and when we make up to our gums the stimulation so vital to their health. But the method the dentists propose—massage, with the fingers or with the brush—is both simple in performance and effective in results.

And today thousands of dentists recommend Ipana Tooth Paste as the medium for this massage, as well as for the ordinary cleaning of the teeth. For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic agent which strengthens and stimulates the gums. Its presence in Ipana is perhaps the strongest reason for the professional support that has made Ipana so widely known and used throughout the country.

Make a 30-day trial of Ipana

Even if your gums seem entirely sound, start today to give them the benefits of Ipana. And in fairness to them, do not be content with the ten-day trial. True, the sample tube is gladly sent on receipt of the coupon, and it will prove both Ipana's delicious taste and its remarkable cleaning power. But the full-size tube from your nearest drug store contains over a month's supply—a better test of all Ipana can do for the health of your mouth.

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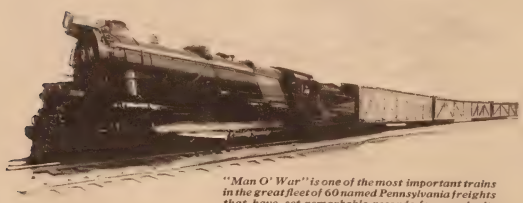
"MAN O' WAR"

A Limited Train *for four-footed passengers*



"Man O' War" is one of the most important trains in the great fleet of 60 named Pennsylvania freights that have set remarkable records for regularity and dependability of on time arrival. Month after month these "Limiteds of the Freight Service" have held to their schedules rigidly

TODAY ocean liners are like magnificent floating hotels. Passenger trains offer the traveler anything from a sumptuous dinner to a shave and haircut.

This being the case even live stock can quite properly expect to ride in de luxe fashion.

That is the Pennsylvania's reason for running "Man O' War"—a limited train for live stock. This big freight, named and scheduled like any passenger limited, brings in its cargo of cattle and hogs on time.

And though the best of service is rendered to patrons—there's no extra fare.

"Man O' War" swings out of the Chicago yards every evening to begin its run to Eastern Markets. All its four-footed passengers are comfortably settled in large well-equipped stock cars of the most modern type.

"Man O' War" doesn't carry a diner, but everybody eats together the following evening at the Pittsburgh Union Stock Yards where the cuisine is unsurpassed.

And there's a five hour rest period here, after which the stock hops aboard again and "Man O' War" pulls out on the final lap of its journey.

Shower baths for "High Hat" hogs

When the weather's sultry and "Man O' War" has hogs aboard, the institution of the shower bath comes into play. At watering stations along the route the cars containing hogs are drenched frequently. Could even the most particular hog ask more?

Live stock coming off the Chicago Market as well as shipments from other Western Stock Yards routing through the Chicago Gateway are carried by this dependable Pennsylvania freight train. And "Man O' War's" consistent on time arrivals at Eastern Terminals have won for it a big reputation with the live stock trade.

Shippers:

Are you giving the man who routes your freight the time and opportunity to effect the economies, contribute to the new business strategy which in many industries is considered the most important development since Mass Production?

The Industrial Traffic Managers of many organizations have been instrumental in the speeding up of turnover—in the reduction of inventories—and in the opening up of new selling territories to which improved freight transportation has given them access.

Such trains as "Man O' War" and other named Pennsylvania carriers are materially aiding the Industrial Traffic Managers in their constructive tasks of building business for their organizations.

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

obsolete. He would have fired a reporter who wrote so for his "Express." It was the style of newspaper reporters of another day, of the men who wrote news when Jim Freeman was young and not an old bear; when life lay invitingly before him, when he had tolerance and kindness and tenderness.

He signed his name laboriously and shoved the sheet toward the operator. Then he rose and faced his grandson.

"You knew?" he asked in a whisper.

"Yes, sir; after you gave me that line."

"And your mother knew?"

"No, sir. I . . . I didn't tell her."

Pause. "Why not?"

The boy twisted a pants button with nervous fingers.

"Well, she's always *said* you were a . . . a fine gentleman. But everybody else's always said you were a . . . a kind of an old bear. And I got intrusted in what you could teach me before I knew . . . and then I . . . I wanted to find out why a fine gentleman wouldn't like . . . like my" (swallow), "my mother, sir."

Jim Freeman raised a hand to tug at his mustache.

"And did you find out?" he asked; but before the boy could reply, went on: "Never mind. I'll tell you why. I'll *try* to tell you how . . . how a surly old bear can . . . hurt himself and others. . . . I'll do it on the way down." He slipped an arm through Mickey's, and they started out for the waiting car. "We can get to your mother's by breakfast time, and . . . and maybe she'll help us understand about me, James Freeman Regan!"

Strange Comrades

(*Continued from page 28*)

study nature, trying to fathom its ways, we realize that the way of it is the art of God; and we realize, also, that the Bible has satisfying answers for almost every problem that we raise. For example, here is this matter of the unaccountable affinity of representatives of different families or species. What lies behind it? Is it not a faint but tangible evidence of the certainty of a coming millennium? The Bible declares that the lion and the lamb shall lie down together; that a child will some day be able to play safely by the deadly den of the asp. I never see an odd companionship but I think, "Here is a faint but thrilling glimpse of what shall be the way of the world when the millennium comes. There shall be no more *fear*, which is always a severing force between hearts."

One day, while I was casting a net for perch and bream in an old canal, I heard a curious rustling and elfin trampling coming toward me out of a dense strip of marsh. I thought an otter might be coming through the reeds toward the canal. To my surprise, however, out there crawled, in very excited childish wriggles, about twenty tiny alligators. Doubtless they had just been hatched, back on the mainland edge of the marsh, and were now making a break for their favorite element. Almost before I could collect my wits they were in the water, paddling delightedly, and floating luxuriously. I threw the net over the entire

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THE urge to go farther and farther West has been in America's veins for generations. Your children, too, will feel it when they grow up.

Bring them now! They will grow strong and sturdy in California's glorious outdoor life, and make their permanent friendships and associations while they are young.

California's five million people strike an average of prosperity which is almost unequaled in America. They enjoy life because life is enjoyable, twelve months in the year—and because in average per capita wealth, average savings deposits, ownership of automobiles and all living comforts, they are about twice as well-off as the average American family.

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Read this authentic letter from a new San Francisco family—then come out to California on your next vacation and see for yourself.

"*San Francisco, July 10, 1927.*

"Our three children started school in one of the largest cities in the East. Now they are in school in a beautiful California city—a suburb of San Francisco—and the improvement in their schooling is just one more reason why we are glad we live in California.

"When we first drove past their school, with its palm-bordered walks, its roof of red Spanish tiles glowing against the soft background of our wooded hills, we could not doubt that cities with the vision to build schools as lovely as these must be equally far ahead in teaching methods. After four years, we know that is true.

"In time, our boys will enter Stanford or the University of California, and they can still be at home. In the meantime, they are growing strong and sturdy in their all-year-round life out of doors. It makes us wonder, when we see them playing tennis or baseball in midwinter, whether we ourselves can fully realize all that California is doing for them in building up their minds and their health for the years of opportunity ahead. *(Name on request)* C.F.O."

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crowd. When I drew it ashore, I found that I had caught twenty 'gators at a cast—no mean record. But as the little things were a size smaller than the meshes of the net, all but three of them crawled away safely. They were back in the canal in a twinkling.

My three captives I took home. They were made comfortable in a huge half-hogshead in the yard, nearly full of water, a receptacle in which we were wont to keep terrapin. At that time there was a large terrapin in the tub. I had two boards across the width of the tub, and flush with the water, so that the captives could sun themselves. I marked the tiny alligators in order to discern whether any difference in behavior could be detected. One of them was decidedly smaller than the others; it must have been a runt. It was this baby that established a comradeship with the fresh-water turtle.

Among creatures so cold-blooded, and apparently so cold-hearted, friendliness would seem unusual; and it does strike one as odd, especially when it is displayed by a member of one species for one of another. But over a period of months, during which I kept and observed these pets, I became assured that what we call sympathy and affection can be felt even by the most taciturn and phlegmatic creatures. If it were not so, why was it that, while the two stronger alligators always basked on the boards, the forlorn little one would never be content unless he lay high and dry on the back of the drowsy terrapin? If they were not friends, why was it that, while the two strong brothers fed voraciously and without any regard to table manners or the rights and feelings of others, the baby, when mealtime came, would climb down from his perch on the terrapin's shell, and would eat with the terrapin?

AMONG wild creatures there are cases of strange comradeships for special purposes at certain times of the year. Leaving out wholly the perfectly normal matter of the mating of the sexes, we shall find that, from the close of one season to the mating time that follows, perhaps nearly a year later, the old males have a way of consorting. I have long noticed that with the whitetailed deer two old stags are very likely to be found together between February and September.

Two bucks that may be the bitterest rivals and enemies during the mating season become old cronies during the summer months, and are often to be seen evidently on terms of the most intimate friendship. As deer have an exceedingly limited range, and as they are very fond of their home woods, individuals can be observed frequently. I remember two grand old stags that I roused on a half-dozen occasions. I saw them feeding together, running together, standing side by side, and lying down together. This last observation I made in the depths of a pine thicket when the deer suspected no intruder in their sanctuary. Far under a glimmering canopy I saw them lying on the brown pine straw.

Each one was lying on his right side; and they were lying back-to-back. Thus each old strategist could watch through a certain arc for the coming of enemies. I believe this posture in which they were couched was by design; they were double-teaming it on the sentry business.

There is something of deep and poignant appeal about an unexpected comradeship; for there is manifested a freedom of trust, an absence of fear that are the testimony of the presence of affection. We are off our guard with them we love; and I find that strange comrades enjoy a spiritual relaxation that only mutual sympathy and faith can give. For one heart to have faith in another is a beautiful thing. Even among human beings whose love for each other is natural, it is a beautiful and a great thing, for love means utter confidence, the utter risking of all. As Beaumont and Fletcher so touchingly put it:

They have most power to hurt us whom we love:
We lay our sleeping lives within their arms.

ONE April morning when a shower was falling, and when the songs of robins were mingling with the rain; when the pine trees were hanging in a mist; and when all nature seemed to be sweetly submissive to the fragrant ministration from the clouds, I wandered out into a pasture in search of two odd comrades of which a farmer-friend had told me. He said that he believed that either the pig or the turkey was demented; perhaps both. At any rate, during the winter, when both had spent much time in the sunny stable yard, an intimacy had sprung up between them; and as soon as they had been turned out into the meadow, instead of separating they had apparently sealed a compact of fellowship. I wanted to see these two friends together.

Under a hawthorn bush in a sheltered part of the meadow I found them, partly sheltered from the misty drizzle. The hog was half buried in a loamy bed; the turkey stood near, very slim and glistening in the rain. The pig eyed me with a pig's drowsy but bright-eyed insolence; the turkey beadily watched me. I decided to make them perform for me. I stooped, pretending to pick up a stick. Both started from beneath the shelter, the pig with an awkward rushing gallop, the turkey with a stately waltzing gait. When they had gone about thirty yards, both stopped and looked back at me with undetermined bright eyes. Then they moved off together, contented in their strange fellowship, two creatures utterly dissimilar yet bound by some mystic attachment, some unaccountable tie of kindness and good will.

How mysterious, indeed, is all attachment, all sympathy, all devotion! When I ponder the strange comradeships I have seen, life seems richer, more exciting in its promise; I feel that there are myriads of veils which we should lift so that we may catch fleeting glimpses of divine meanings and purposes in all our relationships. I find life full of arras marginal to mystery. And I find that we have in us strange, perhaps divine, reservoirs of strength; but these are never tapped until we ourselves throw the joyous levers of trust, of comradeship, of unselfishness. Then only can we feel the very strength of God moving in us gladly. Only when we love another can we feel vital and immortal.

\+ \+ \+ \+ \+

Make Somebody Happy

Cinderella's Sweetest Day

There is a little, lonely Cinderella lurking in the heart of every one of us who is gladdened by acts of kindness that change the drab, grey world of everyday into a land of love and happiness.

In order that everyone may have an opportunity to express his appreciation of kind thoughts and deeds, there has been set aside one day out of each year—a special time for making others happy—known as "The Sweetest Day in the Year."

October 8 is Sweetest Day—the day when we should stop, look and listen—the day to check up—to see if we are sacrificing the finer feelings of the human heart to the rush of modern living. It is the day to show our family and friends that we still care. They will not know this unless we show them.

In the complex life of today, do we not owe it to those we love and to ourselves to pause for at least a little while to show that we are grateful? Sweetest Day gives us the opportunity to prove our affection—our appreciation for the good things that have come to us.

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On a Farm in the Hills She Built a City of Trees

(*Continued from page 34*)

agreed. The farm would have to be sold as Major Smith had sold the farms before it. The money would then belong equally to the two girls. There was no other way.

No other way?

Something tugged at Evelyn Smith's heart. For the first time in her life she stepped from the background; it happened that she was never to return there.

"There *is* another way!" she said quietly. "Father wanted the farm at Amawalk to go on. He saw a future there, a business in trees, something bigger than we can understand. It is true that Mabel and I know nothing of trees, but we can learn. It is true that growing trees may be a man's work, but women have done men's work before. We won't sell the farm. We'll sell the trees as Father planned!"

It was a long speech for Evelyn Smith, but she held to every word of it. No arguments, no pleadings could move her. To every objection she returned one answer, "Father believed it could be done." It was in December of 1908 that Major Smith had died. In the spring of 1909 Evelyn Smith came to Amawalk with her sister. And Evelyn, the older, came to stay!

Few women, or men either, ever have entered into a venture more poorly prepared for it than were these two girls. They were products of the drawing-room who had never so much as washed a dish. They did not know a pick from a spade, a king bolt from a singletree. And they were to work in the dirt, with sweating horses and foreign labor from the employment agencies of New York, with foremen prejudiced for generations against "taking orders" from women, and at a time when women in business were subjects of criticism.

THERE is no more exacting a culture than tree culture. It takes years of painstaking, skillful cultivation to grow what the nurseryman designates as a specimen tree, which is a perfect tree. So rare are these trees that invariably only a few are listed in a nursery catalogue, subject to special request price quotations. Many nurseries do not list them at all.

At Amawalk, ignorant of trees, and therefore ignorant of the impossible, Evelyn Smith put a literal interpretation upon her father's dream. *Every* tree sold was to be a specimen, a perfect, unblemished tree! Every tree grown was to be a perfect tree at maturity or it would not be permitted to live!

Not only did this girl, who was not yet twenty, propose to turn a hobby farm into a commercial enterprise; she proposed in addition to do something which the most experienced nurseryman had not as yet even dared to attempt.

And then, as if this height of audacity were a mole hill, she leaped still above it. Tree nurseries were, in truth, nurseries of young trees. They grew and sold only small trees. A tree ten feet in height was considered big, one twenty feet a monster. The bulk of the business was in tiny trees—two, three, and four feet high. It was considered impractical, if not commercially impossible, to ship and transplant really large nursery trees.

"A tree must mature before it can attain perfection," said Evelyn Smith. "If we are to sell only perfect trees, we must sell only mature trees. Henceforth no small trees will be sold at Amawalk! We will sell big trees exclusively!"

And while they laughed she started to work.

She *did* grow perfect trees, not by the dozens but by the hundreds of thousands. What once were the biggest trees sold by nurseries became her smallest, while *her* biggest trees, transplanted and thriving, lifted their tops in undisputed supremacy seventy and eighty feet toward the stars.

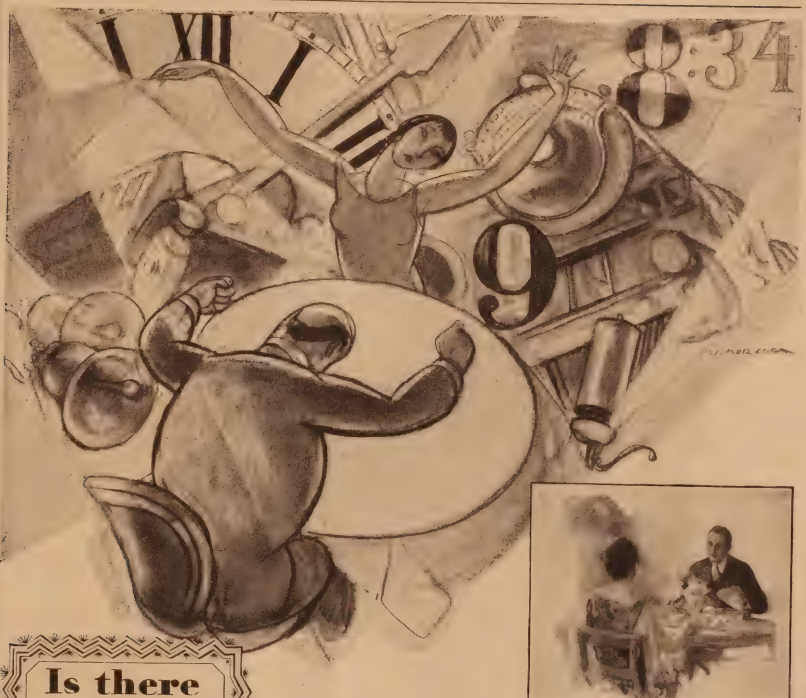
To-day, in the realm of trees, this woman is spoken of as a genius and recognized as one of the greatest living authorities on arboriculture. The Amawalk Nursery—exclusively hers since 1919 when she bought the controlling interest—stands first and unique among tree nurseries. Its nucleus of 30,000 trees has grown to a multitude of more than eighty times that. The old farm of 249 acres has expanded into a property that covers two square miles.

GO TO Amawalk. There, in the course of a season you will meet a varied and distinguished company. Landscape gardeners and architects from all over America and foreign countries; celebrities of the theatre and famous artists; leaders in business and the professions; home experts, garden experts, and tree experts; park commissioners and public officials; writers, editors, publishers; aviators, orators, and preachers—figures whose interests and callings embrace the whole gamut of human activities, these you will meet there. For the lonely hill farm of nineteen years ago has become a shrine; the white farmhouse has become a salon of the noted. Jog your imagination, and at Amawalk you indeed will see a city and feel its throb—the Capital City of Trees, where a queen rules.

I found Evelyn Smith a listener, a thinker. When she does speak, she condenses a paragraph into a sentence, a sentence into a word. The impression she makes on you is one of detachment; you feel that she is seeing, thinking, beyond you.

Her associates at Amawalk are trained and able men. One of them told me: "The work we are doing here now she planned three or five years ago. What she is now planning, we will do five years hence." Said another: "I don't believe I've yet suggested a move or a policy that Miss Smith had not long ago foreseen, and was waiting for the time when I also would see and propose it."

The manager, as we drove over the nursery, stopped his car beside a field of tiny trees. "It will be twenty years," he said, "before those trees will be sold.



Is there no hope?

When the clock hands aren't where they ought to be . . . . .

When time and trains are up to their old tricks of waiting for no man . . . . .

When she-who-gets-the-breakfast shows signs of getting hysterics . . . . .

What then? What then? Is there no hope?

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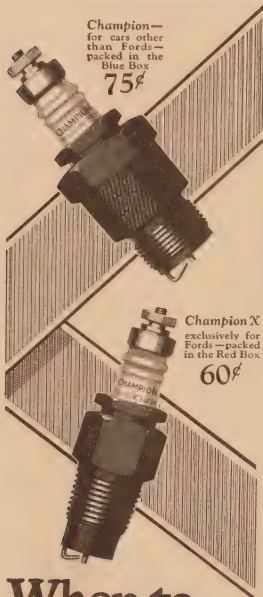

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CHAMPION
Spark Plugs
TOLEDO, OHIO.

Styles in trees change just as do styles in clothes. Yet when those trees are ready for the market they will be in style."

"How do you know?" I asked.

His eyes registered implicit faith. "Miss Smith had them planted," he said. "She knows."

Turning, he let his arm sweep in a semicircle that took in hills and woods and a town or two in the distance. "See that outer fringe of farm lands?" he demanded. "That land is between us and the towns; it cuts the towns off from us. It belongs to Amawalk and Miss Smith bought it for $150 an acre, which was only a few years ago. To-day that land is worth $3,000 an acre! Real-estate developers are all about it, running streets through the farms and dividing the fields into lots. Miss Smith saw that coming, and it came."

THE manager's gaze came back to the field of newly-planted trees, and in his eyes I saw a gleam. More than 300,000 new trees were put into the ground of Amawalk last year, and as many more will have been planted by the end of this year, to be sold fifteen, twenty, thirty years hence.

"Last year," he explained, "we sold 20,000 big trees and planted fifteen times as many little trees for the future. Again it is the same this year—sell 20, plant 300. She sees that need coming too!"

Yet Evelyn Smith does not pose as a seer. Just a little bit conservative, in her hair, in her dress, in her manner; still shy and somewhat puzzled why people should make such a fuss over her. She is genuinely amused when anybody alludes to her foresight, and vastly so when called a genius.

"If the truth were known," she told me, "I am slow-witted. I must feel my way step by step, sure of one step before I take the next."

"Yet more than a dozen years ago," I reminded her, "you foresaw and provided for the needs of to-day. To-day you are making provision for 1950."

"I am simply making such provision for 1950 as 1927 indicates should be made," she protested. "The population is increasing. More people means more homes; more homes means more trees. Every time a city or a town adds a new street, that street will need trees. The country is just awakening to the value of trees. I am guided by a hundred signposts, and I plant trees that will always be popular and not in and out with fashion."

But suppose we go back to that first spring at Amawalk and follow down the years that alone reveal the woman. She did not know one tree from another. Most of us, I think, would have turned at once to books had we been in her place. From what others, the experts, had written, we would have studied trees.

Evelyn Smith went to the trees themselves. She went to the half-dozen men who were attending them, who likewise had gained their knowledge direct from trees. The laborers were foreign-born—Italians, Poles, Russians, whatever the New York employment agency happened to send. Her shocked friends protested, warned her that it was dangerous for two women to be alone on a farm with such helpers.

The men did not disturb her. They helped her, as they were able, for she said frankly, "I know nothing. I want to learn."

They told her the names of the trees. Often, when they did not know them, she went to her father's records—the receipted bills he had left, the rough record he had kept of planting, and to tree catalogues found in a drawer of his desk. Before that first year was out, she was able to name every tree, describe it, and tell its use.

She destested method. She hated detail. For this very reason she schooled herself until she became as methodically exact and precise as a clock. There are a number of varieties of the Norway maple. One of these, known as Schwedler's Norway, is blood-red in the spring and changes later to a dark purplish green; but when not in leaf it is not unlike some other maples.

"Mark it," directed Miss Smith. "Put an 'S' on its base. Then we'll know it, whatever the season."

A trifling detail, yes; but few nurserymen of the day had thought of it. As the shipping season of trees is before they leaf, Schwedler's maples often were sent to buyers when not ordered, and vice versa. Miss Smith by a detail insured herself against mistake. The incident is typical of a thousand others.

"I was not penniless," she explained to me, "for jointly with my sister I owned land and trees. Nevertheless, when Father died it was necessary for me to do something."

There was no choice other than work. With whatever it entailed, work was a necessity. Therefore, at the very outset she accepted work for what it was, a thing which tried mind and body, which was frequently distasteful, which demanded sacrifice and sweat. She expected and committed herself in advance to effort, as a ship captain does to bad weather.

And consequently she mastered work. When the job demanded, the demand was met. She learned that the only joy in work comes through mastery of it, that mastery must come before love!

"No," she confessed, "in the beginning, I can't say that I loved trees. That came as I grew to know them."

SHE learned, both work and trees, through her mistakes.

One day the men transplanted some evergreens. Weeks passed, and some of the newly transplanted evergreens were living and others were dead. Why had some lived and some died? Like a detective solving a mystery she searched for the reason, checking again each move in the progress of the transplanting, interviewing the men who had performed the labor, pondering and piecing together the clues.

Finally she felt she had the reason, but before being sure she must test her theory. A thriving, healthy young evergreen was uprooted but no especial care was taken to protect its roots. The roots were left exposed to the air, and then the tree was transplanted, just as had been those others which had died. A second evergreen was put through this process, but with this tree every care was taken to protect the roots. She had the men keep the earth packed about them so that no air by any chance would get to them.

Side by side stood these two trees, and

for those who really mean

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Am. Mag. Oct. 1927.

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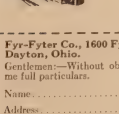
We will train you to do the same. If you are sincere, earnest and really ambitious, act at once. Simply mail the coupon, or write.



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again after weeks one tree was alive and the other dead. The dead tree was that whose roots had been exposed to the air!

"It is as I thought," said Evelyn Smith. "The roots of the evergreen must be kept from air in transplanting. They are unlike those of other trees."

And then the inevitable question, "Why?" Why did air affect the roots of the evergreen and not the roots of the maple, the elm and the oak?

More thought, and she had the answer to this question: The deciduous trees were transplanted when they were bare of foliage and before the sap had started to course, at the end of the winter's sleep. The roots during this period in effect were dead. The evergreens, on the contrary, were persistent, always green, and sap was always in their roots. That meant that a root in which sap flowed must be protected.

UP TO that time, no nursery had thought of transplanting a deciduous tree when in leaf. The rule was that when this was done the tree died.

"But suppose we *protect* its roots in this period just as we do those of the evergreens?" the woman asked.

She tried the experiment, treated elms and oaks and maples in leaf as if they were evergreens. They lived, and she had made a discovery new to the business! Deciduous trees in leaf *could* be transplanted, even could be sold and shipped to customers, *if* the roots were protected from the air!

A square board called a platform was used in transplanting the evergreens. The uprooted tree was stood upon this square platform for support, its roots covered with dirt and burlap covering, and the whole secured to the base of the tree. Because of the awkward shape of the platform, the tree had then to be carried bodily when moved. It could not be rolled.

"Cut off the corners of the platform," directed Miss Smith. "Make the square into an octagon, and it *will* roll."

The idea was new to the nursery business. Now one man could move a tree that two had moved.

As a girl, on some of her rare excursions to Amawalk, Evelyn had watched her father prune the trees. He had not stopped with the usual pruning of the branches; periodically he also had pruned the roots! Here was another mystery. *Why* had he done it and *how* had he done it? What roots should be cut off and what ones left? The men did not know.

"Prune the roots exactly as you did for Father," Miss Smith said to her men.

And she watched. To her astonishment the biggest, strongest roots of the tree were cut off by the men. When they had finished with a tree, only a mass of tiny fibrous roots was left!

"I think those big roots should be left on," spoke up a workman. "They are the food gatherers of the tree."

So on some of the trees only the smaller roots were pruned, and on others only the biggest. The two lots were marked and replaced in the ground, like test tubes in a laboratory incubator, while patiently Evelyn Smith watched.

Presently the trees from which the smaller roots had been cut began to wither and die, while those on which only small roots had been left began to flourish. She had two of the trees dug up, one from each lot. Only a few months had passed, but already the tree with small roots had started to replace the big roots which had been taken from it, whereas the other tree with the big roots had died in its vain attempt to replace the small roots removed.

Not in a day or in a few months did Evelyn Smith see the answer to this; but once again, when she did understand, she inaugurated a new era in the science of tree growing. The *little* roots were the feeders of the tree; the big roots were but its anchors to hold it in the ground against wind and storm. Remove the small roots and you destroyed its means of subsistence; but leave it its fibrous feeders, and it would quickly grow new anchor roots!

Now she had the secret of transplanting big trees and of cultivating big trees for transplanting. By a periodical pruning of the anchor roots she kept the root area of the tree reduced and increased its number of small feeder roots. These small roots penetrated the ground only a few feet in depth and only a few feet outwardly from the trunk. The tree and its entire root system, therefore, was susceptible to easy removal from the ground. Once placed in a new location the small feeders immediately grasped the dirt and began to function as food gatherers, and the tree now left to itself began to send out the larger roots that in a few years' time would anchor it there permanently.

When Amawalk Nursery began sending out these root-pruned trees there arose from customers and landscape men a howl of protest and derision. "Your trees won't live," they cried, "because they have no big roots. The root structure of a tree should be equal to its branch structure."

"Plant the trees," challenged Miss Smith. "Put beside them trees with any sort of roots you like. Give all of the trees the same care, and we'll abide by the result."

The results established Amawalk as a nursery!

IT IS one thing, however, to learn a principle and another to put it into practice. At Amawalk were more than fifty varieties of trees, as different in character and habit as in name. Soils suitable to one kind did not suit another; some trees flourished on high, dry ground, others in ground low and wet; some in one exposure, some in another. The roots of many varieties grew rapidly, others slowly, and a dozen stages of growth were between. The root pruning had to begin with the young sapling and be continued, under just the proper conditions and at just the proper intervals, until the trees had reached maturity and were on the way to a buyer. There was a similar maze of complexity involved in branch pruning.

Miss Smith, who detested method, became a disciple of it. She jammed her head with detailed information, exact because every minutia of it was first tested by experiment; and every scrap of data was gathered, not from books, but first-hand from the trees and men on the ground.

"I learned from the men," Miss Smith told me.

"We men learned from Miss Smith."

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said old "Andy," the boss of the diggers, who was there from the start and still is.

In that terse statement old "Andy" paid Evelyn Smith as fine a compliment as she has had. The men taught her as she watched them at their work; she saw the spirit and the soul of the work, which they failed to see, and relayed it back to them in improved methods.

The place was a farm, not a nursery. Roads had to be built on which tree-laden wagons would not mire in spring. Fields had to be cleared, plowed, and cultivated, for in the second year 20,000 new young trees were set out. Fertilizer had to be put into the ground robbed by thoughtless farmers; buildings repaired; implements bought.

Automobiles were coming into use for trucking. Miss Smith saw the advantage they gave over the wagon, but she knew nothing of them, of their upkeep and repair. Nearby, in the town of Mt. Kisco, she discovered a class in automobile mechanics being held in a garage. She enrolled in the class, completed the instruction course, and *then* bought her first truck.

AS THE business grew, accurate financial records became a necessity. Costs had to be known before prices could be fixed. Miss Smith went to New York and engaged an instructor of Columbia University to give her lessons in accounting and bookkeeping. Then she devised her own record system for Amawalk, so simple and yet so complete that facts could be had at a turn of the hand.

Not a tree had been sold up to the time that she and her sister, Mabel, took over Amawalk. There was no such thing as a price list, a customer list, or a single sales precedent to guide them. First, naturally, they went to their friends as possible buyers of trees. But next came strangers, many of them tree experts. I asked Miss Smith how she, a novice, had sold trees to these experts.

"I didn't try to sell them trees," she replied. "I simply made it easy for them to buy. I reasoned, 'These men know trees, so I'll show them all we have, and if we have what they want they'll order them.' I let the buyer do the talking."

The buyer-expert talked and Miss Smith, the salesman, listened. Here and there she picked up a new fact to be added to her increasing store. The experts unconsciously became her teachers. And in turn, to their amazement in many cases, she taught them.

A city park commissioner was going through the nursery one day making some purchases. He paused before an oak. "And, of course," he said, "you will sell me this tree at half price. Its top is poor and it will be five years at least before it will deserve to be called a perfect tree."

"You couldn't have that tree," flashed Miss Smith, "at treble the price. It isn't for sale."

"Not for sale?" repeated the expert. "But you profess to be growing only specimen trees. This tree is not a specimen. You should be glad to get rid of it."

"It isn't a specimen now," Miss Smith returned, "but in five years, as you have said, it will be a specimen. Then it will be also a larger and older tree, worth five times its present price. I am going to hold it for that price. That is our policy and it is also good business."

"Suppose," challenged the commissioner, "that it does not become a perfect tree in five years."

"We'll keep it ten, twenty years if necessary," was the answer, "and then, as a specimen, it will be worth ten or twenty times more."

A LANDSCAPE artist wanted to buy several hundred small trees, but Miss Smith refused to sell small trees. The artist argued that it would be fifteen years before the trees were matured. "By that time," he argued, "this particular kind of tree may be so out of style that you won't be able to give them away, whereas if you sell now you are certain of a good price."

"I am certain only," was the reply, "that if I sell my little trees I never will have big ones. What if these trees are not in demand fifteen years hence? They can stand here and grow until there is demand, though it takes fifty years! Each year of growth will add to their value against that day when the demand returns, as it will."

It is because Evelyn Smith refused to sell the small trees that Amawalk is in the big tree market to-day and almost without competition in that field. Eventually Miss Smith bought the controlling interest of her sister. When she attained to the dignity of having a manager, he as a business man at first disagreed with her.

"If you buy a wheelbarrow for two dollars," he insisted, "and sell it for two and a half dollars it is good business. It is good business to sell anything salable that can be sold at a profit."

"Yes," smiled Miss Smith, "excepting trees, and possibly real estate, and a few other things—Ford stock, for instance. Ford stock, like my small trees, could be bought for a few dollars a share not so many years ago. It's worth two or three hundred times that to-day, and *so are the little trees I wouldn't sell.*"

"I see," said the manager; and he did see. Every man at Amawalk "sees" the policy to-day.

I asked Miss Smith to tell me her philosophy.

"It is to do my best," she said.

"But there must be more to it than that," I insisted. "I mean, what is your outlook on life and on your work, the creed that guides you?"

She smiled. "I try to do my best."

"But suppose a young man, or a young woman, came to you seeking advice, hoping to get help from you that would make his life richer and better. You would tell him something?"

"Yes, gladly."

"What?" I asked again.

She was earnest. "I'd tell him to do his best."

EDGAR A. GUEST writes feelingly next month on "Gossip—the Meanest Habit in the World." His article, vividly illustrated with incidents out of his own experience and environment, shows the enormous amount of harm an uncontrolled tongue can do.

H A V E A C A M E L

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MODERN, particular smokers, it is your insistence upon the best that makes Camel lead all other cigarettes. You are hard to please. In the true spirit of the modern age, you look for until you find value supreme in a cigarette. And it is this unremitting search for quality that puts Camel overwhelmingly first.

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If your taste calls for the enchantment of the finest, just try Camels. Always tasteful and smooth. Always so mellow and mild.

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Linoleum *Embossed?*

"A GREAT idea!" . . . "You've given linoleum a new meaning." "Nothing less than an achievement in floor design!" "Beautiful, yes—and practical, too."

Enthusiastic comments. Convincing comments, when you know they were made by architects and decorators, trained judges of design, at the first showing of Armstrong's new idea for floors.

This happened a year ago. Since then our designers have carried the idea even further. Magazine editors have been consulted. Decorators and architects have contributed.

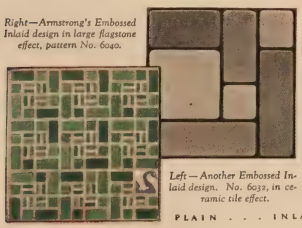
The result? Another new group of embossed floor effects, exclusive Armstrong creations that are a revelation in linoleum floor design.

Here you see one of these newest Armstrong Floors—terra-cotta blends in tile effect with mortar interliners actually pressed below the surface. There are many others. In some the tiles are embossed on the plain or solid-color material. In others the design units vary; ceramic tile motifs, larger flagstone effects, figured patterns. Each is pleasingly different—all are equally beautiful.

Any Armstrong Floor you select at your local department, furniture, or linoleum store can be laid to last a lifetime—cemented over builders' deadening felt. And as far as refinishing is concerned, a twice-yearly waxing and polishing, a dry dusting on cleaning days, is all the care these Armstrong Floors should ever need.

The complete story of these new textured floors of long-lasting beauty is contained in Hazel Dell Brown's new 32-page book, "The Attractive Home—How to Plan Its Decoration." This book also describes many other equally striking Armstrong Floor effects—the new and inexpensive Arabesq Linoleum, rich marble designs, colorful printed patterns—and shows how these up-to-date floors look in fine rooms. Just send 10 cents to cover mailing costs. (Canada, 20 cents.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 902 Liberty St., Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong's Embossed Inlaid Linoleum No. 6018



Right—Armstrong's Embossed Inlaid design in large flagstone effect, pattern No. 6040.

Left—Another Embossed Inlaid design. No. 6032, in ceramic tile effect.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM *for every floor in the house*

PLAIN . . . INLAID . . . EMBOSSED . . . JASPÉ . . . ARABESQ . . . PRINTED

I Feel as Young as I Ever Did

(*Continued from page 55*)

me. We had learned our lesson. We were done with the folly of leaping before we looked; but our mental reactions were different. My friend went home. I took a train in the other direction and, by and by, returned to my father's house with fifty dollars in my pocket which I had earned. That victory was important to me.

Sometimes, things that seem very serious to others strike me as being merely funny. This is often most unfortunate for everybody concerned.

One day, a young man who had just written a pathetic novel came and began to read it to me. He went on and on. I had much to do. The young man was a good fellow. I didn't know how to stop him.

I sympathized with him, knowing how important a work of the imagination looks to its author. The trouble was serious enough to provoke my wayward self, who came to my relief and I began laughing. I was even more embarrassed than the young man.

"I fear that I amuse you," said he.

"No," I replied; "but I had an appointment fifteen minutes ago, and I am thinking of the remarks that are now being made about me."

YEARS ago these two persons in my breast came to a compromise. Now they live at peace, the one exercising a wholesome restraint upon the other. When the serious fellow is inclined to worry, the other says:

"Cross no bridge until you come to it."

The light-hearted fellow has been right almost always. He has the better credit with me. I accept his counsel. I do not borrow trouble from the future. All the same, now and then I have to reckon with the serious man. He keeps me fairly prudent. But it is the merry-hearted lad beneath my vest who has taught me to grow younger with the years.

For many years I have had better health than I had in my youth. I have given two hours and a half of each day to playful exercise in the open air. I rarely miss my work out of doors, even if I have to do it in storm clothes. This has given me almost perfect health. The love of active fun—hunting, fishing, canoeing, golf—has done much to keep me in the strength and joy of youth.

Next to a reasonable amount of outdoor exercise, the work that a man loves will make and keep him young.

It was a curious adventure which helped me to discover my own task—the appreciation and portrayal of differing types of human character.

I had made my first journey out into the world. I traveled on the cars to the amazing city of Burlington, in Vermont. I have since seen the capitals of many nations but none so appallingly magnificent as Burlington. I ventured on to Middlebury, with very little money in my pocket. At the Addison House, I got the job of tending the billiard tables for my board.

One evening after the players had left the room, a distinguished gentleman about sixty years of age, with white mustache and chin lock, who had been watching the games, tarried. He wished to know my name and where I came from. I told him.

"YOU are wasting yourself on this plebeian task," he told me, with a lordly air.

I told him that I was doing it for food and shelter.

He put his hand on my shoulder and spoke with classic enthusiasm.

"Son of Peleus!" he exclaimed. "No longer shall you vex the shades of noble sires with such employment. Come to my house, and there be an honored guest until you return to that of your father."

I went with him to a comfortable house. His wife had gone away on a visit. His daughter, a pretty girl of about my age, opened the door for us.

"Gertrude," he said cheerfully, "here's a high-stepper from Saint Lawrence County who has come to visit us."

Gertrude made me welcome. We had supper, after which the old gentleman excused himself on the pretext that he had an errand in the village. Meantime his daughter would entertain me. She did. She sang and played the guitar and talked delightfully of her school days. At eleven, her father had not returned. It was bedtime. I was shown to my room, the spare room. I got into bed and blew out my candle.

Some time in the night I was awakened by a loud voice calling my name. The sound awoke me. I arose to a sitting posture with cold perspiration coming out on me. My door opened. The light of a candle wavered in the darkness. My host stood in the doorway.

In a tragic voice he whispered: "How ill this taper burns!"

He picked up my shoes and flung them into the hall. He gathered my scattered garments.

"Noble youth, I have need of your company," he said.

I perceived that he had need, also, of my support. I got out of bed.

He added, "Sir, I wish you to sleep with me."

It looked like a difficult undertaking. I walked with him, burdened with shoes and clothing, through the dark hall. As we proceeded, he sang in a loud voice this line of the old ballad:

"When you and I were young, Maggie!"

We reached his room. There I pulled off his boots. When he was ready for bed, he picked up a walking stick and began to thrust at me in the fashion of a fencer, one hand lifted gracefully behind him. He backed me against the wall with the point of his stick pressed hard against my breast. He shouted, "Die, false friend!" My only defense was a night shirt, but I was having a good time. The farce-comedy aspect of the situation tickled my funny-bone and appealed to my dormant sense of the dramatic.

We went to bed. My host was a poet in need of an audience. For a long time, he

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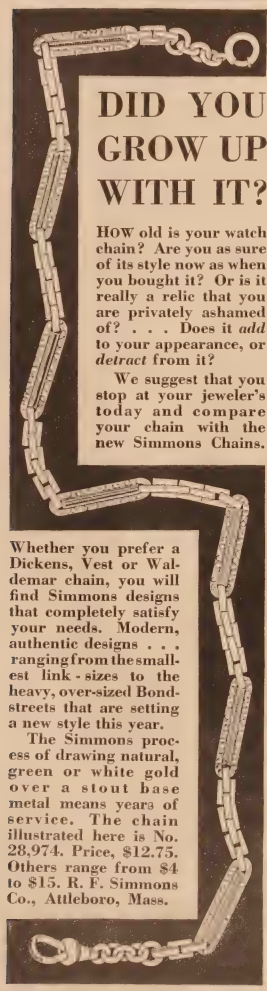
DID YOU GROW UP WITH IT?
HOW old is your watch chain? Are you as sure of its style now as when you bought it? Or is it really a relic that you are privately ashamed of? . . . Does it *add* to your appearance, or *detract* from it?
We suggest that you stop at your jeweler's today and compare your chain with the new Simmons Chains.
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The Simmons process of drawing natural, green or white gold over a stout base metal means years of service. The chain illustrated here is No. 28,974. Price, $12.75. Others range from $4 to $15. R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Mass.
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CHAINS
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lay repeating blank verse to me. I have met many poets since that night, but this is the only one I was ever compelled to sleep with.

When I told others of this adventure, I laughed, and all who heard me laughed. In recreating the comic character of my host for an audience I had discovered a new kind of fun. I had taken the first step toward making a writer of myself.

I HAD entered the gate of the great show of human character. Thereafter, I was like a boy at the circus.

I had begun to have a deep and increasing interest in men, and to find amusement in their peculiar traits and follies. I saw, as I had not seen before, the richness of my background—lonely people of the edges of the forest, mighty hunters, brawny rivermen and lumberjacks—French, Irish, Yankees—who had their own way of thinking. They were the people of whom Lowell said, "They have the divinely illiterate fashion of speech." Before I was eighteen, I discovered what he called the blood warmth, the vigor and originality of their idioms, and I began to have some command of them. Their talk thrilled me.

I was possessed of a love of life and joy which kept me through years heavily shadowed with loss and sorrow. Yet I was about the slimmest and most solemn-looking lad that ever set out to seek his fortune, when I went to New York.

Still, under my vest, was that other fellow with his natural and unimpaired capacity for fun, and some ability to express it. That fellow got my job for me. The shadows began to recede. I enjoyed my work. A new light came into my heart and face.

At last I found the task for which my losses and gains, my friends, reflections, ideals and work and all the curious adventures of my life had seemed to create in me—a certain humble talent. Wind and tide had been pushing me toward it. If I headed my ship for another port, it was quickly crowded back into its own course.

For me, writing rapidly became an absorbing recreation. I sit with it, unaware of weariness or of the flight of time. I really play at my desk and work on the golf course.

There is a line in one of Whitman's poems which has always deeply impressed me. It is this:

Do you know what it is, as you pass, to be loved by strangers?

If an author, who has kept a due sense of responsibility to his readers, may believe half that is written in the many letters that come to him, he must answer "Yes" to the eloquent query of Whitman.

To have become a philosopher, friend, and comrade to unknown tens of thousands is to have experienced the greatest joy and satisfaction that a human being may know. It is like the hand of the Lord to renew and refresh the spirit of man. Therein is the "more abundant life."

I know a writer who at eighty-seven is still young. No youth has a keener interest in fun. He has given hundreds of millions to the relief of human suffering and to the building up of agencies to promote the welfare of man. I sat at play with him the other evening, and his merry laughter, his mental vigor and keenness were like those of a boy. I think that it comes of having won the affection of millions.

I can say for myself that there has been so far no charging off for wear and tear or depreciation in my little plant. It is, I am aware, an unusual and a striking fact, due largely to my love of my task.

One thing I had in my youth which has been, I think, a most important factor in keeping me young and free of worry. It was a sense of chivalry—an inviolable regard for decent womanhood. Many boys of my time had it. There is nothing so sure to bring the shadow of death into the heart of man, nothing so certain to cloud his sky and humble and debase him, as the lack of chivalry. It is really a lack of respect for human dignity and decency. Therein is the trouble which shall dog his footsteps and, at last, lie down with him in the dust.

In time, I met the girl that I wanted to marry. I was not blind to the far-reaching importance of this step—that my future must depend largely upon her character. Many boys go wrong at this point. The currents of emotion are apt to be stronger than the decisions of the intellect. I was fortunate in finding a mate of like tastes and character. We fared along together through good and bad times, comrades in spirit through days well filled with failure bravely borne, with success joyously, gratefully shared, and welcomed; through years each happier than the last had been. Therein is the chief reason why I feel as young as I ever did. Life was growing richer and dearer to me.

If my young wife and I were guilty of extravagance, it was in building up a home as beautiful, restful, and inviting as we could. A certain friend of mine has said that though I have often felt like a pauper, I have always lived like a prince.

The truth is, a man's home is his gate to happiness. The making of a beautiful home is one of the noblest occupations in which human beings can engage.

THE statisticians have noted a growing number of suicides among business men beyond sixty-five years of age. Is it not possible that these men grew weary of living because they never found anything better than money-making to engage their interest? Every man should try to discover the other fellow in himself, the one who loves beauty and fun, and give to this other self the nourishment he needs in some art, craft, or line of study which will return a definite satisfaction. When business ends, every man should have some beloved task to keep life dear to him.

In short, the secret of growing young lies in putting away the things that produce wear and tear and depreciation of plant. I used to enjoy a fight; but I have learned that I have to pay too much for this sort of fun.

Franklin has said that one should make a wise use of his enemies. Envy and misunderstanding are a necessary part of living in this rather imperfect world. The greatest change that my life has brought to me has come in my attitude toward this kind of thing. For years, I have been careful to give it no cause of action. No enemy is as bad as one thinks,

Who in your circle deserves The Croix de Guerre of American Achievement?

You will see this emblem only on jewelry stores of character

NOT alone for men of nation-wide achievement has the Gruen Pentagon served as a mark of appreciation.

Not alone to political and military leaders, to eminent figures on the bench, in journalism, in banking and in commerce, has it been presented, but to many others who, in their own several ways, in large fields or in limited ones, have done well.

It is, in fact, precisely because of the very number and variety of instances where it has been selected as the mark of honor, that the Gruen Pentagon has won its title as the Croix de Guerre of American Achievement.

Consider these few examples of actual presentations of the Pentagon.

To newly-promoted officials, in large concerns or small, from their associates.

To retiring heads of business organizations, from those whom they have directed through years of success.

To the national or territorial leaders of many sales forces, from the houses they have so well represented.

To faithful employes of any rank, from the concerns that employed them.

To beloved pastors from their congregations.

To sons and brothers who have won academic honors.

To distinguished athletes from their loyal admirers.

To officers of fraternal organizations, from their lodges or chapters.

To men who have performed acts of individual heroism or public service, from grateful communities.

But why has the Gruen Pentagon been so frequently selected as the one watch most worthy to serve this special purpose? The explanation must lie in the particular qualities of the watch itself.

Unique, first of all, by its patented shape, it is readily recognizable wherever it is worn. But its five gracefully rounded sides give it more than distinctiveness.

The Pentagon can not tip over in the pocket. Keeping the upright position at all times permits its finely finished parts to operate with more constant accuracy.

The Paladin model, pictured above, has been created for special presentation purposes. Its price is $250.

Any Gruen jeweler can show you this and other Gruen Pentagons, ranging in price from $2500 to $75. Consult this jeweler about the details of presentation. He can give you valuable help.

PRECISION
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Every Pentagon carries this GRUEN pledge mark, placed only upon watches of finer quality, accuracy and finish. Made only in the Precision workshop

Among prominent persons who have been presented with the Gruen Pentagon:

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Younger at his age than any man ever was before

Wadsworth Cases led the style in the thirties were the fashion

Keener, healthier, more alive, wider in his interests—better dressed!

No. He's not out of it yet, this lively fellow of fifty. He feels perfectly at home with men half his age or less. He plays golf. He hums tunes from the latest shows. Often he dances.

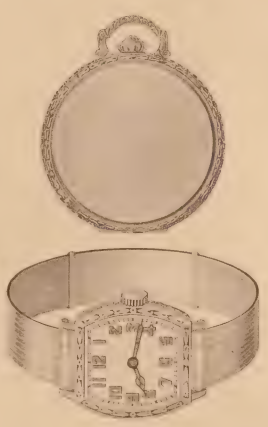
He dresses as becomes both his status and his keen interest in life—dignified, yet always up to the minute in the styles that tailors are kept busy designing especially to suit him.

For he has a genuine sense of fitness of things, best illustrated, perhaps, in his watches.

He owns three of them.

One he received from his father on his twenty-first birthday. Still serviceable, if need be, after all these years. But it doesn't quite go with either his youthful spirit or the rest of his attire. So he treasures it at home, along with his college diploma and other precious souvenirs.

Then there is his modern pocket watch, gracefully slender, light in weight, elegantly simple in design. This he wears in the evening, at dinner, to the theater, at the office.



Two styles in Wadsworth Watch Cases. Strap watch fitted with Wadsworth Watch Band (Olympian model). Prices for bands in various models and decorations—Solid Gold $18.00 to $30.00; Gold Filled $6.50 to $8.50

The third watch is a strap. That is for golf, for driving, for summer days when he wears no vest, for winter wear on the street when unbuttoning a heavy overcoat to see the time would be an uncomfortable nuisance.

And such is his discrimination that he keeps their uses at all times strictly separate. He would no more think of wearing his strap watch to the theater in the evening than of wearing his pocket watch on the links.

Decidedly, he has young ideas. That is one of the reasons why, now more than ever, the leading watchmakers and importers turn to Wadsworth for the encasement of their finest movements. For Wadsworth Cases have led the style in the dress of fine watches for more than thirty-five years.

When you buy a watch, therefore, be sure that the mark "Wadsworth Quality" is stamped inside the case. It is your assurance of correct design, finest materials and workmanship, and of that exactness of fit essential to the protection of the movement.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY
Dayton, Ky., Opposite Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements

Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL

and it is easy to find something good to say of the worst of them. That is the remedy.

Another change I note in myself is my attitude toward the opinions of other people. I do not let them worry me. Even my own opinions are now subject to improvement. I have no life tenure in them. I am more tolerant. I rarely argue with any man. I have learned the wisdom of holding my tongue save when it is in request.

One day in my young manhood I was riding a bicycle through a deep valley in Vermont. It was that time when the Yankee was cheering up and his humor was at its best. I was passing a field of grain growing out of a steep hill, when I came upon a farmer walking hurriedly by the roadside with a scythe on his arm. He did not turn to look at me as I dismounted and walked beside him. He had no time to waste on idle travelers. To open conversation, I inquired:

"Is there anything of interest in this part of the country?"

For the first time he turned his eyes upon me, asking:

"Did ye notice that I look kind o' sickly?"

"No," I answered.

"Try ag'in. My face ain't what it ought to be. It's like a foundered hoss. I'm weak an' nervous."

"Why?"

"'Cause I live next to the knowin'est man in the world. He owns that house on the hill yonder. When ye git nigh it, take one look, and run. He's told me everything that ever happened an' his opinion about it. He comes an' calls me out o' bed nights to tell me suthin' he forgot to tell the day before. His tongue is breakin' him down, an' me too. Don't give us time to sleep. He's got a mortgage on my farm an' intellect. He's just sucked the vitality out o' me. His memory is a reg'lar swamp. He gits mired in it. His wife has to pull him out an' clean him off every day. He ain't an ass. He's a morass."

I have never forgotten the lesson of that day, and others like it. I have been much on and before the rostrum, and I know well how talking and listening "sucks the vitality" out of men.

I WOULD say that one's education is nearing a respectable standard when he acquires modesty and self-distrust. They are a help in keeping the heart young and free from worry.

A potent factor in keeping me young has been faith.

A growing faith in my fellow men and in a just and wise Ruler of the Universe whose will and character were in some part revealed by that Divine Missionary whose sayings and example set a standard of sublimity unequaled in all the ages, and before which the wisest men have bowed their heads in wonder.

Mine is a cheerful religion. To my mind, the Great Teacher was a man of good cheer. He was constantly bidding his friends to cheer up.

He taught the divinity of common sense. That love is better than hate is the veriest common sense. So I have faith in my share of that great possession of men. I apply it to my religion. How many things I have cut out of it which offend my common sense!

WHAT bearing has all that on the success I have had in keeping my heart young? Just this: the Great Fear has not laid its hand upon me—thank God! I do my best in the present and worry not over the future.

How may one avoid fear and worry who feels that his ship is drifting helplessly toward the rocks and annihilation?

No man can grow young whose anticipations are not enriched by every year that he lives. He must have faith that he is still, and always, a mere boy in school, slowly preparing himself for better things, for going forth to adventures more amazing and beautiful than any he has known.

A man of advanced years may be as young as he ever was if he has been a fairly faithful student in the school of life wherein he has learned to have and to hold the following:

An understanding of himself and of his talents.

A correct placing of his faith.

The love of men.

A courage which shall be equal to sorrow or failure or malice.

Good health and good friends.

A wife who is a constant challenge to the best there is in him.

An increasing appreciation of beauty and the love of work and play.

Now, looking backward across the plain of my life, I see many failures which gave me some distress when they came upon me. But the wonderful thing I see is this: Every failure was the barrier needed to turn my feet into a better way and to give me strength to follow it.

Krementz Gift JEWELRY FOR MEN

AT affairs where correct attire is an inflexible requirement, there is a noticeable preference for Krementz Correct Evening Jewelry. That appearance of quality and refinement, expected of well-dressed men, is ever present in dress sets by Krementz. Designs are stylish, in a most gratifying variety. The well known bodkin-clutch back has made the erstwhile troublesome task of inserting shirt studs a matter of ease. Each set handsomely cased; wonderful for gifts.

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LOCATED at last—*the* Average Man! Through a system of unique calculations, he was run to earth by William S. Dutton, and next month he materializes in the person of a Fort Madison, Iowa, merchant. Will you see something of yourself in him? Does he speak for you? Whether he does or not, you will be interested in what he says, for he talks of church, advertising, business, politics, prohibition, home—and other subjects in which all of us are interested. A unique article; you shouldn't miss it!

"Scotch Valley"

(*Continued from page 61*)

you're fine. Mrs. Pelgram is the sort of woman who poisons cats and dogs with arsenic, people with words. I'm glad you told me. There is only one thing to do. I'll go away!"

His impulse was to go at once. He rose. The look in Bertha's eyes held him where he was.

She was staring beyond him at the door. She had ceased to tremble. Rigid, white

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as a ghost, the very breath of her spirit seemed to be checked by what she saw. She raised her hands to her mouth, beat on her lips with frantic fingers.

"What on earth's the matter?"

Gladden swung around.

He had not heard anyone come up on the porch. The door was open, and a man stood carelessly, yet with a certain wary inner watchfulness, on the threshold. He was a small, squat man, broadly, compactly built. He jerked his shoulders and came into the room.

"How are you?" he said. "My name's Fred Smith. Hello, Bertha! Glad to see your dad?"

NOTHING had ever happened to Gladden just like this. He was stumped. The revelation of Bertha's parentage burst upon him full-fledged; he had had no preparation. Now, in the flash of a second, he remembered all the lost cues, the forgotten promptings. He had been fathering the wrong Smiths!

His Fred Smith, the cocky little Smith who had died at Beaumont in the hospital tent, was Olive's father. He had inherited, not these helpless five, but the stalwart and cheerful five at the other end of the Valley!

The ironic madness of the thing struck him like a blow in the body; he felt winded.

"And who in thunder are *you?*" Bertha's father asked politely.

He moved into the room with the square tread of one who is at home and, putting his hat on the kitchen table, seated himself comfortably.

Gladden explained. The same old story. Bertha listened, without seeming to breathe. She made no move toward her father. In her dilated, curiously fixed eyes there was both dread and terror, the flicker of hatred. And now, for once and for all, she was no longer a child; disaster involved her in mature decisions, adult realities, unescapable. She could never retreat again into her bright dreams.

Fred Smith listened to Gladden with a smirk of disbelief and mockery. His eyes, small, colorless, moved restlessly. Repeatedly, he made a characteristic gesture of contempt: a shrug of his shoulders and an ugly curl of his lip.

Suddenly, out of his confusion and disappointment, Gladden thought of the children. He stopped short and said:

"You didn't die, after all, over there."

"Not I." Fred Smith smirked at the memory of Death cheated. His was a very personal victory over a powerful adversary. "I was a prisoner. They sent me back to a camp, and then to a hospital. I was sick, all right. But I didn't let 'em kill me. I was too smart for that. Trust me! I stayed sick. And when I got out, after the Armistice, I stayed right in Germany. I figgered on staying there four or five years."

"Well," Gladden thought, "you didn't particularly care what happened to your family! I suppose you're what the modernists call a free soul. You don't admit impediments." Aloud, with impatience, he said, "I suppose you know both your wife and the Mexican are dead."

"So I heard. I stopped off in Vaccatown. . . . What was this cock and bull story you were telling me?"

"I'm not going to tell it again. Now

What Fifty Dollars *will do*

It will give you your choice of these beautiful Hamiltons

The Hamilton "Jefferson" is *cased in richly chased white or green 14k filled gold, with a 17-jewel adjusted movement that gives true Hamilton accuracy. $50.*

"I'll take this one—it's so beautiful."

The new Hamilton Fillmore *has a touch of elaboration through the gracefully chased bow. In white or green 14k filled gold case with 17-jewel movement. Price $50.*

JEWELERS tell us that many people think of the Hamilton as very high priced.

This page of Hamiltons at Fifty Dollars is our answer. We have made them for years—and for years they have been sold at this price.

The Hamilton's long record for great accuracy probably creates the impression of extra-high price. Only for considerable money, people suppose, could such a valuable and accurate watch be produced.

The Hamilton is offered in many models and, in platinum cases, is sold as high as $685.

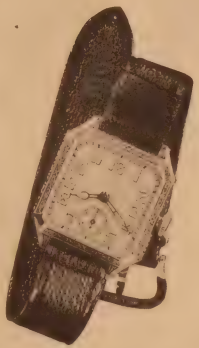
It is not by chance, but because of its accuracy, that the Hamilton is the watch preferred in American railroad service.

The "Twentieth Century Limited," the New York Central's famous fast train between New York and Chicago, is run on Hamilton time. So is the "Broadway Limited," the Pennsylvania's splendid New York-Chicago flyer. Each of these celebrated trains recently completed its twenty-fifth year of successful service.

The three thin pocket models shown on this page are presented in beautiful cases of distinguished design. Read the detailed descriptions. Your jeweler is ready to serve you.

For full information and descriptions, send for copies of "The Timekeeper" and "The Care of Your Watch." Hamilton Watch Company, 883 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.

The Cleveland model. *A smart new design with rigid bow, fashioned of 14k filled green or white gold, exquisitely chased. 17-jewel movement. $50.*



Hamilton strap model, *square-cut-corner shape, available in 14k, or 14k filled green or white gold. $55 to $87. Other models at $50.*

Hamilton Watch *The Watch of Railroad Accuracy*

AFTER SHAVING

HERE IS A GOOD BET

Have you ever tried Listerine after shaving? You will like it.

We are so certain of this that we are willing to risk the cost of this page (more than the average man's yearly income) to tell you about it.

After your next shave, just douse Listerine on full strength and watch results. Immediately, your skin will tingle with new life and vigor. Then, over your face will steal a lingering and delightful sense of coolness such as you have never known before.

And as it cools, Listerine also heals—takes the smart and burn out of tiny wounds left by the razor and lessens the danger of infection. Go ahead and try Listerine this way. We dare you. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

EVERYBODY'S TALKING
Everybody's talking about the marvelous whiteness of teeth after using Listerine Tooth Paste a short time. You will be delighted. Large tube 25c

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

that you're here, I'll go back to New York. There doesn't seem to be anything more I can do."

"Easy! Easy!"

Smith rose heavily. He went to the door. "Seems you've made yourself pretty much at home."

"Pop!" Bertha spoke at last. "Pop! He's been good to us!"

"Never mind, Bertha," Gladden said quickly. He sensed the impending disaster. A blind and jealous anger was gathering behind Smith's mask of stolid contempt and indifference. The success another man had made should have been his. He stared at the yard, the fences, the barn, beyond to the derrick on the hill.

"MADE yourself free and easy with my kids and my property! Leased my land! From what I heard up in the town, it was high time I came home. How about it?"

He hesitated, caught by the sound of voices. Pete and the children were coming across the yard, Billoo trotting behind them, detached and bored in the manner of trusted family dogs. Gladden had an impulse to shout at them, to turn them back from their fate, to save them, anyhow, from what awaited them. This man might be their father; but he was not a parent, he was a calamity.

Lily saw him first. She did not remember him. He was just another man. She came straight toward him, stumbling up the steps with her hands full of wilted flowers.

Gladden heard Bertha moan. She was close beside him. "Don't, Lily," she whispered. "Go back!"

Then Pete. He flushed. Frightened, he stood his ground. With a gesture, he held Nancy and Henry back. They brought up at his heels, staring. And Billoo growled. A low rumbling vibrated in the dog's throat; the hair along his back rose stiffly.

"Pop," Pete faltered. "They said you were killed! They said so, honest."

"Ain't you glad to see me?"

"Yes," Pete said politely. But he looked at Gladden.

"I can't help you," Gladden thought. "You poor kids! I've got to go away and leave you to fight it out alone—victims of a biological mistake, an accidental destiny."

They should have been his children. Now he knew how much he had grown to love them, haphazard little urchins sprung so clean and bewitching from the loins of ignorance. He suffered already the pangs of separation, the hurt of loneliness. To have his work taken away. So much left undone.

And Bertha, setting out with bitterness to refute a lie that had its roots in the mud of slander. Ill-equipped. Tripped at the start. When he had wanted to make, and to keep, the way clear for her!

"Pete," Gladden said, "tell your father what we have been doing here."

He turned to Smith. "I'm going now."

"Hold on! You don't get off as easy as all that. There's some accounting yet. How about the oil lease? And the crops? How about the talk that's going around?"

"Shut up!" Gladden said sharply.

Smith came back into the kitchen. The children followed, clinging to Pete. Sometime, Gladden thought, he would return, armed with cash, to buy these children

A NEW pair of shoes makes a new man—when they're as individually styled as Bostonians. Make your step from Summer into Fall a step into style . . . . into the smartness of Bostonians. You'll find comfort, too. *Mostly $7 to $10 the pair.*

THE KILDARE

BOSTONIANS
Shoes for Men

YOUR surest guide to the new Bostonians is this sign on every Dealer's window.

THE new Fall styles? They are all in our new Style Booklet. Will you have a copy?

COMMONWEALTH SHOE AND LEATHER COMPANY
WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

©1927 C. S. & L. Co.

Cruel burns soothed . . .

Life-long scars prevented—no infection—with this famous surgical dressing

From a fire chief: "The fire was out—but the housewife was severely burned in fighting the flames. I myself applied Unguentine to the wounds. Our trucks carry tubes. She slept well that night . . . soon was healed smoothly."

TO every family the need comes—and the danger: burns are so easy to infect, their livid scars so horrible! . . .

Keep a tube of Unguentine always in the house.

For nearly forty years the medical profession has used Unguentine as the standard dressing for burns both slight and severe.

Apply Unguentine liberally: at once the pain stops—throughout the swift healing process the wound is kept disinfected—and it heals, almost invariably *without even a scar!*

For severe burns and open cuts, apply Unguentine to the wound spread on gauze, and bandage lightly. You will find many uses for Unguentine. You need it especially for active children. Made by The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N.Y. At your druggist's, 50 cents.

This case might have been tragic: "While my little son was dressing before the fireplace, sparks caught his dressing gown. A great strip along his side was burned. I applied Unguentine. His screams stopped. Miraculous . . . Now I can't find the slightest trace of a scar."

Scarring from burns that mar for life can almost invariably be avoided. Unguentine has saved thousands. Festering is prevented; the new skin forms quickly, smoothly.

Unguentine . . FREE

—a generous tube

—a trusted name on pharmaceutical preparations

The Norwich Pharmacal Company,
Department A-10, Norwich, N. Y.

Please send me a free tube of Ungentine and "What to do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State .....

back again. . . . But he had to attend to the bitter business of the moment.

"Hansen will explain everything to you. We'll give you a complete account, of course. I'm not trying to run away!"

"You'd better not. I've got it on you, young fellow, good and plenty. And, what's more"—he jabbed at Gladden with a stiff forefinger—"I'm boss here now. You'll take orders from me!"

"Is that so?"

Gladden put out his arm and shoved Smith out of the way. The gesture satisfied him for the moment; it had been surprisingly easy, weak as he was. He went to his room and began to pack his things. He sat on the bed to change his shoes. He heard Lily crying down-stairs. But then she always cried.

"I'll have to curb my imagination," he said. "He won't beat them! He'll only neglect them and bully them, and make them into his own image. They will forget me. There's nothing for it but to go away. I'd only make it worse for them if I stayed. Worse for Bertha. . . . Bertha. . . . Bertha. . . . I must see Calabri."

Then he remembered. He hadn't a cent.

Calabri was waiting on the porch when Gladden came down with his bag.

"Thought you might need me." He jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "Other boss home, eh? What you do?"

"I'm going to New York. You keep your eye on these children, will you? Maybe, some day, I'll be coming back."

"Sure. Sure thing. No more pipes, eh? No more job. How about that fellow?"

"Pelgram? Oh, I'm not worrying about him."

"You watch out. He's pretty mad."

"Well, it isn't likely," Gladden said, "that he will follow me to New York. Besides, he got the best of me."

Calabri laughed. "Anyway, I stay here to-day. You get out. If he starts any funny business—"

"Remember what I said! We don't want any vendettas. . . . Where are the kids?"

"They follow the old man. Up the hill."

"Already!" Gladden thought.

He clasped the Italian's hand, that coarse, broad paw with the calloused palm, the short, facile fingers. "I'll go along before they see. I'd rather not say good-by."

"Take my car, boss."

"No. I'll walk. That is, unless you'll drive me back to Vaccatown yourself."

"I stay here. I watch those kids!"

GLADDEN was already across the ford when he discovered Billoo at his heels. The dog had come on the run from the top of the hill; he was grinning with satisfaction. Gladden touched the big square head briefly.

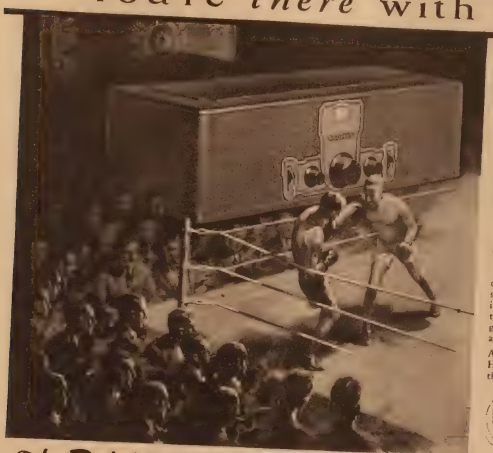
"Go home, Billoo," he ordered. "Go on back home!"

Usually an obedient dog, Billoo hesitated. He pretended not to hear Gladden or to be aware of orders. Indifferently he explored the roadside, but his eyes were wary and self-conscious.

Gladden picked up a stone and shied it into the bushes where the culprit scratched and snuffled at an imaginary gopher. "Go on home, do you hear!"

—when the crown stands or falls....

"—You're *there* with a Crosley..."



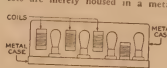
The Crosley Radio Corporation,
Powel Crosley, Jr., Pres.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Gentlemen:

Folks who buy radio are vitally interested in what they get for their money. Why don't you radio manufacturers stop talking like a lot of doctors and tell us what it's all about in one syllable words! What's this "shielding" business any way?

Yours truly,
AITKEN RADIO, Toledo, Ohio.

Shielding is necessary in a modern radio receiver. The more sensitive the set is, the more you need it. Some sets are merely housed in a metal



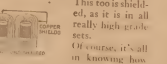
case. This helps to keep strong local signals from breaking through, but it is even more important to keep them where they belong after you get them the proper way from the antenna.

A set has tubes, condensers and coils. Here is a coil. The lines around it are the magnetic field. You know the earth's magnetic field will work a compass down in a mine, or up in a plane (it certainly worked for Lindbergh) and the fields around unshielded coils get all mixed up and the set howls and squeals and has to be choked off by turning down the filaments in the tubes.

Now if the coils are housed in copper shields the fields can't mess each other up, and the tubes can do a real job of amplifying. The coils in Crosley sets have these copper shields, and there isn't any thing better.

Then there are the condensers, and if it wasn't for the shield around them, the fields would act like those in the coils, and the results would be just as bad, or worse.

It isn't enough to shield the coils and the condensers, because even the wiring of the set has fields around it. This too is shielded, as it is in all really high-grade sets.



Of course, it's all in knowing how to shield, but that's why Crosley sets can be as good as the best without costing half as much.

APPROVED CONSOLES

Selected by Powel Crosley, Jr., as ideal, acoustically and mechanically for the installation of the Crosley "Bandbox" Genuine Musicone built in. Crosley dealers secure them from their jobbers through

H. T. ROBERTS CO.
924 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Sales Agents for Approved Console Factories

Showers Brothers Company
The Wolf Mfg. Company

$35

$65

$85

The BANDBOX

A 6 Tube Receiver *of* unmatchable quality at $55

LIGHT SOCKET MODEL $65

Price slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains.

Many features of this set have been found heretofore only in the most expensive radio. Since Crosley is licensed to manufacture under nearly all important radio patents, this combination with Crosley leadership and experience, naturally produced an amazing radio, the remarkable value of which can be judged by the following features incorporated and by seeing it and hearing it at your dealers.

1. Completely shielded coils, condensers and wiring. 2. Acuminators for sharper tuning. 3. Completely balanced genuine neutrodyne. 4. Volume control. 5. Single tuning knob. 6. Illuminated dial. 7. Single cable outside connections. 8. Designed for easy installation in consoles. 9. Beautiful frosted brown crystalline finished cabinet.

AC model using new R.C.A. AC tubes and working directly from electric light socket through Crosley Power Converter is $65. Power Converter $60 extra.

Hear this wonderful new contribution to the enjoyment of radio. If you cannot find one of the 16,000 Crosley dealers near you, write Dept. 2 for his name and literature.

IMPROVED MUSICONES

Musicone response for reception of any audio set. They are perfect amplifiers in tone, purity and reproductive effect. Write for Crosley Catalog. Adjustable tone, mahogany finished, 16 inches high, $27.50 to $32.75—to-day's Musicone as pictured over with "Bandbox" $12.75—to-day's Ultra-Musicone, $9.75.

CROSLEY RADIO

The Crosley Radio Corporation, Powel Crosley, Jr., Pres. Cincinnati, Ohio.

Crosley Radio is licensed only for Radio Amateur, Experimental and Broadcast Reception.

NEUTRODYNE

Crosley Trirdyne, Super-Six and Super-Four Radiolas, also the UX-171 power tube or Commercium equivalents, should be used in radio-frequency stages with each Bandbox. Whole Radiolas UX-171 or Moisture tube, insure superior performance for 135-volt "B" batteries.

You can candle an *egg*-but not a *battery*

THERE isn't much difference in the size or shape of batteries. And you can't tell how good they are before you use them. ¶ If you could, one element alone would win your preference for Burgess. That element is *Chrome*. ¶ *Chrome* is the *preservative* that maintains an abundance of unfailing energy in Burgess Batteries—long after most dry cells cease to function. The black and white stripes are individual marks for identifying *Chrome* Burgess Batteries. Buy them for long lasting, dependable performance!

Chrome—the preserving element used in leather, metals, paints and other materials subject to wear, is also used in Burgess Batteries. It gives them unusual *staying* power. Burgess *Chrome* Batteries are patented.

Ask Any Radio Engineer

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
General Sales Office: CHICAGO
Canadian Factories and Offices: Niagara Falls and Winnipeg

BURGESS BATTERIES

RADIO·IS·*BETTER*·WITH·DRY·BATTERY·POWER

Even this outrage passed unnoticed. Billoo emerged, bland and grinning, to trot a safe distance behind the master he had adopted for better or for worse. This passionate devotion caused Gladden more suffering than desertion or indifference.

In the end, he submitted to being followed. There was nothing else for it. When a man takes unto himself a dog, he belongs to the dog. Gladden thought of turning back, of delivering Billoo to Pete. But it took more courage than he was at the moment possessed of. So he whistled to the dog and went on, not daring to look back.

The thought of the children, following their father with the unwilling curiosity of scared little birds trailing a snake across a meadow, tempted him to turn back, if only to ease the painful restriction of his own heart. He did not doubt that they had grown to be very fond of him. There had been times during the past eight months when he had been overwhelmed by their faith, abashed and burdened.

Now, without apology or explanation, he was leaving them. The more he thought about it, the worse it became. He had seen enough of this resurrected parent of theirs to be sure that within a year poverty and despair would creep over their lives like lichen on a wall. Not even Bertha, not even Pete, could save them.

IT WAS a day of washed sky and luminous clouds. Ryder painted such clouds: Great puffs of vapor full of light, swift, crystal, incredibly white. Now the valley was in bloom. Blossoming trees as far as the eye could reach. Blue shadows beneath sprays of pearl and ivory. A scent of honey, delicate, pervasive.

Gladden remembered what Bertha had said, that parched day of their first pilgrimage: "Poppies to make wreaths of. And larks."

Not an English lark, spilling notes from the apex, but a wayside burst of song, sudden, sweet and thrilling. Across the plowed fields blackbirds swarmed with a whir of wings. Gladden was dwarfed by the height of the sky, the circling blue of hills.

He saw himself, a small, ridiculous figure, pursuing a destiny of importance to no one but himself, going about his vast business in silence and alone. Now, he'd have to wire Uncle Steven, "You were right. Broke. Returning."

The main street of the town was full of people, Saturday idlers. Gladden walked through them quickly, hoping to find Hansen in his office.

He had reached the bank when he became conscious of someone at his elbow. He had a startled instant of recoil; he was gun-shy. Something had gone out of him during that week of unconsciousness.

Finally he turned his head.

It was Bertha.

Bertha, hatless, her hair tumbled about her face: "I followed you. All the way. Only you didn't see me."

"No," said Gladden. "I didn't."

He was ashamed of the way his heart beat. He was excited. At the same time he was embarrassed. He supposed that to feel like this was a symbol of something or other. He didn't quite know what—sport perhaps! He had won, on one count. He couldn't help feeling that she

Face Brick
made by a Member of the
AMERICAN FACE BRICK
ASSOCIATION

THE DISTINGUISHED HOUSE . . . IS BUILT OF FACE BRICK

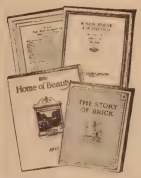
BEFORE you buy or build a house ask yourself these questions. Will its design, treatment and the material used in its construction be as popular in ten years as it is now? Will it be as salable?

These are important considerations in your decision. Unusual designs and daring wall effects may be a transitory public fancy — and, therefore, a speculative investment. The house that is conservative in design and treatment and substantial in construction is always the soundest investment.

All the colors, all the textures and all the artistic effects which may be employed with safety may be had in face brick. And in buying or building a face brick house you have the security offered by the *permanency* of face brick.

Conservative and honest builders who build houses to sell are building of face brick. It will pay you to seek such a builder. Or if you expect to build your own house you will be interested in learning why it is real economy to use face brick. You will find the booklets listed at the right both interesting and helpful.

AMERICAN FACE BRICK ASSOCIATION
1736 *Peoples Life Building*
Chicago, Illinois



"The Story of Brick" —a beautifully illustrated booklet for the home-buyer and home-builder. Sent free.

"A New House for the Old" — an interesting book on remodeling. Sent free.

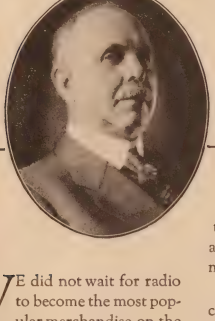
"The Home of Beauty" —containing 50 two-story, six-room houses, in a wide variety of designs. Sent for 50 cents.

"Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans"—Four booklets showing designs and floor plans for inexpensive 3 to 4-room, 5-room, 6-room and 7 to 8-room houses. Each 25 cents.

Rich in colors, distinctive in textures and endowed with endurance that defies time, face brick possesses that rare beauty which never grows old. The house built of face brick becomes lovelier with the passing years and always says "worth-while folks live here."

FACE BRICK

This Small-City Merchant Sold $98,000 Worth of RADIO Last Year



"WE did not wait for radio to become the most popular merchandise on the market before we started in to learn how to sell it," says W. W. True, successful hardware merchant of Newport, Vt., and former president of the New England Hardware Dealers Association.

"We believed that radio was the kind of merchandise that would run into big sales quickly, and that it would probably bring an unparalleled merchandising opportunity. So we went into it early—and when radio started going big, we were ready to go big with it."

He Tells His Methods

But this is only the beginning of the story of how the hardware firm of True & Blanchard, located in a town of 5,000 population, started with a $25 stock of radio parts in 1922 and last year sold $98,000 worth of high-priced radio sets and accessories.

Surely that is a story of up-to-the-minute sales methods that ought to interest every small-city retailer in America.

And for this reason Farm & Fireside has persuaded Mr. True to make his personal experiences and methods available to other merchants.

For instance, what kinds of merchandise should the hardware merchant pay the keenest attention to? This is one of the important questions Mr. True answers in his interview with Farm & Fireside, printed in folder form and now ready for free distribution to dealers.

Should a dealer sell one, two or three lines of radio sets? — this is another question he answers.

How should time-payment selling be controlled?

What should a dealer do to make his customers understand the values behind retail prices?

How can the dealer keep in closer contact with distant farm trade without its costing him too much? In answering this question, Mr. True presents a new trend in modern small-city merchandise distribution.

Send for This Folder

These are only a few of more than a dozen important points which this successful merchant touches on in his interview. And if you are a dealer in a small city, or in a country community, you will want a copy of this folder containing Mr. True's experiences. You can get it FREE by mailing the attached coupon.

Farm & Fireside's Service to Small-City Retailers

This is another interview in Farm & Fireside's series which makes available to retailers the tried and proven methods for building farm trade, as used by outstandingly successful merchants.

And this work is just a part of the service Farm & Fireside renders in meeting the obligations of leadership in the farm field.

As every dealer knows, the advertisements in this magazine are a force in influencing farm people to buy. And a glance through any issue immediately shows why this is so—for here is a hundred-per-cent-*personal* magazine — edited straight to the individual — and read with *warmer interest* than any other farm publication.

That's why dealers are finding it so profitable to feature and push products advertised in Farm & Fireside — and why manufacturers' advertising in this magazine is growing so steadily.

MAIL THIS

FARM & FIRESIDE
Retail Merchandising Department
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Send me the folder which tells the successful merchandising methods of the True & Blanchard Hardware Co., of Newport, Vt.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Farm & Fireside

The National Farm Magazine

READ IN MORE THAN 1,200,000 FARM HOMES

wouldn't have followed him unless she liked him a little.

"Pop made us go with him up the hill. I saw you going along the road. So I ran!"

"You'd better go back," Gladden said seriously. "Your father—"

Bertha shook her head. "No. I'm going with you!"

"You can't."

A stranger, passing, grinned: "Hello, Bertha!" And turned to look at the pale, agitated girl who caught suddenly at Gladden's arm.

Feeling sick at heart, Gladden parried the look with a scowl, and said, "We'll go up to Hansen's office. We can't talk here, in the street."

But Hansen wasn't there. When Gladden opened the door, he found the dusty room empty. The window stood open, and a bedraggled curtain trailed back and forth across the sill. The telephone began to ring, with that insistent, irritating buzz which demands an answer. "Wait," Gladden said. He lifted the receiver.

He heard Hansen's voice: "That you, Gladden? I'll be there right away!" And before he could pin the voice down, it was cut off by a click, closed into space, lost. "How did he know," Gladden wondered, "that I am here in his office? Have people reported already that Bertha followed me?"

He turned to her: "Bertha, you must go back!"

"No."

"Well, then, sit down until Hansen comes. He'll drive you home."

Disturbed by the look in her eyes, Gladden attempted an absurdity. "You followed me because you wanted Billoo!"

"No."

"Then why?"

SUDDENLY she held out her hands. Gladden caught them and went down on his knees before her. He slipped free of her hands and put his arms around her. He leaned his head against her dear smallness, her incredible light grace.

This tumult of heart and blood was painful, satisfying, new. He was silent. Meaning and utterance escaped him, because he clasped love in his arms: child, woman, soil, ambition! Would it always be like this?

He felt Bertha shivering against him.

"You've got to take me, because I love you. More than Olive loves you. More than anyone!"

"This *child*," he thought. But what was time? Why pretend that years and dates—

He turned his face against her. Every second made past and present more irrelevant and perishable. It was only the ridiculous need to speak that could break the spell, dissolve this thrilling, unconscious, mastering emotion. This *child!*

As though down a long shaft of light he saw her; brave, resolute, infinitely precious, coming toward him; he wondered at his obstinacy. She was pitifully innocent, gloriously wise—and for the taking, his own.

He held her more gently.

He loved her. He had perhaps loved her from the beginning. It was a fool's love, because even now he shrank from its fulfillment. So it was not desire. It was not selfishness. It was not cowardice.

WASH ONCE . . .

WASH AGAIN . . .

AND . . .

Then . . .

watch this massage roll out hidden pore-dirt!

IT'S startling . . . the amount of dirt that hides in your pores.

Only when men see this pink cream turn gray with pore-dirt after a few seconds' massage, do they realize why their faces seldom show the healthy glow of a really clean skin.

Pore-dirt gets grimed in under the skin of every face. The wash cloth doesn't budge it. To prove this we urge you to send for the FREE tube offered below and to wash your face —twice—before using it.

Then prepare your pride for a real shock!

Rubs in* pink. *Rolls out a dingy GRAY!

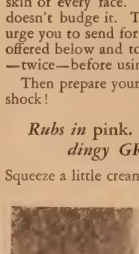
Squeeze a little cream from the sample tube. Rub it onto your face around the chin, where the nose meets the face, over the nose itself. Continue rubbing.

In a few seconds the dried cream rolls out. Pink? No, a dingy gray! Dark with the pore-dirt that grayed your complexion!!

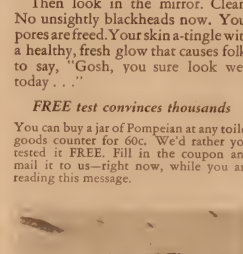
Then look in the mirror. Clean! No unsightly blackheads now. Your pores are freed. Your skin a-tingle with a healthy, fresh glow that causes folks to say, "Gosh, you sure look well today . . ."

FREE test convinces thousands

You can buy a jar of Pompeian at any toilet goods counter for 60c. We'd rather you tested it FREE. Fill in the coupon and mail it to us—right now, while you are reading this message.



Photograph taken under the lens of powerful microscope showing section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream. The light area at the right shows the cream spread on the skin.



Photomicrograph of the same section of skin after using Pompeian Massage Cream. Compare the skin tone. Note the dried pellets of cream, dark with the pore-dirt that has been rolled free.

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He loved her because she had in her the essence of beauty: the will to serve and the heart to play. She was so young, so dear, so unattainable!

He lifted his head.

"Jim," she said quickly, "you can't go without me. You can't! If you'll marry me, we can take the kids and go away. All of us!"

"Marry you! You aren't eighteen."

"I will be, in October. I'm old. I've lived a lot. I'll take care of the kids and you, too. Pop won't dare—"

"Bertha, you're crazy."

"Then I'll follow you!"

GLADDEN was swept by a gust of feeling. He got up, bewildered, a little unsteady.

"Bertha," he said gravely, "you don't understand. Marriage isn't as simple as that."

"I love you," she said again. "I'm going with you!"

"First, you must finish school."

"School!" She blazed at him. "School! I know enough! I don't want to know things. I want to think them out for myself. But I'll study. I'll do everything you say, I'll work . . ."

"You never told me—"

"About Pop?"

She laughed. "Jim! I knew we were the wrong Smiths! I didn't tell you Pop was mean, because I was afraid you'd find out it was the other Smith, not us. I told Pete to shut up. I didn't want him to tell you. Nancy and Lily couldn't remember Pop. Henry couldn't. But Pete and I remembered! We hated him. He used to lick Pete. He went to war to get rid of us. Jim, don't you see, he'll be mean to the kids? You've got to stay!"

"Is that why—"

She sprang up. Her arms went around him again and she pressed her face hard against his breast. He began to kiss the top of Bertha's head, suddenly released from indecision, elated and reckless.

They were standing so, clasped together, when Hansen opened the door.

He said, "Oh!"

"It's all right," Gladden said. "Come in. Bertha and I are going to be married."

Hansen closed the door carefully. The face he turned to them was a fat mask of anxiety. "I think you'd better come back to the ranch then. I've been out there. Bertha's father is going to make trouble."

"How did you know—"

"I saw him on the street this morning. He had been drinking. I don't mind saying, he was publicly noisy and vituperative. And a lot of Pelgram's friends were helping him along. For Bertha's sake, you'd better go back and explain. He is a man—forgive me, Bertha—who carries both his liquor and his honor badly. He wants to shoot you. And I dare say he'll do it, unless you satisfy him. He's dangerous, because he had taken it into his simian cranium to be proud."

"We'll go out there, of course," Gladden said.

Hansen hesitated. His eyes were clouded with a friendly bewilderment. You could see his mind darting in search of the truth. He did not want to blurt out anything awkward. It was a difficult question to ask. "You're sure, you're perfectly sure, both of you—"

"You can't *explain* love," Gladden said.

Hansen's eyes cleared.

"You're both so young," he said.

"We've lived a lot." Gladden quoted Bertha. "And we know what we want!"

In the car, with Billoo, Gladden took Bertha's hand. "I have no idea what has happened to me," he thought. "Whether it is for good or bad. I only know that it is better not to ask questions."

He sensed the need for recklessness. The whole of life could be purified, saved from bewilderment, if he could only hold the absurd and beautiful audacity of this moment. He was frightened too. Her hard, calloused little hand! Her shy, strange eyes, eyes light-flecked and shadowy, peering out from the retreats of childhood into the crowded open ways of maturity. Bertha. His. It looked like forever and forever.

They drove across the new bridge at the ford with a clatter.

"Square it with Smith," Hansen advised briefly. "Then we'll talk business to him. Only, go easy. He's mean!"

He stopped the car with a jerk. "Here! What's this?"

Calabri was running toward them. He yelled and waved his arms. "Stay back! Stay back!"

Conquering a fundamental dread of being shot, a distaste that made his flesh prickle, Gladden stood up. Then he saw what the Italian meant. Pelgram was crossing the yard, not toward the car, but toward the barn, where the open door gaped black and empty like the grinning open mouth of a mask of tragedy. He carried a rifle in the crook of his arm.

Before Calabri gained the bridge, a man appeared in that blank space, with Lily at his side. He paused there, illumined by the greenish, level light of the setting sun; a figure remote but terribly real. He looked off at his acres. He raised his hand to push his hat back.

"Watch out!" The warning was split in two by a detonation that sent him spinning, ridiculously out of balance, twice around, before he fell to his knees, bent over, collapsed on his face, and lay still.

"Stay here," Hansen said. "I'll take Pelgram. Come on back, Calabri!"

"Stay in the car, Bertha," Gladden said.

"He killed Pop! Jim! Pop's dead! He shot him!"

"Perhaps not. Stay where you are. It isn't safe—"

"But Lily!"

Bertha brushed Gladden aside. She ran. "Lily! Lily! I'm coming!"

LATER, when Fred Smith had closed his eyes forever on his forfeited possessions, Gladden had a moment of bitterness. It was his bad fortune that this Fred Smith, too, had died in his stead.

When Hansen's hand fell on the murderer's shoulder, recalling him from revenge to punishment, Pelgram had said, "I thought it was Gladden!"

There was this to regret. But there was this to be thankful for: Gladden's twice-given life belonged not to himself, but to the tribe of Smiths. Lily. Nancy. Henry. Pete. And Bertha. Forever and forever his! (THE END)

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"I'd Rather Build a Mansion Than Merely Live in It"

(*Continued from page 51*)

leading Brooklyn churches. So I had something to think of besides my work. It took me into a different atmosphere; gave me a common interest with people who otherwise would have been strangers. That is a good experience for any man.

"I was paid money for plastering and I was paid money for singing. I was glad to have money, because I don't know a way of living without it. But if I worked only for money, nothing else, I shouldn't feel well paid, no matter how much I received."

This was interesting! I have heard very rich men—bankers, railway presidents, heads of great corporations—say the same sort of thing. They claim that they care more for the "game" itself than for its rewards. Some people question their sincerity. I don't. Yet there is always this loophole for doubt: They can afford to talk that way, because their "game" does pay them big money. How would they feel if they had a less interesting and less lucrative job?

But here is a man who has such a job, and he says the same thing. He talked a good deal about it and I know that he was absolutely sincere.

As nearly as I can sum them up, the gist of his ideas is this: A man should have two paymasters. From one—his employer, his boss, or the people who buy whatever he has to sell—he gets the money he earns.

But if he works only for them, he is a mere hireling. His other paymaster must be himself! If he does not earn, from himself and for himself, pleasure in his work and pride in doing it well, then he is mighty poorly paid.

John Jones says that the man who works first and foremost for his own pleasure and satisfaction is not a hireling *but a free man*. Certainly John Jones himself looks and acts free.

I HAVE interviewed some of the most famous men in the country, men who are international figures in industry and finance. But not one of them bore himself with greater dignity and quieter self-confidence than does John Jones the plasterer.

Not one of them seemed to have a greater respect for his job, nor talked of it more interestingly. Have you any idea of the knowledge, experience, and skill required to make a first-class plasterer? I certainly had no conception of it until I met John Jones.

Even the average workman who plasters the plain walls of an ordinary house must have training and ability if the job is to be done right. And when it comes to costly private mansions and splendid public and business buildings, the plasterer must be capable of doing the most intricate and elaborate work.

In referring to one of his employers Jones said: "He knew almost as much about plastering as I do."

He said it with unaffected warmth. It was the highest compliment he could pay.

He was equally unaffected when he said: "I could tell the architects and the builders a good many things that would help them. The architect's blue print is more or less theoretical. The practical workman has actual knowledge, based on experience.

"His orders are to follow the blue prints. Sometimes he has to do this, knowing all the time that the job won't be right when finished. If the architects and builders would consult more with the workmen, a great many mistakes would be avoided.

"My own employers for a good many years past have been willing to do this. It benefits both parties. People give what you ask them to give. If you ask only routine work from a man, you can't blame him if that is all you get from him. Ask *all* he has to give, and you will probably get it.

"IN RECENT years, especially since the war, fine workmen have been growing scarcer in the building trades. By fine workmen I mean those who do work of the highest quality and integrity.

"That is the reason why I won't accept the job of foreman. I'd feel responsible for the way a job was done; and the worry of trying to get it done *right* wouldn't be worth the extra pay. I'll take the responsibility for my own work, for I know I'll make it as perfect as the conditions will allow. But I can't supply conscience and skill to other men who haven't them, or who won't use them.

"You mustn't think that the men themselves are entirely to blame. At the close of the war there was a building famine. The supply was so far short of the demand that it hasn't yet caught up.

"The result has been that the builders have been insisting on one thing above all others: Speed, speed, speed! Take the big structures here in New York, for example. With the work going on night and day, enormous sums are paid for overtime labor. It seems as if the owner doesn't care *what* the building is going to cost.

"I can't understand this. It is cheaper to rush it through so that he can begin to get a return on his investment. But the effect on the workmen is disastrous. Quality is sacrificed to speed. Why, thousands of houses have been built since the war which, in ten years, won't be fit to live in.

"What is the result? The younger men—those who have learned their trades during the past ten years—don't even know *how* to do the finest work, because they haven't been given the chance to do it.

"The New York Building Congress, by recognizing and rewarding capable and honest craftsmanship, is helping to fight this condition. I believe it has given about three hundred and fifty certificates like the one I received. Also a gold button to wear in the coat lapel.

"When one man to whom the award was made showed the certificate to his helper, the helper read it all through and

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BEFORE winter cold sets in, before you begin wasting 1 out of every 3 tons of coal (or gallons of oil) *unnecessarily*—call your local heating and plumbing shop and have them make this one simple change in your steam heating system. Have them replace the air venting valve on each of your radiators with a Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valve. You will get amazing new comfort.

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By this saving, you earn 50% to 65% on your investment in Hoffman Vacuum Valves—*the first year.* At the end of the second, you get your investment back—plus a profit. Every year, after this you receive a gift of approximately $5.00 for each radiator in your home.

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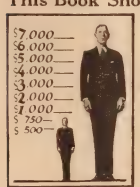

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said: 'I'm going to get one of those for myself inside of a year!' And he did it, too.

"That was all right. But if he was working only for praise and recognition he had a poor motive. I never had heard of the certificate until it was given to me. If I had, it would have made no difference in my work. I was already doing my best, simply to satisfy myself. I won the certificate by my work on one job. But I have to earn my own approval every hour of every working day. To succeed in doing that is worth a hundred certificates."

"How did you happen to come to this country?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "I was the oldest of twelve children. Counting my parents, that made fourteen mouths to be fed. Wages were low; and in a country like Wales there wasn't a great amount of new building.

"Years before, my father had befriended a poor boy; taken him out of the almshouse and given him a start. That boy had grown to manhood, moved to the States, and become a building contractor in Brooklyn. Good workmen were scarce over here, so he wrote to my father and offered to give me a job. I came to Brooklyn and worked for him for a year.

"He wanted to keep me as an apprentice, at apprentice wages, until I was twenty-one. That was not fair, for I was already a capable workman. So I left him and hired out on my own account. That was forty years ago; and in all that time I have not lacked employment.

"I own my home in Brooklyn. It isn't pretentious but it is pleasant and comfortable. People who pay $20,000 a year for a New York apartment don't have as large a bedroom as mine is. And you ought to see my garden! It is the beauty spot of the neighborhood. Instead of working overtime to earn extra dollars, I spend those hours in tending my garden. It doesn't bring me any money, but it brings the health and happiness which money couldn't buy.

"And think what it means to my family! My little granddaughter is three years old. Even here in the crowded city, she is growing up among flowers. That's more than most of our richest city folks can say for their children. I've worked on their great mansions and I know."

"WHEN you are helping to build these magnificent houses," I said, "don't you envy the men who own them?"

John Jones looked at me as if I had started a new train of thought in his mind.

"You are making something beautiful," I went on. "Other people, just because they are rich, will possess it. And just because you are *not* rich, you *can't* have it."

"No," he said slowly, "but I *made* it!"

"You mean," I asked, "that you would rather be able to create something fine and beautiful than merely to pay somebody else to create it for you?"

His face lighted with understanding.

"That's it!" he said. "It's a greater satisfaction to make things than to own them. In one sense, I do own whatever I create. There are monuments of my work all through the city of New York. I know more about some of the mansions on Fifth Avenue than their owners ever will know about them. I have had more pride and pleasure in helping to build them than their owners will have in living in them."

"In other words," I suggested, "you get your greatest satisfaction out of what you do, instead of out of what you have."

"That's it!" he said again. "That's it exactly."

"I suppose you are not a rich man," I said.

"Far from it!" he replied.

"You are not a rich man, but you have had a rich life. Is that true?"

For a moment he did not answer. He was thinking it over.

"Yes," he said finally; "I call my life a rich one. I have done the work which I liked and which I was fitted to do. I am proud of the way I have done it. It has earned me respect and recognition.

"I have had other interests and pleasures; and they have enabled me to give pleasure as well as to feel it myself. I have had far more of health than most people enjoy. That, in itself, is better than a fortune.

"I have had a home and a family. I have had a wife with whom I was happy and children of whom I was proud. I have had sorrow, but never shame.

"I guess that's about all," he said, smiling; "but I don't think anybody could add much to the list. Not much except wealth; and even in money I am not really poor. I have lived to see the day when the workman is better paid than ever before. I believe this is a good thing and I'll tell you why.

"YOU and I were talking, a little while ago, about the white-collar class. Now don't misunderstand me when I say that we, the skilled and highly paid workmen, *look down* on most of these white-collar jobs.

"Why shouldn't we? In the first place, we earn more money. I pity the average salaried man, for I don't see how he manages to live on his pay.

"Most of them don't have the same pride in their jobs that a good plasterer, or carpenter, or bricklayer, for example, has in his. Our work seems more important. If a bookkeeper makes a mistake, he or somebody else will ferret it out and correct it. But if we make mistakes, the result may be a disaster. In any case, the mistake will cost more to correct. Or, if it isn't corrected, it will stay there and stick out like a sore thumb for everyone to see.

"But a man cannot help respecting a thing more if other people seem to value it highly. Consequently, we workmen feel prouder of our jobs, now that we receive better pay for them. That is human nature. And it is human nature, too, for other people to have greater respect for us, as a class, than they had when we earned less money.

"Self-respect and the respect of others make a man a better citizen. Not only that, but a man who has money to spend is *worth* money to his community. He makes a bigger market for business. He is an asset instead of a liability.

"I may be mistaken; but I believe that if the millions of people who depend on workman's wages had to cut down their buying, it would be a worse blow to business than if only the rich people started to retrench.

"That's why I think that high wages are a good thing all around. I know that

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Almost any room can be decorated successfully in the striking, unconventional Sponge-Mottle finish illustrated below. Tamping the paint on with a sponge gives this unusually interesting effect, whose great charm lies in the irregular pattern of the mottling which may be in several colors if desired.

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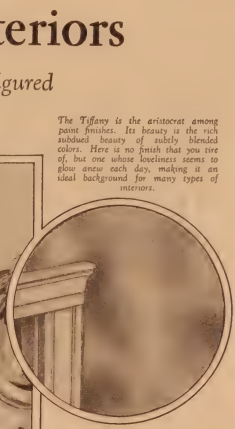

Crumpled paper, rolled over wet paint, is responsible for this finish of distinctive and individual beauty. The Crumpled Roll finish is characterized by a beautifully soft and feathery design and is an effect which lends itself to many interesting color combinations.

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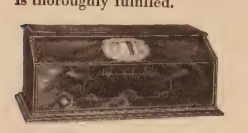
DUTCH BOY WHITE-LEAD

At your club tomorrow—*ask any ten men which is the best radio*

MEN *know* the goodness of a good receiver—and they say that Zenith is first in radio.

Here are both art and science, perfectly attuned to the whole range of sound reception. Zenith is marvelously natural in the rendition of voice or instrument. Hair-fine selectivity, power, ruggedness beyond years of constant service and exquisite cabinet artistry. *That* is Zenith Radio.

Inspect the many Zenith models. Every idea in radio price is thoroughly fulfilled.



Model 11. The famous Zenith 6-tube chassis in a cabinet of butt-matched walnut veneer with matte finish. Front panel routed and beautifully two-toned. Price—$110.

Western United States Prices Slightly Higher

Send for illustrated folder

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION
3608 Iron Street • *Chicago*

ZENITH LONG DISTANCE RADIO

Largest manufacturers of high grade radio in the world—$100 to $2500

Licensed only for Radio amateur, experimental and broadcast reception.

they have made workmen more conscious of their value and therefore more self-respecting. I look up to a man who does any job, no matter what it is, honestly and as perfectly as possible. I'm willing to wager that he takes pride and satisfaction in what he does. And that goes a long way toward making him a happy man."

IT WAS a Friday night when I had this conversation with John Jones. We talked late; and I knew that he would have a long trip back to his home in Brooklyn.

"I'm afraid you won't feel much like getting up and going to work to-morrow morning," I said as he was leaving.

"Oh, I don't work on Saturdays," he reminded me. "I shall spend the morning in the garden with my little granddaughter. In the afternoon I shall go to the cemetery. I have made my lot there almost as beautiful as my garden. Sunday I'll go to church. I'm not a member of a choir now; but there are still plenty of chances to sing and I get a great deal of pleasure out of it.

"Monday I shall be fresh and ready for work. Just now we are remodeling one of the handsomest residences in New York. I'm doing some beautiful ceilings and cornices in it. After that, I may be employed on some great apartment house, or a theatre, or one of the bank buildings which are the pride of New York City. It's a wonderful thing to have a job like mine; always new and always interesting. I wouldn't change work with any man I know."

So there you have John Jones and, I hope, an understanding of what he gets out of his job. No "back to the treadmill" for him. No desire to "take a drink and forget it." A man proud of his working skill and working integrity; believing in the importance of an honest job well done; having an honorable ambition and happy in the knowledge that he is achieving it.

Patterson Helps to Edit Twelve Thousand Newspapers

(*Continued from page 37*)

was born fifty-seven years ago in Kirksville, Missouri, the son of a circuit-riding Methodist minister. He was thirteen years old and living with his parents in Ainsworth, Iowa, when he started a newspaper.

"A boy friend," he explained to me, "had a tiny printing outfit. Ainsworth had no paper. With my friend's type, I started one. That paper had four pages, with three columns to a page, and achieved a circulation of some two hundred copies.

"In a couple of years my father's ministry called us to another town. But the paper had made a place for itself in Ainsworth, so the principal of the school took it over, enlarged it, and it has lasted under various proprietors to this day."

Patterson left school at sixteen, and worked in various printing shops and country newspaper offices until he was twenty. Then he went to Chicago, where he got a job on a newspaper; but within a few weeks he joined the Kellogg Newspaper Company, which he had known as a friend in the country offices where he had worked. In a few years he succeeded to the editor's job; and when the Kellogg company was merged with the Western, in 1906, he became editor-in-chief of the combined companies.

"In the early days," Mr. Patterson said, "most editors referred to ready print as 'patent insides'! Two pages in the Malta 'Times,' for instance, might be exactly the same as two pages in the Mt. Vernon 'News.' The editor had no choice, but took the whole of what was printed for him, whether or not it had any special interest for his readers.

"But that period of development of the country newspaper is past and over. Today an editor gets some of his paper ready-printed if he wants it that way, or he chooses the kind of news, articles, features, serials, pictures, cartoons, that go into it. This was made possible by mechanical improvements, and by a more elaborate service plan. You'll be interested to know that, although we print on our own presses parts of between three and four thousand papers, no two of them are just alike. Furthermore, the service is so organized that papers in the same town, or nearby towns, never are embarrassed by both getting the same material.

"This, I know sounds complicated; and there *are* a million details to be considered. But these are now systematized to the point that everything runs as smoothly as a new baby buggy."

THE editorial office of the Western Newspaper Union is in Chicago. You can get some idea of the task confronting the editors when you learn that the material which is sent out to thousands of papers deals with nearly every subject under the sun, and must be without bias, since the same articles and stories are read in Protestant and in Catholic homes, by blacks and by whites, by Republicans and by Democrats, by young and old, by the well-educated and the poorly-educated.

How is the material chosen? How edited? What do these twenty-five million people read? What offends and annoys them? What interests them most? What makes them laugh? What stirs them? What sobers them? These and kindred questions I asked, and Mr. Patterson, out of his years of rich experience, answered.

"People," he said, "are as many-sided as a falling cat. There are folks who will read any side of any question with open minds; and there are others who cannot read anything on certain subjects without becoming angry. A man's bringing-up and education have a great deal to do with what he will read and how he takes it. The foreign-born often likes one sort of thing, the native-born another. An entire community, for some special reason, may have likes and dislikes. Some people have hobbies and pet peeves; if they see anything in print on these subjects, they instantly become highly critical. The great majority are not, consciously, very critical; and yet, subconsciously, they are the

"A woman customer proved it for me"

W. T. Davis, of the Victor Talking Machine Company, gives his personal experiences in using his firm's national advertising as a sales argument

FOR ten years Mr. Davis has been selling for the Victor Company. Therefore his experiences in using the local value of Victor's national magazine advertising as a sales argument will interest every man on the road who carries a nationally advertised line—and every sales manager who believes that the advertising argument is one of the strongest he can give his men.

Knowing the standing which The American Magazine has among the salesmen of the nation—and its efforts to provide them with useful down-to-the-ground facts with which to back up their advertising arguments—Mr. Davis has given us the following personal statement of his experiences and methods:

"It's mighty hard to get away from the power of national magazine advertising when you travel around the country the way I do—and watch the people reading magazines in hotel lobbies, on street cars and railroad trains.

"If I could take a dealer on a trip with me and show him all this—show him people reading Victor advertising, I'd have one of the strongest sales demonstrations it would be possible to make.

"Of course, I can't do this—so the next best thing is to try and paint a picture of it for the dealer—and then back it up with figures on the extent of our advertising right in his own locality.

"I remember though, one very interesting experience I had a while ago.

"I walked in on a dealer just as he was setting the stage to demonstrate another product by appointment.

"A few minutes before the arrival of the customer I launched into the facts about my firm's advertising and the value of tying up to it. The dealer was only partly interested. He had his appointment in mind.

"And then the customer entered—a woman. She was carrying a magazine. And in it she had marked the Victor advertisement.

"Immediately the scene changed. At her request, the Orthophonic Victrola held the center of the stage and in a few minutes the sale was made.

"After that it didn't take long to convince this dealer of the power of the advertising behind our product and the value of tying up with it. Using this woman as an example, I showed him how she was only one of many hundreds in his city actually looking for a chance to buy our product!

"So I say, watch The American Magazine readers in their homes, on the street cars, in hotel lobbies, on trains. Paint this picture in detail for the dealer. Give him facts and figures. That's my policy—and I continually point out to dealers that advertising such as the Victor Company has carried on in The American Magazine every month for the past fourteen years, finding its way into hundreds of homes in his locality, is the reason why our Company's trade-mark is so well known.

"Furthermore, I can say that The American Magazine's Vest Pocket Sales-Maker will enable you to give information that sells."

The Vest Pocket Sales-Maker will help You sell

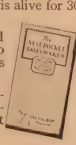
⟦SEND FOR IT⟧

The Vest Pocket Sales-Maker is a booklet prepared by The American Magazine to give salesmen just the facts and figures on the local value of national advertising which, as Mr. Davis points out, are so helpful in selling a dealer.

It translates into local terms these four fundamental facts about The American Magazine—facts which establish The American Magazine as the greatest single force for increasing merchandise consumption in America today:

1. The American Magazine's circulation of 2,200,000 at 25 cents a copy insures strong local coverage in every dealer's town.

2. Every issue of The American Magazine, containing your firm's advertisement, is alive for 30 days in 2,200,000 homes.



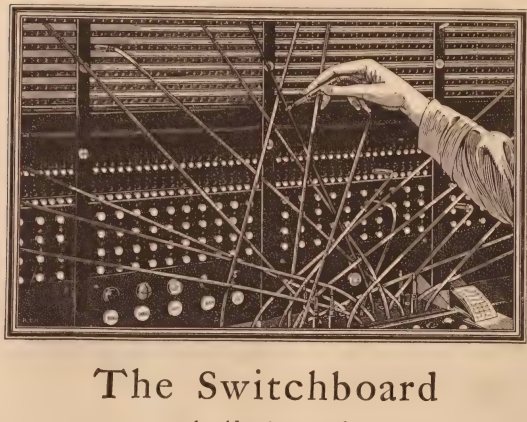
3. The American Magazine is read by *all* members of the family who influence sales—fathers, mothers and young people.

4. Editorially The American Magazine influences these 2,200,000 families to do more, have more, want more—and therefore buy more.

19,005 salesmen, representing 740 companies and 117 lines of trade, are now using the Vest Pocket Sales-Maker. Also more than 11,000 reprints of American Magazine newspaper announcements are being used by these concerns every month

The American Magazine

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK



The Switchboard

An Advertisement of
the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

A WEB of cords plugged into numbered holes. A hand ready to answer signals which flash from tiny lamps. A mind alert for prompt and accurate performance of a vital service. A devotion to duty inspired by a sense of the public's reliance on that service.

Every section of a telephone switchboard typifies the co-ordination of human effort and mechanism which makes possible America's far-reaching telephone service. Its cords link for instant speech those who are separated by a few miles or by a continent. Its guardian operators are of the telephone army—men and women vigilant to meet a nation's need for communications.

In plant and personnel, the Bell System is in effect a vast switchboard serving a nation that has been transformed into a neighborhood through telephone growth and development.

Whatever your Question

—be it the pronunciation of ***Fascista,*** the spelling of a puzzling word, the location of ***Esthonia,*** the meaning of ***soviet, Freudian, vitamin,*** etc., this Supreme Authority

Webster's New International Dictionary

contains an accurate, final answer. 408,000 Words. 2,700 pages. 6,000 Illustrations. Regular and India Paper Editions. Write for prices, sample pages, etc., per American Magazine.

G. & C. Merriam Co.
Springfield, Mass.

Scientific Facts About Diet

A CONDENSED book on diet entitled "Eating for Health and Efficiency" has been published for free distribution by the Health Extension Bureau of Battle Creek, Mich. Contains set of health rules, many of which may be easily followed right at home or while traveling. You will find in this book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

This book is for those who wish to keep physically fit and maintain normal weight. Not intended as a guide for chronic invalids as all such cases require the care of a competent physician. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU
SUITE D-218 GOOD HEALTH BLDG.
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

keenest of critics—they know what they like, what is helpful to them, what rings true. Nothing worse can happen to anything we print than to have it fail to interest, to help, and to appear true. The number who will write to the editor and kick about something they don't like, is very small. The others have a subtler method: they *let it alone,* do not read it. That is the deadliest criticism!

"One thing wanted is variety, never too much on a particular subject. Here is a little story that gives an insight into newspaper making and reader interest. An editor in Buffalo, Minnesota, was eager to increase his circulation.

"Now, each local editor is a sort of readers' representative for the people of his community. He knows, or should know, better than anybody else, what his particular folks like to read. It is through what he decides to buy or leave alone that we, in this organization, can feel the pulse of reader interest. This Buffalo man's subscribers lived about twenty-five per cent in town, and seventy-five per cent on the farm. Thinking about this made him go off half-cocked: he wanted to devote about three fourths of his space to agricultural topics.

"'What about the farmers' wives,' I asked, 'and their sons and daughters? Don't they want to read anything except how to make the back forty acres produce more wheat?'

"He guessed probably they did.

"'What *one* thing, then,' I asked, 'will come nearest to interesting one hundred per cent of your readers every time?'

"'Fiction.'

"We started with fiction. Whatever else he had in his paper, there'd surely be stories. In this way we went through the entire list of possible subjects, sizing up the readers' interest in each one, so far as the people in *his* community were concerned.

"When we finished, he had reached the conclusion that one column was all he could devote to agricultural topics. In addition to fiction, he had chosen education articles, recipes, household and fashion news, jokes, editorials, comic strips, and other features.

"The sequel shows what readers' interest stands for. The editor had about a thousand subscribers when he made his analysis. He added the new features, and announced them in a simple circular—that was all. In one week, following the change, he added four hundred new subscribers.

"WHEN people see something they want to read, they read it. If it doesn't look interesting, or if they fail to see how it will profit them, they simply pass it up. It may be something that somebody feels devoutly they ought to read. No matter! If it lacks reader interest, it stays unread. That's the first, last, and greatest fact about these readers. Without saying a word, they can kill anything printed!

"He'd be a bold man," said Mr. Patterson, with a smile, "who would attempt to define reader interest. I've tried it, but never succeeded. You recognize it by a feeling, rather than by logic. It's there—or it isn't there—and you can hardly say why. It may be there for one group of readers, and not for another: towns that seem as alike as two tacks may not stomach

the same story. And sometimes when you think reader interest simply isn't in a piece or a picture, it turns out that your readers think differently!

"About ten years ago a young fellow named Sughroe came to my office to sell an idea for a one-column cartoon which he called 'Mickie Says.' Mickie was a freckle-faced printer's devil who wise-cracked about any subject under the sun, but always with a grin.

"The country was in the midst of war just then. I was thinking war, and not much else. Therefore, instead of looking for reasons why Sughroe's idea might be good, I looked hard for a way to turn him down nicely.

"'You've got a good idea,' I admitted; 'but this isn't a good time to spring it. People want war stuff. We'd just spoil it for you if we tried to put it out now. Come back later, when peace is declared.'

"But Sughroe was bound and determined we should take his idea right away. Finally, I said:

"'There's only one possible way we could think of using it. That's for you to take part of the gamble: Get your pay as a percentage of the net receipts—if there are any.'

"He literally jumped at the chance.

"Well, Mickie went like wildfire. Inside of two weeks we were sending young Sughroe—he wasn't yet of age—a check for more than five hundred dollars as his share to date. The feature is as popular to-day as ever; more popular, in fact, because almost everybody knows Mickie. That lad can tell subscribers to pay their bills, and he gets a smile—and a check—when a formal statement of account would go into the wastebasket.

"There was another case that didn't turn out so happily. A literary agent brought me a story by a man whose name was unfamiliar to me.

"'I have an offer for this,' the agent said, 'from the American Press Association'—one of our competitors at that time—'but,' he said, 'you have first call if you want it.'

"I was just leaving for Minneapolis, and promised to read the story on the train. I did so, and wired back:

"'Accept the American's offer before they change their minds!'

"I thought the story would be a flop, and wanted it to be their flop. Instead, it proved one of the greatest serial successes ever put over. It was the first 'Tarzan' book, by Edgar Rice Burroughs.

"OUR readers are a rather special audience, in a way, since most of them live in smaller cities or towns, or on farms. They average a high degree of intelligence: witness that when we were running crossword puzzles, the complaints we received were that they were too easy, when the same puzzles brought the opposite complaint from big-city readers! They pack a huge amount of curiosity about all sorts of subjects. But they lack some of the nervous strain found in cities, and their taste is not burned up with the desire to feed incessantly on the sensational.

"They want to see themselves and their interests in what they read. Stories with a bang of adventure, the thrill of action and motion; articles that tell how to do interesting or useful things, describe interesting places and events, interpret

Lysol
Disinfectant
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"I asked *my* mother those very same questions—

she didn't have this little book"

IN THIS enlightened age, the superstitions and misinformation about the vital matter of feminine hygiene are fast disappearing.

The modern mother is able to talk with the utmost frankness to her daughter . . . . giving her accurate information, not hearsay, guess-work, or old wives' tales . . . . saving her from the mistakes which in the last generation so often led to premature old age and needlessly unhappy marriage.

But be sure you get the *facts* about feminine hygiene. "Lysol" Disinfectant is the safe, certain antiseptic for this vital use. It has been the unquestioned standard with doctors, hospitals and fastidious women for over 30 years.

Fads in personal antiseptics come and go. But the number of women who use "Lysol" Disinfectant is increasing *at a greater rate today than ever before!*

Don't experiment. Make no mistake. Only a poison can kill germs.

But, in the meantime, be safe, be sure. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant today. Complete directions with every bottle.

Made by Lysol, Incorporated, *a division of* Lehn & Fink Products Company. *Sole Distributors* Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. In Canada, Lysol (Canada) Limited. Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.

LEHN & FINK, Inc., *Sole Distributors*
Department 85 Bloomfield, New Jersey
Please send me, free, your booklet,
"The Scientific Side of Health and Youth."

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

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— *for broader markets*

Investors from every walk of life in every part of the country buy bonds from The National City Company. These investors provide a broad resale market when any one of them wishes to dispose of any part of his holdings.

Offices in fifty investment centers—a nation-wide clientele whose buying power is tremendous — these help to explain why bonds sponsored by this Company usually give such a good account of themselves marketwise. Our office in your section puts you in touch with this broad market.

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

OFFICES IN 50 AMERICAN CITIES · INTERCONNECTED BY 11,000 MILES OF PRIVATE WIRES · INTERNATIONAL BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS

District Salesman Wanted

— sell **Pure Wool** $23.50 UNION MADE **SUITS and OVERCOATS**

Experienced men easily earn **$100** a week and bonus. Our Union Made pure wool suits and overcoats at **$23.50** are America's greatest values—sold only by our own stores and representatives. It pays to connect with this big, reliable factory. You get speedy service, exclusive patterns, **responsible Guarantee** and backing. Expensive selling outfit Free; protected territory. For application and sample write **K. N. HARVEY, Box 00, Chicago, Ill.**

Become an Artist

Make Money While Learning

at home in spare time. You can quickly learn to draw pictures, that sell, through remarkably simple Home Study Method. Good artists earn $50 to over $250 a week. Earn while learning.

Write for Free Book and Offer to New Students

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Room 3510-E
1115-15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Gertrude Atherton ***says:***

"The subject is about as fully covered as is within mortal achievement."

PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP
Dept. 122-XA
Palmer Building, Hollywood, Cal.

Learn to write short stories

HIGH SCHOOL EDUCATION at Home Only $15.85

Increase Your Brain Power

Acquire the essentials of a complete four year high school education this new, easy way. Every subject covered by fascinating question and answer method—used in thousands of high schools. Certificate awarded. Write for FREE FOLDER.

High School Home Study Bureau,
(Dep't 2310) 31 Union Square, New York City.

the common life they know and understand, whether in a humorous or serious vein; these, broadly, are the kinds of things they demand. They want simple statements of facts, and the chance to form their own conclusions.

"Fiction is in very great demand, whether in the form of short stories, novelettes, or serials. It's a little surprising how much fiction the American farmer and his family will read. There are certain well-defined tastes in this demand, too. Some things go big, others fall flat. The story that depends chiefly on salacious incidents, or sex interest, doesn't go at all. The mushy love story wins little or no interest. The 'misery' story, showing unhappy people with sufferings long drawn out, and ending gloomily, isn't wanted; nor, except in rare cases, is the story with a foreign setting.

"The stories that go best usually have plenty of swinging action, much of it out of doors, in interesting American settings. They represent clean-living, clean-thinking, successful people, worth emulating. The love interest is manly and womanly, and never too obtrusive. Familiar kinds of people are seen doing adventurous and romantic things—such things as the readers like to imagine themselves doing.

"OUR readers do not care much for caricature and sarcastic humor, particularly if it is edged and aimed at themselves. This explains why one of the biggest-selling novels of recent years, 'Main Street,' would not go at all in the syndicate. It caricatured small-town people.

"There is one woman novelist reckoned by some critics one of the leading writers of the day whose books we can't serialize successfully, in spite of the fact that she writes quite a bit about farm life. The trouble is, she writes *down* to the farmer, and when she gets down the farmer isn't there!

"Western fiction is in greater demand than any other single class. Stories of this sort that make the greatest appeal deal with characters and situations strictly American. Probably one reason for the demand lies in the fact that a large part of the romance in the building of the United States lies in the country's expansion westward. Furthermore, stories dealing with frontiers usually describe outdoor adventures, and these appeal to men and women who are a good deal out of doors themselves, or like the outdoors.

"Probably the most popular novel we ever distributed was Randall Parrish's 'Bob Hampton of Placer,' issued some years ago, in which the action culminated in Custer's last fight. Curwood, writing about the Far North or the Northwest, and Zane Grey writing about the West, are typical authors whose stories usually are popular. The best-selling story we have serialized recently was a Western yarn by Frank Spearman, called 'Selwood of Sleepy Cat.'

"Historial novels of American life have a wide appeal too, other things being equal. There was a big recent demand, for example, for 'Porto Bello Gold' and 'The Doom Trail,' which dealt with the romantic adventures of early New York people.

"Then there is a huge liking for a type of story written by favored authors about

present-day life in America. For instance, we never had a failure with one of Booth Tarkington's books. Mary Roberts Rinehart's go equally well—even her mystery stories, although mystery stories as a general thing are not so much in demand among our readers as they seem to be in the cities.

"Our people like home folks and home-place names in their fiction. We do find, however, that we can sell E. Phillips Oppenheim's books, even with British or European settings; while Conan Doyle was always popular. Such writers seem to have qualities universally appealing, which outweigh unfamiliar settings.

"Curiously enough, *articles* about foreign countries, as contrasted with stories, are in great demand. Our readers are travelers. In fact, I doubt if many people realize how great a traveler the American farmer, as a class, is. He can usually arrange to have his winters off; and in winter you'll find him in numbers on vessels bound for Europe, for South America, for the Mediterranean and the Nile, or around the world. You'll find him at play and taking his ease in southern California. At St. Petersburg, in Florida, there is a large field devoted to nothing under the sun but pitching horseshoes; and most of the players are farmers from the Northwest. They are great automobile travelers too. This interest in travel is nearly universal, and we rarely have too many first-rate travel articles.

"FOR straight news we summarize and generalize the most significant news happenings—state, national, or international—in the various fields of interest. Controversial subjects must be handled as if we didn't have a single opinion of our own. Even so, any mention of some subjects is enough to arouse occasional animosity. A news item about the expulsion of nuns from Mexico brought two complaints from editors; one said the item was pro-Catholic, another said it was anti-Catholic.

"Once we published an article discussing the basis of Abraham Lincoln's greatness. A Democratic editor became very angry because we let it get into his ready-print section. His reason was that Andrew Jackson's name was not mentioned; and he was sure we had omitted it deliberately, in order to glorify the Republican Party!

"Such cases show how hard it is to appear unbiased to prejudiced readers. We take sides only in signed editorials by specialists or well-known people; and even then an editor sometimes gets blamed.

"A man's religion is one of the things he is touchiest about. We go far to avoid saying anything that could be construed by readers as reflecting on any religious belief. This is specially true in jokes.

"Prohibition, too, is another subject we do not joke about. Nine tenths of present-day humor, so called, seems to be built around bootleggers and illicit liquor.

"For that reason alone, such jokes are tolerably stale. Moreover, any joke on the subject offends a good many people, for the simple reason that they do not feel that good citizenship is promoted by ridiculing the law of the land.

"I'll admit that prejudices and preferences are hard to down; I have them, and know. A number of years ago we were publishing sermons by the famous minister,

1000 Hotel Positions Open!

Hotels, Restaurants, Clubs, Apartments, Institutions, Schools, Colleges, Hospitals, etc., Everywhere, Need Trained Men and Women. Over 70,000 High-class Positions Paying $2,500 to $10,000 a Year Are Open Each Year in the Hotels of the United States. Nearly One and Three-quarter Billions of Dollars' Worth of New Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants and Institutions Built This Year Will Need Over 200,000 Trained Men and Women.

I Guarantee to Teach You

In my home-study course on hotel work what the leading experts know about the business—men earning from $5,000 to $50,000 a year—and at any time there are over 1,000 hotel positions open in this industry.

I Put My Students in Touch with Positions

All over the United States they are eagerly sought by the biggest and best hotels. Hotels start you at salaries up to $3,500 a year with your living usually included. If you want a steady, permanent position, with quick advancement, big pay and fine living, which also usually includes free meals and apartment—you can find it in hotel work.

No Previous Experience Needed

You need no previous experience when you take the Lewis Course. We train you by mail in your spare time at home with the Lewis Simplified Study Plan, and put you in touch with big opportunities. All of your training will be under the personal supervision of Clifford Lewis, former U. S. Govt. Hotel and Restaurant Expert, now Managing Consultant for over 225 hotels throughout the United States.

FREE Mail Coupon Now!

Opportunity Coupon
1000 Hotel Positions Open!

Lewis Hotel Training Schools,
Room AL-1418, Washington, D. C.

Kindly send me, without obligation, a copy of the FREE BOOK, *"Your Big Opportunity"*, with details of the Free Registration in your National Employment Bureau.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

PROOF!

Our files are crammed with letters like these, which prove that the hotel industry is the field of big opportunity today.

Franklin Moore:—"My presentposition as Manager of Penn Harris Hotel at the age of 30 is due to the Lewis Course."

Catherine H. Alexander:—"I accepted the position of Stewardess in the Logan House. I am sure the help the Lewis Schools gave me shall enable me to give entire satisfaction."

D. A. Robinson:—"I was appointed Manager of St. Clair Country Club at double the salary I earned before taking the Lewis Course."

Mrs. J. S. Wickett:—"I never had any hotel experience and this position as Assistant Manager of an Apartment House is my first."

FREE BOOK Gives Full Details

There are opportunities for you in this big paying hotel industry. Many students have obtained hotel positions paying as high as $2,500 a year, even before they had finished the course. My Free book *"Your Big Opportunity"*, shows you how you can do as well.

The coupon above will bring you by return mail this vitally interesting, illustrated book, which shows how YOU can become a high-salaried hotel executive; also tells how our students are winning success with Lewis Training, and explains how you obtain Free Registration in our National Employment Bureau, and our Money-Back Agreement.

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Clifford Lewis, President
Room AL-1418 Washington, D. C.
Charter Member National Home Study Council.

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Here's a wonderful way to get it

OUR beautifully illustrated book tells how. It tells all about our new methods of art decoration, art treatment and how anybody can learn without previous training or experience. It contains page after page of handsome color illustrations of what you can make and sell.

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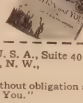

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DeWitt Talmadge. When Doctor Talmadge died, I was scouting for somebody to take his place, and a friend suggested a minister who has since made an impressive name of a certain kind for himself. My friend arranged for us to meet at the Press Club.

"The minister reached the club ahead of me. Upon my arrival, he was seated at table with a group of eight or ten men. Before him stood a stein of beer, which he sampled frequently, and he smoked one cigarette after another; but, worse, I noticed that he was rather the leading spirit in telling stories distinctly off-color. The group finally broke up, and the minister and I were introduced.

"'Ah, Mr. Patterson,' said he, 'I believe we have a little matter of business to discuss.'

"'Not that I am aware of,' I replied.

"'But our friend here said—I understood you wanted to suggest my writing for you—'

"'No,' I replied, 'I gave up that idea.'

"He wanted an explanation; I gave it to him—straight.

"'I'm not a prude,' I said. 'I like beer. I smoke. I enjoy a good story as well as the next man. But my father was a minister of the gospel. I learned a decent respect for the cloth by early training, and absorbed the idea that there are certain things which no minister can do and retain his self-respect. I, for one, will buy no sermons from a man who drinks, smokes, and tells smutty stories in private, and publicly advises his readers *not* to do those things.'

ADVANCE pieces, of course, are written by all papers, to cover important events which are scheduled and almost certain to go off as planned. Once we prepared such a piece about President Taft's inauguration as it was *expected* to happen. The piece would have been highly accurate, but—on that day Washington had the worst snowstorm in history! Consequently, all precedents were upset. There was no inaugural parade. Taft did not speak from the Capitol rostrum, but took the oath of office and delivered his address in the Supreme Court chambers. Our piece, nevertheless, appeared in something like a thousand papers before we could stop it. Curiously, we never received a single complaint from any reader or editor.

"Sometimes," Mr. Patterson went on, "people say to me, 'What a wonderful medium you have for propaganda!'

"Offhand, it may appear so. Reaching millions of people as we do, it certainly seems as if it would be possible with our facilities to scatter the seeds of any opinion or belief, and make them grow. But this organization, great as it is, could be ruined in a few weeks if we took sides in the effort to foster private projects, or attempted to do anything else than tell the straight, honest news in as straight and honest a way as possible.

"While from our service standpoint we cannot have any part in propaganda, country newspapers, as a class, can. When they unite on any proper cause the editors of these papers have it within their power to sway twenty-five million people, and that is a tremendous thing.

"During the late war, the governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago called my attention to statistics of the first Liberty Loan. In the city, as a whole, the average subscription per capita was approximately sixty-seven dollars; in the country, only about eleven dollars.

"'I'm not sure it's worth while fighting this war,' he said, 'if it's to be paid for by city folks.'

"'Maybe,' I said, 'something can be done.'

"I figured out a plan, and took it to Washington. I managed to get the Treasury Department officials to give it their cooperation. I wanted them to prepare, or authorize us to prepare, advertising copy about the government loans. I was willing to undertake the job of getting these placed in thousands of papers, at no cost to the Government. When the plan finally was sanctioned, we had the beginnings of underwritten Liberty Loan advertising.

"The plan was presented to editors through our house organ. The copy was free; it was up to the editor to get the space paid for by patriotic organizations or individuals.

"In a sense, this was pure propaganda. But the cause was legitimate. In the next Liberty Loan campaign, per capita subscriptions in country districts rose to twenty-three dollars, and remained there, or above, through all later campaigns.

"TIMELINESS, as a rule, is a prime factor in reader interest. But some items seem to be timely at any time. A big Chicago paper failed financially. The receivers decided to continue operating, hoping to maintain circulation until a buyer could be found. But they insisted that practically no money be spent.

"The editor came to me.

"'Pat,' he said, 'most of my staff are fired, but I've got to get out a paper. What have you got that I can use?'

"Now, we print what I call 'snake stories.' They have some special thrill of human interest: describe a bandit queen; the drug addict who was sentenced to go to church or to jail; the woman whose hair was forcibly bobbed by jealous neighbors; the man who lost his own life saving his dog's—stories like that. Well, this editor dug into the files for 'snake stories.' He picked out dozens. Some of them were five years old. He sprinkled them through his paper; in fact, the first page for weeks was almost entirely made up of them.

"Did this nearly-dead sheet give up the ghost at the dose? Not a bit of it! In fact, it began to live again, actually picking up circulation.

"This work, this job,"—a smile lingered in Mr. Patterson's eyes—"it gets a grip on you. There's a fascination in it. Once the owner of a Southern newspaper asked me to become his editor. He told me to write my own contract, dictate my own terms, formulate my own policies, and name my own salary. I thanked him for the offer, and thought it over seriously; but refused. Later, he asked me why.

"'I'll tell you,' I said. 'I would make more money with you, to be sure. In some ways, the position would be more desirable. But on your paper I'd be talking to one hundred thousand people; here I'm talking to twenty-five million. That opportunity means something. That's why I refused.'"

+ + + + +

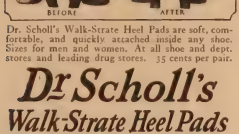
Stop Run-over Heels

Keep shoes smart

IT IS the way you *walk* that makes your heels wear crooked, or shoes "run-over"—not the fault of the shoes. It mars your grace and spoils the otherwise good impression your appearance makes.

Crooked heels throw you out of balance, causing the whole weight of your body to bear on the *outside* of the foot, and the ankles to wobble. This is a severe strain on the ligaments, and thickens the ankles.

To correct this fault, wear Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strate Heel Pads. They make you walk straight by equalizing the body's weight, remove all strain, and make walking a pleasure. You save more than their cost in heel repairs alone, and preserve the shape of your shoes.



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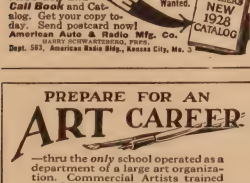
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Quick on the Draw!

(*Continued from page 54*)

my pistol in my right hand, caught him by the collar with my left, and told him he was under arrest. The poor woman whose shopping was rudely interrupted gave me one horrified look, and fainted. The other two customers ran to the street, screaming.

"In broken English, Baca asked where I wanted to take him. I answered 'El Paso,' and led him out of the store. I told him to climb up behind Lloyd. He climbed up. Then I jumped on old Dusty, and we were off.

"As we whirled out of the main street of the little town, spurring our horses to a run, the church bell began to ring rapidly. I could see men running out of the adobe houses, stop in the street, and look in bewilderment at this strange sight of two 'gringoes' on horseback, one with a man behind, racing out of town at breakneck speed. We urged our horses on. Now that the alarm was given, we knew that it would be only a matter of moments before we would be pursued. Also, we wanted to make as much time as possible before we struck the deep sand.

"We reached the sand soon enough, and Lloyd's horse, with its double burden, began to tire. 'My horse is playing out,' said Lloyd.

"'All right, we'll make a change right here,' I answered. We stopped short, Lloyd dismounted with Baca and made him get up behind me. Then Lloyd jumped back on his horse, and we were off.

"We could hear the oncoming posse now, and far down the road could see a cloud of dust. In another minute I distinctly heard the yells of our pursuers and, looking behind, I saw them coming around a bend in the road. I counted nine men.

"When they were within four hundred yards of us, the Mexicans began to shoot, and they kept it up all the way to the river. Their bullets were shelling down pretty thick all the way.

"When we reached the Rio Grande, our pursuers were two hundred yards behind. We took the ford at a sharp trot. The river here is almost a hundred yards wide and only knee deep, so the crossing was not difficult. But it *was* a relief, when our sweating, panting, footsore horses scrambled out of the water onto good old Texas soil. The Mexicans were now lined up on the opposite shore, yelling and taunting us in Spanish. I took off my hat and waved to them. '*Adios!*'"

THE capture had gone through without a hitch, exactly as planned. But Captain Baylor was furious when he learned that Gillett had kidnapped the prisoner from Mexico. He said that such an action was imprudent, and that it would be likely to disturb relations between the United States and Mexico. Finally, he announced, "I have a great mind to take this prisoner across the border and turn him loose."

"If you do that, Captain, I won't range another day," answered Gillett. "This man is a murderer, and he belongs over here, not in Mexico. I've caught him at great risk, and his capture means a lot to me. It may lead to something better than my Ranger sergeantcy."

even IF
you have escaped
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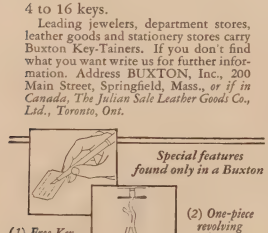

BUXTON
Key-Tainer

Eventually, Captain Baylor agreed that Gillett might proceed to New Mexico with his prisoner.

"We left on the northbound stage at eleven A. M.," continued Captain Gillett, "and when we reached El Paso I telegraphed the sheriff of Socorro that I was on my way with Enofre Baca. By sundown we had reached the town of Masilla, in New Mexico. As the stage did not travel after dark, I had the prospect of spending the night in Masilla.

"I was afraid to lodge my prisoner in the local jail. The hotel clerk looked trustworthy, so I took him into my confidence and asked him to give me a room on the ground floor. 'I've got the fellow who killed Conklin,' I told him; 'and I don't want to risk losing him. So I'm going to sleep with him. I'll give you my keys and my guns.'

"The clerk fell in with the plan at once. He said he would be on the job all night and that he would come to my rescue at the first noise.

"So we slept, the murderer and I, in the same bed, with my left foot chained to his right one. There was no disturbance, and I slept fine till daybreak.

"Next day we left Masilla at eight o'clock and rode in the stage until about two in the afternoon, when we reached the railroad. In another hour we were aboard a train bound for Socorro; but we had not traveled far before I received a telegram from the governor of New Mexico saying, 'On no account stop at Socorro, but bring prisoner on to Santa Fé.'

"The train was slow, and it made many stops. Finally, at one place, a dozen armed men came swarming into my coach. They announced that they were from Socorro, and that the deputy sheriff, Colonel Eaton, had sent them to help me escort the Mexican. I told them I could manage him; but they answered, 'Well, we're here to help you,' and they sat down and rode with us the rest of the way.

"IT WAS past midnight when we reached Socorro. Fifteen or twenty more men boarded the coach, led by Colonel Eaton. The deputy sheriff said, 'Well, Sergeant, I'm mighty glad to see you've got this murderer. We'd better get him off. The train'll be starting in a minute.'

"I showed him the governor's telegram. 'Naw, sir!' he answered, decisively. 'This man belongs right here where he committed his devilment.'

"Three men in the crowd grabbed Baca, and I was on my feet in an instant, protesting. The crowd pressed so close that I couldn't draw my six-shooter. 'Come on, Sergeant,' said Colonel Eaton, and with that the crowd simply rushed everything before them, down the aisle, and off the car.

"I held on to Baca, and when we hit the ground, there, right in front of us, was a bus waiting by the railroad, the end door open. I pushed Baca inside, put the jailer in next to him, and then I got in and closed the door. We started up the steep hill for the jail.

"The full moon made everything outside as bright as day. Through the window, I could see men coming from all directions, running toward our bus, which was laboriously creaking up the hill. All at once some men ran forward and grabbed our horses.

"I cocked my rifle. 'Those fellows are going to try to take this Mexican,' I said to the jailer. 'You're an officer—can I depend on you?' The jailer muttered, 'Naw, we can't fight that mob.'

"By now, other men were at the door, trying to force it. I jumped up, and as the door burst open, I stuck the business end of my Winchester through the opening and yelled for the mob to stand back.

"'I'll shoot the first one that touches this prisoner,' I said.

"A second later, one of the mob reached around from the side of the bus, grabbed the barrel of my rifle, and with a jerk sent it spinning. Another man made a grab for me as I was reaching for my six-shooter. I braced myself against the frame of the bus, but a hand in my collar and a swift jerk sent me spinning to the ground.

"Before I could clamber to my feet, another member of the mob kicked me. 'What the devil do you mean, young feller?' said the man, helping me rise. 'We're not here to hurt you, but we're going to hang that murderer, and do it right now!'

"'BUT, gentlemen,' I protested, 'listen to me! I'm the man that captured this prisoner, and I've got some rights. I demand that you hear me.'

"Then I told them the circumstances of the capture, pointed out that I had risked my life, urged that it was a matter of conscience with me to deliver him to jail, suggested that I might be unable to collect my reward if I merely surrendered my man to a mob, and I called on them to disperse and let me proceed with my prisoner in accordance with the law.

"There was a brief consultation among the leaders, and then they announced that I was right. They handed me my rifle, and I climbed back into the bus, and we rode on to the jail without further incident. At the jail I escorted my prisoner inside and turned him over to the deputy sheriff, who immediately gave me a receipt for Enofre Baca delivered alive within the jail.

"Day was breaking as I came out of the iron-barred door, expecting to go to the hotel and get a little rest. But there in front was the waiting mob, bigger than ever. I stopped on the steps, and began to speak to them. I was immediately interrupted with hoots and yells. Several loud voices from the mob invited me to come on down to the community room if I had anything to say. I agreed, and we started off. But we had hardly traversed the block before the whole mob turned back and ran toward the jail. I ran after them, but two men put their hands on my arm and said, 'It's no use, old man; nobody can stop them.'

"In a few moments, I saw the mob moving from the jail to a nearby corral. The gate to the corral had posts ten feet high which were joined at the top by a cross beam. I saw the end of a rope thrown over this cross-beam. Then I saw half a dozen men grab hold of the rope and run rapidly to one side. The other end was tied around the neck of Baca—and there he was, swinging from the cross-beam!

"That is the only contact I ever had with a lynching. No man ever deserved punishment more than this young outlaw, for his crime was brutal and unprovoked—but I detest lynching.

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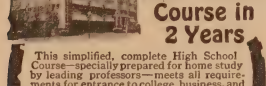

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"A few weeks after my return to the Ranger camp, the Socorro citizens committee sent word that a member of the Baca family had hired a gunman to assassinate me, and they cautioned me to be on guard. It was also common talk on our side of the Rio Grande that a reward of fifteen hundred dollars had been offered for the delivery of my body to the Mexican authorities at El Paso del Norte.

"Nothing ever happened to confirm these rumors. But the Mexican Government did make a complaint to the United States Government, and the Secretary of State in Washington called upon the Texas authorities for a full report of the incident. Captain Baylor wrote the report. All that ever came of it was an order from the governor that Rangers were never again to follow fugitives into Mexico.

"However, not all the outlaws on the Rio Grande border were Mexicans. We had plenty of our own breed. Maybe I can best give you an idea of those times and conditions," continued Captain Gillett, "by recalling a page of local history which I saw and took part in making.

"Early in 1881 the town of El Paso began to boom. Three railroads were building toward her, ranches were developing, and her strategic position on the Mexican border at the meeting point of three states marked her as a future metropolis. Adventurers flocked in, some of them on legitimate business, others to pick up easy money in easy ways. Within a few months, the number of saloons and gambling halls multiplied many times.

"George Campbell, the city marshal, soon perceived that he had a job on his hands, and he applied to the city council for a raise in pay. His request was refused, and Campbell resigned, leaving his deputy, Bill Johnson, to hold the bag.

"It was said that Campbell did not expect Johnson to be able to manage the job. His idea was that in a few weeks the council would come to him and offer him the office back on his own terms. But the council did not reopen negotiations with Campbell. When he saw that he was not going to be urged to resume his office he organized a group of his more boisterous friends, and at their head rode through the streets at two A. M., shooting up the town. It was a wild night; several hundred shots were fired, and the peace-loving element among the citizens was much alarmed.

"Our Ranger camp was at Ysleta, twelve miles south of El Paso, and early next morning a courier came with an urgent call from the mayor. The mayor wanted us to police the town until he could get a new marshal. Captain Baylor ordered five men to go to El Paso and take charge.

"THE Rangers had been in control about a week when a stranger arrived from New Mexico. His name was Dallas Stoudenmire. I have never seen a more impressive figure. He was six feet two inches tall, weighed a hundred and eighty-five pounds, and was a striking blond, with a long light mustache. He was always neatly dressed, and invariably wore a black long-tailed coat. He looked like a judge or a professional man.

"This stranger applied to the city

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council for the job of city marshal, and was hired. He promptly called upon Bill Johnson, the deputy, for the jail keys. Johnson refused to hand them over. Stoudenmire seized Johnson by the collar, gave him a violent shaking, and took the keys from his pocket.

"A few days later, a ranchman named Johnnie Hale killed a man on El Paso Street in the presence of a small crowd which had gathered to listen to their dispute. Marshal Stoudenmire was on the scene before the smoke cleared away. He pulled his six-shooter, and at the first shot killed a Mexican, took another shot and killed Hale, and then turned quickly and put his third bullet through the head of George Campbell, the ex-marshal, who had a pistol in his hand when he fell.

"Three killings with three shots was a record, even for El Paso, and Dallas Stoudenmire leaped into the limelight, the most-talked-of man on the border.

"But his skillful shooting made him enemies. Especially did he incur the hatred of the Manning brothers, who were friends of Campbell and Hale. The brothers, Jim and Frank, were the proprietors of several places of business, and the Coliseum Theatre. There was also another brother, a physician, Dr. G. F. Manning.

"Men who wanted to get rid of Stoudenmire now rigged up a plot to kill him, and as their instrument they used Bill Johnson, the deputy whom Stoudenmire had shaken up and dispossessed of the jail keys. One night, as Stoudenmire came down the street, Bill Johnson rose from behind a pile of brick and fired both barrels of his shotgun at the marshal. Stoudenmire pulled his six-shooter and fairly riddled Johnson's body with lead. Other plotters were hidden across the street, and they now opened fire on the marshal. He turned on them, and though they wounded him slightly in the foot, he put the entire gang to flight.

"BY THIS time, I had left the Ranger service and had taken a job with the Santa Fé Railroad Company, as chief guard in their campaign against train-robber gangs. One day Stoudenmire asked me to be his deputy marshal. I told him that the Santa Fé was paying me one hundred and fifty dollars a month. 'Well, I can pay you that, Jim,' he answered, 'and in addition you'll get your fees for making arrests.' He urged me to come with him, and soon I resigned my railroad position and became Stoudenmire's assistant.

"Things went along fairly smoothly for several weeks. Then one day Stoudenmire announced to me that he was going away to get married, and would leave me in charge of the town. Two days after he left, I was suddenly stricken with a violent fever and had to go to bed.

"Stoudenmire had a brother-in-law in El Paso. As soon as he heard that I was sick in bed, this brother-in-law stuck two large pistols in the front pockets of his pants, took several drinks of liquor, and loudly announced that he was going over to the Coliseum Theatre and 'clean up the Mannings.' Word of this must have traveled ahead of him, for after he entered the Manning theatre he lasted less than a minute.

"When Stoudenmire returned from his honeymoon and learned that his brother-in-law had been shot down, he was in a

rage. The bartender at the theatre did the killing, but Jim Manning assumed responsibility for it, and Stoudenmire vowed vengeance. 'If the Mannings are looking for trouble, they can have it,' he said. Conditions became so tense that a pitched battle was daily expected. Finally, some of the leading citizens of El Paso appointed a committee to wait on the Mannings and on Stoudenmire, and implore them to patch up their grievance. As a result of this plea, the four men eventually signed a written statement in which they agreed, 'that we will meet and pass each other on peaceable terms, and that bygones shall be bygones.'

"AFTER this, there was a semblance of peace; but it was plain that each side mistrusted the other. Stoudenmire was still a power in the city. His very presence on the street insured order, for the outlaw element feared his uncanny skill with a pistol. But this veiled enmity with the Mannings, this armed peace, wore upon his nerves. He became quarrelsome and overbearing.

"Finally, the city council asked him to resign. I was with him in the council chamber when he unpinned his badge, and handed it to the councilmen with a biting, scathing speech. 'You have failed to stand by me,' he said, after a torrent of accusations.

"I was appointed marshal immediately, and one of the first to wish me well was Stoudenmire. 'Young man, I congratulate you,' he said; 'and at the same time warn you that you've got more than a man-size job on your hands.'

"What he said was literally true—it *was* more than a man-size job. I was twenty-five years old when I took that office. And as I recall my three years as El Paso's marshal, I can look back through a kaleidoscope of Winchesters and six-shooters. Every day there was trouble. In ten months, I arrested ten hundred and sixty-four men for murder and other crimes, and I haven't count of the thousands I pacified and sent home.

"Stoudenmire was not long out of a job. Within a few days he was appointed United States deputy marshal for the western district of Texas. His headquarters remained in El Paso. He always treated me with the greatest friendliness, and on only one occasion gave trouble. That was one night when he and one of his chums were drinking and quarreled. I got wind of the row and started for them with a sawed-off shotgun, arriving just as they were going into action with pistols. They each paid a fine next morning, and that ended the affair.

"Several months passed. Stoudenmire went to New Mexico on a business trip. Returning, he reached El Paso after midnight. As he passed down the street from the depot, he stopped at one of the Manning places. What he said there was never known, but when I went on the street early next morning the first person I met was Stoudenmire. I could see that he had been on a spree, and I advised him to go home.

"When Jim and Frank Manning came to their place of business next morning, they were told that Dallas Stoudenmire had been there looking for them. They were mad in a minute. Jim Manning picked up his gun and hurried down to

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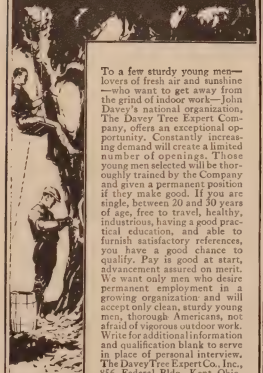

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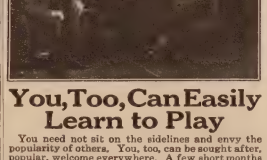

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Neal Nuland's Acme saloon, saying Stoudenmire had broken his solemn agreement, and that he meant to shoot it out with him.

"At this time, Stoudenmire was sound asleep at his home; but along in the middle of the afternoon, he appeared at the Acme. Neal Nuland was an old friend, and Stoudenmire often dropped in there to see him. Neal immediately began to upbraid his friend for hunting the Mannings. Stoudenmire said that he had not hunted them. He claimed that he had merely stopped in as a customer.

"He seemed much concerned over the accusation that he had broken his agreement. 'I'll go right over there now and explain this to the Manning boys,' he said, 'because I don't want them to think I went back on my signed promise.' He asked one of his friends to accompany him, and the two went to the Manning place.

"As they entered, Jim Manning was at the bar, and Dr. G. F. Manning was playing billards. The other brother was not in sight. 'Somebody has been telling lies on me, Jim,' began Stoudenmire, 'and I've come to explain to you boys. Where's Frank?'

"Jim answered that Frank was next door, and volunteered to call him. 'Yes, I wish you would, Jim,' said Stoudenmire.

"Jim had hardly disappeared when Doctor Manning threw down his billiard cue with a loud whack, walked up to Stoudenmire, and said, 'Dallas, you have not stuck to your agreement.'

"The tall Stoudenmire looked down upon the short Doctor Manning for a moment, and answered, 'Whoever says that tells a damn lie.'

"IF THERE is another word that has caused more bloodshed and death on the border than that little word 'lie,' I don't know it. To call a man a liar was the most effective way of challenging him to a shooting affray.

"Doctor Manning jerked out his six-shooter and Stoudenmire pulled his. The friend who had accompanied Stoudenmire yelled for the two men to stop. But they were not to be stopped. Manning fired first. His .44 caliber bullet hit Stoudenmire in the breast but it was caught by a thick wallet of papers in his pocket. Manning fired again, and slightly wounded Stoudenmire in the left arm and breast.

"By now Stoudenmire had his .45 six-shooter in action, and his shot hit Doctor Manning in the right arm. The shock caused Manning to drop his gun. Before Stoudenmire could fire again, Doctor Manning leaped upon him and grabbed him around the body, imprisoning his arms.

"A terrible struggle ensued. Stoudenmire was trying to shake off the clench that rendered his pistol useless; Manning was trying with all his might to hold on. As they struggled, they waltzed around the floor and out through the door onto the sidewalk.

"I was standing in the entrance of a store talking with one of Captain Baylor's Rangers when I heard the first crack of a pistol. I guessed that the long-expected fight was on. The Ranger and I raced down the street. We heard the other two shots as we ran, and we bowled into dozens of people who were running away from the shooting.

"When we were within twenty-five yards of the struggling men, Jim Manning came hurriedly out of the door of the gambling room. His pistol was leveled as he came. Without a second's pause, he fired at Stoudenmire's head. The bullet missed, struck a barber pole, and smashed one side of it to splinters. Doctor Manning still had the struggling Stoudenmire in his clinch, so Jim Manning had to be careful lest he hit his brother. Quicker than it takes to tell it, he leveled his gun for a second shot. When he fired, Stoudenmire just crumpled."

"Doctor Manning lay on the ground, bloody from head to foot. I told Jim Manning he was under arrest. 'All right, Marshal,' he said; 'but please help me to get my brother inside. I'm afraid he's dead.' We examined Doctor Manning, and found that he had fainted from the excitement and from loss of blood. (He recovered and lived to a ripe old age.) Just then a deputy sheriff came up, and I turned my prisoner over to his custody.

"I went back to Stoudenmire's body. He lay within fifty feet of the spot where he had killed Campbell, Hale, and the Mexican in that first shooting scrape which had brought him fame for his brilliant gunmanship. I picked up his bloody pistol in the street, and in his hip pocket I found its twin—he always carried two.

"Stoudenmire is the nearest I ever saw to a two-gun man, for I have seen him draw two pistols at once, though he fired them singly. However, in his critical fights he pulled and used only one six-shooter.

"Jim Manning was indicted for murder, tried and acquitted. And that ended one page in the history of the Texas border."

GILLETT remained city marshal of El Paso until 1885, when he resigned to go into the cattle business. He had already invested twelve hundred and twenty-five dollars' savings in cattle, and had a herd of one hundred head. He now went into partnership with one of his ex-Ranger friends, and together they developed a small ranch. Eventually, Gillett bought out his partner, enlarged his herd under his own name, and in 1907 bought his present property near Marfa—the Barrel Springs Ranch.

To meet Captain Gillett to-day on this modern ranch, where white-faced Herefords graze over a range of thirty thousand acres, you would scarcely imagine him as the Indian fighter of the border and the intrepid peace officer of Ranger days and of El Paso's booming 80's. But friends who knew him then tell me that he hasn't changed much; he was always soft-spoken, they say; his brown eyes were always friendly and confiding, his manner always hospitable.

DOES a politician have an easy row to hoe? Read Brand Whitlock's article next month on "What a Man in Politics is Up Against." For four terms Brand Whitlock served as mayor of Toledo; and his work during the war, while he was minister to Belgium, won him the admiration of the world. Whitlock knows politics, he knows politicians, and he writes with the skill and artistry of a man who is sure of his subject.

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H. L. Wood, a clerk, made more than $700 "on the side" before he had completed this course and also won $125 in prizes. Harry Lord writes that he has more than doubled his salary as a result of studying in spare time. William Whitman, a former wagon builder, now has a sign painting business of his own and is earning *three times* as much as he did before enrolling with the International School of Art.

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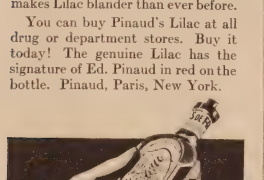

PINAUD'S LILAC

[*Lilas de France*]

"To Grow an' Grow Forever 'n' Ever!"

(*Continued from page 25*)

my grocery bills rarely exceeded eight dollars a month."

For four years he preached there, and in those years the number of his churches grew to seventeen. In addition, he offered his services for three mornings a week to the Clay County High School at Ashland, and was made professor of English without pay.

It was a life as crowded with useful activities and good deeds as ever his mother had pictured it to the rapt little boy beside her, and in it he found complete happiness. Then, with the suddenness of a bolt from the blue, his ministerial work was brought to an end by the development of throat trouble, which proved so serious that he was compelled to give up the ministry.

"But though I could no longer preach, I could still work for the things in which I believed," he said.

"During the term of my pastorate, I had necessarily learned to know every man, woman, and child living among the hills of Clay County. I loved these people greatly, and had looked forward to spending my life among them; but I was especially drawn to the children and young people. Of these I found that an appalling number had no education whatever; others had attended only a few sessions of the short-term elementary schools.

"To these children, education seemed a doorway beyond which lay all opportunity. It represented to them their one means of conquering the poverty and hardships of their lives, and their yearning for it was like physical pain. 'Ef I jes' had schoolin' I wouldn't ask nothin' of nobody!' a wistful little boy, typical of many, burst forth, one day, as we touched upon this agitating topic. I knew something of the ache of that longing; and often I had thought that the greatest work which anybody, minister or layman, could accomplish there in those mountains would be to make it possible for these children to get an education. I now resolved that this work should be mine."

APPLYING for a position in the Clay County High School at Ashland he was made principal. He at once set about putting his school within reach of every child who could possibly come to it. As a first step in this direction, he rearranged his sessions so that the vacation time coincided with the busy farming months of early spring and summer. "For agriculture was the sole industry of this section," he explained, "and practically every child of high-school age worked in the fields."

Next he went through the mountains of the county on a recruiting expedition for pupils, seeking out every isolated shack where lived a boy or girl who, having attended a few sessions of the short-term elementary schools, was eligible for the next upward step.

Sitting about the doorways of these mountain cabins, he would discuss with the parents ways and means by which they could manage to send their sons and daughters to Ashland. "And as we talked," he said, "the young people whose fates were in the balance, barefoot and clad in garments of homespun—which sometimes they had woven themselves on hand looms in their cabins—would draw near and listen, their eyes starry with visions."

Returning to Ashland, he canvassed the town for boarding places where bright young pupils, poor in worldly goods, but richer than Crœsus in ambition, could afford to live while they acquired knowledge.

"Stirred by the stories of these boys and girls," he resumed, "well-to-do families of that warm-hearted little town opened their doors and took in numbers of them as guests. Others charged only enough to cover the actual cost of the food. And still others agreed to accept, in lieu of money, farm products in sufficient quantities to counterbalance the appetite of a growing young student. In short, the whole village became a boarding-house, and down from the hills swarmed between three hundred and fifty and four hundred boys and girls, impatient to begin their thrilling progress along the high road that led to learning.

"I KNEW nothing, at this time, of methods of education," Mr. Sutton stated, "nor was I even particularly interested in these. My one purpose was to try to fit my school to the needs of these mountain children.

"Therefore, when a boy expressed a desire to learn bookkeeping or stenography or typewriting, giving as his reason, 'It would come in mighty handy if I ever get to college,' or a girl thought it would be a good thing if she knew how to make her own clothes or to cook properly, we held a faculty meeting to decide which of us was most competent to teach this branch of knowledge. And the one who was added it to his schedule. If a student didn't seem able to get the hang of a subject, his instructor took him in hand and wrestled with him, never giving up until light dawned. When that moment arrived, it would have been difficult to say which was the more jubilant, teacher or pupil.

"'P'fessor, I bleeve I'll bust if I don't let out a shout or two,' said a boy on one of these occasions.

"'Same here,' chuckled the teacher, and together they made the welkin ring.

"Our school was poor in equipment, having no laboratory or tools or maps, and no money with which to buy these things," Mr. Sutton went on. "But the mountains were full of minerals, and we went out and dug these up and studied them. We had all the land and rocks that we could use, and of these we made gigantic maps. We made one map of the United States that covered six acres. Upon it we outlined the great railway systems, and some of the enterprising students built miniature trains and set them upon the tracks and placed tiny ships along the coast in the white paths of steamers. 'I sure know this country,' one of the boys remarked, when this model was completed. 'I bet you couldn't lose me in it.'

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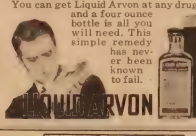

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"The subject which seemed to me of most vital importance to these young people was farming. Every plan affecting their existence hinged upon the success or failure of the crops.

"'All of you boys and girls have got to make the money for your education,' I said to them, one day, 'and you've got to make it out of the soil. Therefore, don't you think it would be the sensible thing for us to learn everything we can about this subject—become such expert farmers that we can take a few acres and by careful cultivation make them yield the harvest of many?'

"They thought so unanimously. 'You'll sure have your hands full, Preacher,' commented one of the boys, dryly, 'if you start out teachin' us farmin'.'"

WELL, that was what Willis Sutton wanted. So he made a school project of each pupil's farm work, and the entire student body launched out into scientific agriculture.

"Even those parents—and they were the rare exceptions—who would never hear to their children's going to school, feeling that it was a 'bardacious' waste of time and money, raised no objections to my teaching them farming," continued Mr. Sutton. "'Some sense in that,' they granted. A close-fisted old farmer, who was of this number, had previously informed me that his sons belonged to him till they were twenty-one, 'An' hain't nobody goin' tek em away fum me a day sooner,' he declared, with fire in his eyes. Now, however, he not only consented to my teaching the oldest boy, Sam, 'anything I mout know 'bout farmin',' but he even agreed that the boy should have all he made over and above what he considered an extra good harvest. This agreement, though, he considered a great joke. 'If he kin beat that,' he chuckled, 'he's welcome.'

"But the boy saw in this contract the opportunity of a lifetime. 'I'm aimin' to buy my freedom from the ole man,' he confided to me cheerfully. And after several years, he did just that. He learned to farm so well that he was able to hire a man to work in his place during the spring and autumn, while he went through school and college, paying all of his own expenses."

During the week-ends the principal of the Clay County High School got in his buggy and drove through the mountains to see about those children who were not in school. Often parents would send for him to discuss this important matter. A little boy trudged twenty miles over the hills to talk with him. "Me an' Ma can't stand fer me to grow up in igrunce," he said.

"Is there anything she can do to make a little money?" he was asked.

"She could make a sight of money if she jes' had a sewing machine," the boy replied eagerly.

The professor went to see the mother and found her equally confident, and two weeks later a highly varnished golden-oak machine was borne up the mountains in an ox-cart, and in its place a brand-new little scholar traveled down to Ashland.

As Mr. Sutton's throat grew stronger, he began to speak in the churches where once he had preached, only now his text was always education.

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CONN BAND INSTRUMENTS

One summer, there was a big camp-meeting in the mountains, and at the end of one of the services he was allowed to give a brief talk on this subject. "When it was over," he related, "as I was making my way through the hundreds of wagons, buggies, and old-fashioned vehicles of all kinds that were parked about the meeting place, I came upon a boy who was crying, and vastly ashamed of being caught at it. I stopped to inquire the cause of his grief, and he informed me that they got to talking about 'schoolin'' in the church. 'Hain't nothin' upsets me like that,' he blurted out, and added, desperately, 'Cause I hain't got no chance.'

"'Why haven't you?' I demanded. 'Everybody has a chance!'

"He shook his head. 'We-uns hain't,' he said positively.

"'Look here,' I exclaimed, impulsively, after I had talked with him some minutes, 'I'm going home with you.'

"Consternation showed in his face. 'You can't,' he discouraged me. 'Wouldn't be no place for you to sleep.'

"I WAS determined, however, and, seeing that he couldn't shake me off, he finally accepted a seat in my buggy and showed me the way.

"The house in which he lived was a flimsy shack of two rooms with a sloping shed in the rear. There were thirteen children in the family, which was poorer than almost any I had encountered in the mountains. The father was dissipated and shiftless; but the mother was a woman of fine character and some education. That night, after most of her big family had gone to sleep, I had a talk with her about this boy, David.

"'Could you and your husband contribute anything toward sending David to school?' I asked.

"She looked long at her little son, listening with his soul in his eyes, and shook her head. 'We ain't got nothin' to give,' she told me sorrowfully.

"'Suppose I lend him the money—would you let him go back with me?' I suggested, for no man alive could have abandoned that boy to the fate that already overshadowed him.

"She laughed excitedly, 'Nobody couldn't keep him from it,' she declared. For an instant, David's face was like the sun, then the brightness faded.

"'Wouldn't be no way to pay it back,' he said dully.

"'There'd be no hurry about that,' I explained. 'You can do it when you are grown.'

"'I know David'll do it if he lives,' broke in his mother.

"So we sealed the bargain, and I took David home with me. He went in his rough overalls, with never a pair of shoes to his name; but if anyone had suggested to him that life lacked anything to make it absolutely perfect, he wouldn't have believed it!

"After he was graduated from the Clay County school, David went to college in Atlanta and from there to a medical school in Tennessee. I lent him in all about sixteen hundred dollars, and long ago he paid me the last penny of this, with interest. Not only that, but he has educated seven of his brothers and sisters, and has lifted his entire family to a position of self-respect and comfort. For

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I OWE no bills and have never before been so happy. I am sure you know how much an unpaid dentist or doctor bill or any bill can worry one! I've had plenty of them lately but now—

"I am banking money—I have $57 saved! This may seem a small amount to you, but truly it looks like a thousand dollars to me for I've never been able to save a penny until now.

"You should see the smart dress I purchased for myself—the cunning rompers for Junior, the smart little dress I have made for Sister.

"My earnings as a member of our Club have made all these things possible. Indeed I often wonder how in the world I ever managed to keep house without the five and ten dollar bills I now earn so easily and in just a few hours' time doing our delightful work.

"I am so grateful to you and I hope this letter will in some way reach the many thousands of women who need money."

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Ours is really hour-a-day work, for all our members are busy folks who can only snatch an hour here or a few minutes there and yet many of them are making as much money as the woman who goes to business every day.

So if you are longing for your own money—write today. I am sure you are interested and I shall welcome you heartily. Our work is so pleasant that you will actually enjoy doing it. And just think of it, you'll make all the money you want and need, too!

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PETROLEUM JELLY

the past few years, he has been at the head of an excellent hospital in the South.

"As a safe and sound business proposition," Mr. Sutton exclaimed, "I heartily recommend to the hard-boiled capitalist that of making loans to boys and girls eating their hearts out for an education—almost any boy or girl, with this burning ambition. The payments may be slow in coming in at first, but they are sure in the end—surer by far than any other financial venture of which I have any knowledge."

But Mr. Sutton's interest in children was not to be limited by the boundaries of Clay County. Soon he was making pilgrimages into the mountains beyond, and, after a time, he was devoting his summers to exploring the Talladegas. His objective was at least to establish in each little cove and valley one of the short-term elementary schools. Wherever he went, a new and wonderful hope stirred in the hearts of young folks, shut away from the world of opportunity. Here at their doors, miraculously, was one who cared what became of them, who was not concerned merely that they should go to heaven when they died, but that they should make the most of their lives on earth.

His activities became known among educators throughout the South, and in 1912 he was put at the head of the agricultural schools in the mountainous region of northeastern Alabama.

With six other men eager to blot out illiteracy in the Talladegas, he organized a whirlwind campaign, and during one summer he established sixty-seven elementary schools in those parts. To educate the children of the mountains had become a passion with him, and he was resolved to devote his life to it. But in his zeal, he refused to give in to fatigue, or to admit the need of rest, and the result was a physical breakdown which put an end to his work in the mountains, and left his dreams for the young people of those hills to be worked out by others.

It was thought, at this time, that he would never be able to engage in active work again, and the doctors sentenced him to an indefinite period of idleness and quiet. When at the end of six months, he was offered a position as head of the English department of Tech High, the largest public school for boys in Atlanta, he threw discretion to the winds and promptly accepted it. "I felt that this would allow me as much rest as I could endure," he observed.

IT WAS impossible, however, for him to be with young folks without becoming absorbed in them, and soon he was as deeply engrossed in plans for the youths of Tech High as ever he had been for the children of the Talladegas.

After two years, during which his health was entirely restored, he was made principal of this school, and when three years later he resigned to become head of the public school system of the city, the attendance of Tech High had grown, under his guidance, from 160 to 1,892. Women living in other sections of the town begged to have their sons transferred to this academy. The principal, they explained, had an extraordinary knowledge of what went on in the heart of a boy, and unfailing sympathy with what he found there.

"Oh but you're not fat!"

That is what Mrs. Houghton used to protest to friends who insisted that she eat sweets with them. Last year she weighed 268 pounds. (See picture above.) Now she weighs 160 pounds (a loss of 108), *without giving up sweets.*

This picture was taken in 1927—the same woman as above. If you wish to write her, her address is: Mrs. R. J. Houghton, 325 Cliff Drive, Lyonsport, Indiana.

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—without causing your face to become haggard or wrinkled
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Wouldn't you see that the thing was done?

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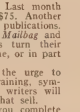

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"Most of us older people," he went on, "make the mistake of imagining that in dealing with youth we are dealing with inferiors, whereas the very reverse is probably true. Practically all parents, in discussing their children with me, speak of them as if they were lovable, irresponsible young creatures, who, they hope, will become something some day, but are not as yet real people. It does not seem to occur to them that the characters and personalities of these boys and girls might be as positive and pronounced as their own.

"In our schools, we say over and over to our pupils: 'You are intelligent, responsible human beings, and we expect of you exactly what we would expect of all such persons, whatever their age.' And we always add this: 'Whatever is important in the world for grown people to know, is important for you, for you are a part of it all. There is no gulf between school and life. Your education continues until the end of your days. That's what makes it so splendid—as long as you live you can grow. Your seat here is your present office, and the work you do is as important, as rich in returns, as that of the biggest business man in the city. You are now learning to familiarize yourselves with the tools of knowledge, tools which, a little later, you will put to practical use.'"

IN THE past seven years, Mr. Sutton has linked up every part of Atlanta with the public schools. There is no industry or business corporation, no department of city or state that is not made to contribute its share to the education of the child. Great manufacturing plants, commercial houses, law courts, municipal and state offices, all throw wide their doors on occasions, so that multitudes of children—the men and women of to-morrow and the day after—may come in, begin to measure these things with their clear young eyes, and consider whether, when they are grown, they would care to be a part of these undertakings. The best lawyers, doctors, ministers, business men put aside from their crowded lives sufficient time to go to the schools and talk to the children, tell them about their professions and what each means to the man who follows it.

"During the years that I was with Tech High, I specialized in boyology," Mr. Sutton told me, "And by this I mean the science of the all-'round human boy.

"As a teacher, I didn't see how I was to do anything very much for my pupils unless I knew them, learned what kinds of human beings they were, and how to appeal to them individually. Therefore, I set myself the task of acquiring this information. As the best and quickest means to this end, I formed the habit of taking groups of them off with me on hikes and picnics during the week-ends, and in vacation time I accompanied them to their summer camps in the mountains.

"On these outings, we would tramp the country 'round for miles, swim the cold, invigorating lakes and rivers of north Georgia, cook our meals over beds of glowing coals, play, joke, get rid of all our pent-up energy, forget that I was a teacher and they my pupils. And in the course of the fine, informal comradeship

engendered by this healthy outdoor life even the most reticent youngster was bound to forget himself so far as to open his heart and speak of the things that meant most to him.

"Nothing is so fascinating as to study a normal, intelligent boy, from all sides, in this fashion—find out what he thinks about, what he knows, what he is. And then, having got his content, to set about enriching it, broadening his horizon, elevating his ideals, helping him to get his values straight, to distinguish between the things of importance and those that are not worth while; aiding him to understand himself, to find his place in life, and to begin fitting him for it. With wise and sympathetic guidance there is almost nothing that cannot be made of such a boy. And to watch him develop, in character and soul, brain and body, is like witnessing the working of a miracle.

"WITH the high-school youth, all topics lead inevitably to the absorbing one of 'What am I going to be when I am grown?' And sometimes, as we lay sprawled upon the grass about a blazing fire, matching stories of our earliest recollections, or of those incidents which stood out like mile posts down the long years of childhood and youth, these research expeditions, within ourselves, would clear the air surprisingly for a boy. Through them, he would be made aware of some talent or interest, the importance of which to himself he had not guessed.

"'Have a purpose in life,' I preached continually to these young people, 'It will give meaning and beauty to existence.'

"'Work tenaciously at whatever you undertake; but the moment you find that you are not growing in that work, give it up and get into something that will allow you to develop. The largest salary in the world is not sufficient compensation for work in which you cannot grow. In school, when you master one subject you go on to something higher. It should be the same with work, for life was not meant to be stagnation but a glorious progression.'

"'Whatever you will to do,' I assured my students, 'you can do.' And they saw the truth of this too frequently demonstrated in the lives about them to doubt it. For in every school, there is to be found some boy or girl who triumphs over all obstacles—ill health, physical disabilities, povery, unhappy home conditions—as if these were merely handicaps placed upon them to keep them from winning too easily. Courage, Pluck, Grit, these are the middle names of youth.

"When my school grew beyond the possibility of my establishing these close contacts with all my pupils," he continued, "I made lists of the questions I had found most helpful in giving me a line on a boy, and submitted them to all the students, asking them to fill them out as fully as possible, and let me have them again.

"In these very personal questionnaires, I not only sought to learn all that I could about the boy's home and interests, the subjects that most occupied his thoughts, the books he liked best, the amusements and occupations he enjoyed, but I also wanted to know what his religious beliefs were, and if he still said his prayers. I inquired particularly about the sorts of

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boys he selected for his friends, and even went so far as to ask the name of his best girl—though this information, I promised, should be held strictly confidential. I wished his private opinion about himself: was he alert and ambitious, or procrastinating and lazy, generous or stingy, even-tempered or fractious? 'What quality of greatness appeals most to you?' I asked, and, 'What is your idea of success?'"

"What was their idea of success?" I interrupted.

He went to his files, took out a number of the questionnaires and read me the definitions. "To win out above hardships, and in everything to acquit yourself proudly. This is what success means to me," a sixteen-year-old lad had written. "If at the end of my life I could feel that I had won the love and respect of men, women, and children, and that I deserved to win them, I'd feel I had made a pretty good job of it," another had summed it up. "I don't think any man is a success," wrote a third, "unless he lives in such a way that his life is a help and inspiration to others."

"These answers don't tally very well with the general opinion of modern youth," I ejaculated.

"Neither do my experiences with young people," Mr. Sutton returned.

"BUT of the many questions I asked them," he resumed, "the one which proved most far-reaching in its results was: 'Of all the people you know, whom do you consider the finest man in the world?'

"The answer to this gave me a most illuminating picture of that boy's ambitions and dreams. Here in flesh and blood was his ideal, the sort of man he longed to be when he was grown.

"There is no influence on earth so powerful in the life of a young person as the example of one whom he deeply admires and respects. I determined to try to use this great power in my pupils' behalf. Therefore, I wrote to the men these boys named and told them of the honor paid them.

"The human being doesn't live," observed Mr. Sutton, "who wouldn't be touched by so sincere and disinterested a tribute. And in replying, practically every man asked me to let him know if he could ever do anything for that boy. I took this request literally, and later, when one of my pupils got into any difficulty, seemed to be losing interest in his studies, or began going with hurtful companions, I wrote to the man who occupied this unique place in his life, told him of it, and asked if he could manage to see his young friend and have a talk with him. Invariably, the men were glad to do this. And the effect upon the boy was nothing short of magical. 'The finest man in the world thinks I am worth taking an interest in. Gee! I'll show him he is not far wrong!'

"But the friendships between these two did not end here. The man kept his young protégé in mind, had many talks with him about the work he wanted to do after he finished school. And when that time arrived, in numberless instances he had a place ready and waiting for him, either in his own office, or in the firm or company of a friend.

"We now submit these questionnaires, in more extensive form, to all our pupils from the fifth grade up, and we place more graduate students in positions through the friendly assistance of these men than in all other ways put together.

"Not long ago I was speaking to one of the most brilliant lawyers of this city of what his interest and influence had meant to several of our boys, when he exclaimed, 'But have you never thought of what these contacts mean to us men? When I was in the war,' he continued, 'the one thing that kept my feet in the vicinity of that straight and narrow path was the knowledge that there were five youngsters back home who were looking to me to set them a decent example. I wasn't a free agent. I *had* to keep faith with those boys.'

"THE best safeguard for youth of which I know," Mr. Sutton said, "is so to fill the lives of young people with interests which are fine and upbuilding that the trivial and the hurtful can have no appeal for them.

"I have never known a child whom I believed to be inherently bad," he asserted. "When one appears incorrigible, the reason is usually to be found in ill health, or unhappy home surroundings, or a warped attitude of mind. To expel a child seems to me the worst thing in the world, and I don't believe in doing it for any cause whatsoever. It is like branding him as a pariah at the beginning of life, closing against him the doors of respectability and opportunity. Once, however, several years ago, I found myself faced with the necessity of imposing this sentence.

"The child in the case was a boy who had made life so unendurable for his teachers that at last they struck and informed me that if I didn't expel him they would resign. I knew what they'd had to contend with, how patient and forbearing they had been, and I had to uphold them. So I sent for the child and told him. To him, it was as dreadful a punishment as it was to me, and he knelt at my feet and begged me to be merciful.

"'Can't you beat me instead?' he pleaded.

"'I don't beat boys,' I told him.

"If you turn me out, where'll I go?' he demanded, 'I haven't a friend on this earth.'

"'You have your mother,' I reproved him.

"'She's dead,' he answered.

"'Your father, then.'

"'You wouldn't think he was my friend,' he sobbed, 'if you saw me.' And, excitedly stripping off his shirt, he showed me his back, scarred and bruised by beatings. He was crying horribly, and as he did his lips drew back from his gums and I saw his teeth black and worn down to the stumps. I began to wonder if this condition was not in some measure responsible for his outrageous behavior. Acting on the supposition, I said, 'I'm going to make a bargain with you, Robert. If you will go to the dentist and have your teeth fixed, and bring me a note from him saying that you are doing this, you can continue to come to school for six weeks longer. At the end of that time, if your conduct has shown marked improvement—well, you can stay.'

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"I was a little afraid to meet my teachers after that," he admitted smilingly, "and I rather avoided them for the next few weeks. Finally, at the end of three months, I screwed up my courage and broached the subject at a faculty meeting.

"'What's become of Robert?' I inquired.

"'Never saw such a change in a boy in our lives,' they declared. 'What did you do to him?'

"'Nothing. Had his teeth fixed,' I replied.

"'Then, for mercy's sake, let's have a dentist in the faculty,' they laughed."

This was the beginning of Mr. Sutton's interest in good teeth for the children of Atlanta, which resulted in the campaign that ended some months ago, when the last laggard child of all the sixty thousand went over the top with one hundred per cent in oral hygiene, and the entire city indulged in a jubilation.

"As a young teacher in Alabama," Mr. Sutton went on, "the one object I had in view was to expand my school to meet the needs of my pupils. My aim is still the same, only, in the years that have passed, I have learned that there is no limit to the needs of young people, because their needs include all that can contribute to the enrichment of life.

"It is my firm belief," he finished, "that every child has within him some quality, which, if brought to light, would bless the world.

"And I can think of no higher mission than that of seeking to discover these divine attributes and bringing them to fulfillment. It's the greatest job in the world."

THE first of three articles on parents' problems by Angelo Patri will appear next month. Mr. Patri is one of the great educationalists of today, and has introduced methods of child training that have attracted attention throughout the educational world. He understands children and parents. He knows the trials of the former and the problems of the latter. These articles will be of incalculable value to all those who have dealings with youngsters—and there are few of us who do not.

I Have Never Been Turned Away From a Cabin Door

(Continued from page 45)

railroad, and then make my way inland. I looked at a map. The distance seemed short, and the map showed no obstacles in the path.

I went to the stub end of the puffy little railroad, only to discover that I was forty-two miles from my destination. How could I make them? Well, the mail was carried twice a week on horseback; but it would be necessary for me to walk.

I have not done many brave things, but the bravest of all was when I rolled up a few possessions and started into the mountains to live for weeks and months among a people whom I did not know and whose ways I did not understand. I ate food such as I had never before known existed, and it made me sick. I drank unwholesome water. I bathed and shaved in cold mountain streams by the side of the path. I learned how to go to bed with the whole family in the same room, and sometimes I occupied, against my will, the only bed in the house, while the others slept on the floor. But I never had anyone suggest that his cabin was so small or his food so limited that he could not care for a stranger who was in need of food or lodging.

To be sure, a stranger must establish himself, and he must answer some rather blunt questions; but once his good intentions are made clear, the best his host can offer is freely his.

I remember the day I walked up Big Sycamore for twelve miles, crossing and recrossing the stream on stones or fallen logs as the exigencies of the way demanded. Then I turned up Dog Run. On the other side of the mountain I came suddenly to a small clearing, in which stood an ancient log cabin surrounded by a high rail fence.

I was too wise to rush up and knock at the wooden door. Instead, I climbed to the top of the fence and hallooed loudly. My shouts and the barking of a much-agitated and threatening dog brought speedy succor.

Evidently, my appearance was not too forbidding, for I was invited to come down from my perch and enter the cabin. It was a one-room affair, with the inevitable fireplace, and a loose board floor which the razorbacks shook as they scratched beneath it. There were two bedraggled beds, a rickety loft with a crude ladder leading to it, and outside a sizable stone-and-stick chimney.

Three generations of children had caught their first glimpse of the world from the doorway of this cabin. The world which it now revealed consisted of a log shed, a patch of corn, the high rail fence, and beyond it the scraggly mountainside. There was not a neighbor's house in sight, nor a road or trail sufficiently traveled to be visible.

Supper time came and I shared in the simple meal of fat pork in grease, corn pone, black coffee and, in honor of the occasion, soda biscuits. As I ate, a large branch freshly broken from a tree was waved over my head, and a swarm of black flies disturbed at their feasting darted first in one direction and then in another.

Eating over, we settled back to visit. The doors were tightly closed. An old-fashioned kerosene lamp without a chimney poured its black fumes into the air. My host and I stepped outside. I located the North Star, and I taught him the trick. He had never known it before.

Bed followed. Part of the children in the loft, the younger ones on the floor

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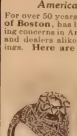

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below, the father and mother near by, myself and a hanger-on of the family in a corner. He soon slept, and the others also. I alone was wakeful. I had encountered vermin before, but never such an army of them. I committed murder right and left, but the approaching hosts knew no defeat.

Cautiously, I climbed out of bed and made my way over the loose boards to the unbolted door. In fear and trembling I opened it and stepped out. The air was cool. The moon shone full. I made my way up the side of the mountain to an open ledge. I took my clothes off, garment by garment, and shook them out. I rubbed my body. Then I dressed and sat down to wait for dawn.

Toward morning, in order not to hurt my host's feelings, I slipped back to the cabin and climbed into bed. There I was when the snoring eased off and the smiling face of my host greeted me. He had developed something approaching affection for me and, had I stayed many days and nights, I would still have been welcome.

It was in West Virginia, too, that I "shantied" with Ben West. I enjoyed Ben, and I am sure he enjoyed me. I remember clearly the hard bed and the breakfast of corn bread, a slice of onion, and a cup of muddy coffee without sugar or milk. Ben liked those breakfasts. I did not. He was sure he should have been a telegraph operator, because it was natural for him to drum with his fingers. I have lost track of Ben. He was a real friend to me, and his cabin was my home when I chose to make it so.

WHEN later I moved to the sagebrush country of Montana I found that the law of the cabin still held.

Long live Jim Bird! He, too, had room. He slept in the kitchen of his homesteader's shack—the rest of the house was mine. Jim didn't work regularly; he didn't believe much in work, but how he loved to talk. His Scotch philosophy interested and entertained me. Our evening visits were prolonged long after we were in bed, Jim calling from the kitchen while I responded from my corner. Jim lived for the IMPORTANT DAYS—they were always spelled with capitals in Jim's thinking. He would sleep late, get up, stretch himself, and, as if apologizing for his comfortable laziness, remark, "Well, this is not one of the IMPORTANT DAYS." The big days to him were the Fourth of July, the round-ups, and the bronco-busting occasions.

Jim was a real character, and I have seen him, decked out in a clean shirt, plaid vest, and wide sombrero, preside over a bronco-busting *fiesta* with all of the finesse of a connoisseur. I hope Jim gets a rich reward in the hereafter. He had much of the grace of human goodness. He hinted at one time that his family connections were better than I might suspect, and that he was the one black sheep which the tribe had produced. I respected his reserve and did not pry into his past.

Then Jim went on a long journey, and I had the cabin alone. I wish I could picture those nights, but how could anyone understand who had not lived them—the moonlight, the unending miles of dry sage, the pervasive fragrance, the aloneness, the quiet, interrupted only by the occasional bark of a coyote or the chatter of a prairie dog. One has not really lived

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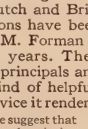

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till he has spent nights like those, and had born within his soul a sense of the utter futility of jangling telephone bells, shrieking trains, honking horns, and all the mad rush which in our ignorance seems so essential to our well-being.

It was a lesson akin to this that I learned in a prospector's cabin in northern New Mexico. He had once known a different life, but the lure of the mountains had got him. His years had been spent in a gamble with nature. Some day he would "strike it rich." Nothing but the necessity of a grub stake could divert him from his real mission in life, and that but temporarily.

Having washed in the icy water by the side of the cabin after my night's rest and shared in the simple breakfast, I followed this pioneer up the steep mountainside. It was a hard, long climb, almost straight up. But at last I stood upon the chosen ledge. Before me was a large hole. Thirty feet in I could hear the steady striking of the hammer upon the steel drill. I entered. My friend showed me with pride how he had drilled and blasted day after day. There were "signs." Some of the quartz had been sent away to the assay office. A report was expected.

Then, like the fool I was, I committed the unpardonable sin.

"How many years have you been prospecting?" I asked.

The total was so large I could hardly believe it.

I blundered on: "Did you ever strike anything?"

Never shall I forget the hurt look which came into his face as he said, "Please, please, do not be so unkind."

I made my exit and went on my way, a sadder but a wiser man. I had met a gentleman; but my social heritage of practicality had kept me from a true appreciation of a great soul. He had compensations of which I had never dreamed.

MORE humorous was my experience in a peach orchard near Paw Paw, West Virginia, where I shared the hospitality of my friend Windzor Jones.

Windzor had assured me that there was "plenty of room." Most of the tents were full; but we found one with a single solid bunk extending around the two sides and one end. A dozen men had gone to bed. We climbed in. Later, others arrived. They were noisy. The toe of one sleeper protruded. Some practical joker burned it with a match. There was a near riot. The bunk was now full. Most of the men slept. I dozed.

Stumbling footsteps approached. The tent flap was thrown back. A strong hand grasped me by the calf of the leg, and a rough voice shouted, "Who's in my bed?"

I dug my elbow into Windzor. It was up to him to settle the affair. He mumbled something about the night watchman, whom we had not seen. The newcomer expressed in no uncertain terms his opinion of a watchman who would put a stranger in a bed already preempted.

To an extent the ruse had placated his feelings. We compromised. By squeezing together we made room where no room had been before. It was hot. The newcomer slept. I could not. At last I could stand it no longer. Again my elbow dug Windzor. We whispered. Then we wriggled out of the human mass. We gathered our clothes as best we could. One of my socks was missing. The newcomer was sleeping upon it. I had not the courage to roll him over. I had no substitute; but I left that tent never to return.

Such incidents are but the humorous spice of existence to the wayfaring man who tries to take life as he finds it, and who does not count the loss of a night's sleep one of life's major tragedies.

POSSIBLY it is in those humble homes where the "spare room"—at one time America's most characteristic institution—is still maintained that the stranger really fares best. And what a variety of experience they bring!

I have climbed up a narrow stairway so steep and crooked that to carry a lighted lamp up its tortuous spirals was a real athletic achievement, and lost myself in dreamless sleep in a puffy bed, content with the thought that my host was enjoying my visit as much as I.

And there are many little ways by which the visitor can test his welcome. The heated soapstone discovered in the voluminous folds of what would otherwise be a cold and clammy bed, the bucket of warm water placed surreptitiously inside the chamber door on winter mornings, the freshly-laundered tablecloth, and the opened cans of pickles and preserves are unspoken tokens which need little interpretation.

The guest in the humble home needs no alarm clock. The scraping of the ashes in the kitchen stove will be his signal that the family is stirring, and the smell of boiling coffee his final warning that he must move rapidly if he would not be late for breakfast. The cheery morning greetings and the friendly inquiry as to one's personal comfort and welfare warm the cockles of one's heart, and strengthen one's faith in the fundamental goodness and integrity of the human race.

When the "red wave" was supposed to be sweeping America I could not get greatly excited about it. I had bunked and eaten salt pork in too many American homes, and had swapped philosophy with too many people who think, but do not display their conclusions on bill boards.

A man may come to know America in many ways. He may visit our legislative halls and watch our laws in process. He may inspect the policies and achievements of our government executives. He may, if he will, travel on our swift and standardized Pullman trains and visit our standardized cities, from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon; or he may satisfy his curiosity from the seat of a speeding flivver, with periodic calls at filling stations and tourists' camps.

But when all of that is done, let the would-be student put an extra pair of socks in one pocket and a tooth brush in another and say good-by to hard roads and automatic transportation. Beyond the cities and the railroads, up the mountain trails and through the dusty sagebrush he'll discover the meaning of genuine hospitality. And he will learn, among other things, that in the unpainted homes of America there is an unassuming kindliness of heart which makes it a little easier to believe in men's fundamental kinship with the divine.

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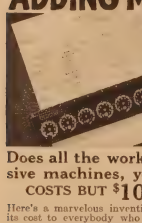

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JIM THAYER The Crowell Publishing Co. Dept. AA-88, Springfield, Ohio

"Yes, I Am a Crank!"

(*Continued from page 43*)

the time. After working a year and a half under an incompetent farm manager, and putting the man I hoped to be in contrast with what he was, I had an enormously big opinion of myself. I felt I was an untried giant.

"Let us be frank in this talk. I have said we are all cranks. Likewise, most of us are egotists. We like to palm off our egotism as self-confidence; sometimes we call it 'faith in ourselves;' but, whatever we call it, it is the ego, the 'I' exalted. Purposeful, confident action *must* be founded on a belief in 'I,' for without that belief there would be inaction.

"Sheer egotism was all that bolstered me up when I came back from the farm, hunting work. Heaven knows I had little else to justify anybody in hiring me. If I didn't bear down on the capital 'I' orally, I did mentally. I charged myself so full of confidence—a purely mental operation—that confidence oozed out of me. And I found my job."

This man Kroger, I should explain, does not say always the things that people like to hear. He says what he thinks. Often he offends. But I discovered this about him: he does not exempt himself from what he tenders others. To me, at least, he made no pretenses. As he had stripped the wrapper from that can of corn, he was quick to strip it from himself. And I doubt if Kroger's worst enemy will dispute that what he has to say he says openly, face to face. He is not a "corner talker."

"Yes, I am a crank," he said. "Yes, I am an egotist."

Not every man would have the courage to say that publicly. Very many have not the honesty to confess it even to themselves. However, the fact stands that most of the so-called "big" men in business are and have been egotists and cranks, under Kroger's definition.

SO HE got his job in the city. It was with a store known grandly as the Great Northern Pacific Tea Company. One day Kroger went from house to house soliciting orders from housewives for coffee and tea. Next day he would take out the wagon and deliver what had been ordered the previous day. Paid on a commission basis, he was able to make nine dollars a week.

At the end of eight months, upon receiving an offer of larger commissions, he transferred his services to another coffee and tea company. The new position involved the same kind of house-to-house selling as the old, the same daily contact with people. But less than a month passed before Kroger learned that it was not the same kind of position.

With the first company, after once he had obtained the trade of a customer he was able to go back again and again. Once a customer, the housewife remained a customer. But with the second company the opposite was the case. Many women bought from him only once and, upon his next call, shut the door in his face. Few made more than two or three purchases before they, too, met him with a closed door. He was constantly getting new

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customers and just as constantly losing old ones.

One morning he stopped at a home, knocked, and announced his business. The housewife regarded him uncertainly. "I don't know you," she said. "I don't know your goods. However, I'm open-minded. What have you got?"

Kroger exhibited his sample packages. He invited her to smell of the goodness of the coffee. He stated the low price.

"Set that package down on the table here and open it up," commanded the housewife. "Show me what's *inside* of it."

The package opened, with a quick movement of her hands she spread the coffee grains evenly over the table. At once anyone with eyes could see that it was not a first-grade coffee. The grains were of varied sizes and shades of brownness.

"Poof!" said the housewife. "You're wasting time. Take it away."

"A crank!" was Kroger's verdict as he stepped back into his wagon. But as quickly he asked himself, "Was she a crank? Wasn't she after all a mighty shrewd woman?" The coffee wasn't good. Here, undoubtedly, was the explanation of why he was unable to keep customers.

"THE more I saw of people," he related, "the clearer became my realization that they could not be fooled! How I served a customer had something to do with why she bought. Price and appearance had something to do with it. These made a first sale. But what made re-sales was the satisfaction found in the article itself when put to use. If that failed, all failed, and the customer was lost.

"I began to visualize what I felt would be the ideal store. The formula for it was simplicity itself. The store merely would have to combine four things—service, fair price, attractive-appearing goods, and first quality. I felt I would like to work for such a store, though the possibility of owning one didn't occur to me then. Later, when I did own one, I found the formula was not quite so simple as it seemed in theory."

Kroger moved on to a third company, again as a salesman on the street. This company operated a single store, newly opened by two partners to provide a position for a relative, who was the store's manager. Almost from the first the new venture lost money, due largely to the manager's inexperience. By the end of a year only $600 was left out of the original investment of $3,500.

Disgusted and seeing no future in the business, Kroger applied to a New York wholesale house for a position. He was hired by telegraph and, that night, after delivery of his groceries, he returned to the store to resign. One of the owners was there awaiting him. He read the New York telegram. His reply to Kroger was an offer of the managership.

"My partner and I," he explained, "talked this matter over this morning. We have only $600 left in this store. We decided to offer you the management of it, on the condition that if you lose the $600 we will quit."

"Will you give me a contract," asked Kroger, "that will guarantee me full charge and a right to do as I please?"

After talking it over, the contract as finally drawn allowed Kroger a salary of $12 a week and ten per cent of the profits. There had been no profits, nor was there any promise of them; but here was the chance for which Kroger had been waiting. He *knew* he could make the store pay.

His first move was to discharge every employee excepting a delivery boy; his second, to take $125 of the $600 capital that remained and buy a good cash register. The partners hinted that he had gone crazy.

"You've tried your way," Kroger reminded. "Now keep quiet while I try mine. The most I can lose is a little more than a fifth of what you lost."

Kroger and the boy conducted the store. The boy swept up, arranged orders, and made deliveries. Kroger bought, sold, kept the account books, and solicited business. He arose with daybreak and worked until midnight. And to the full extent of his ability he became a crank.

I have told you what happened to the corn salesman and his canned corn. Every can of stuff, every bag, and every box that Kroger bought was subjected to the same rigid inspection. He did not stop with smelling but took a leaf from the book of the housewife who had said "poof" to his coffee. Like the housewife, before he bought coffee, or tea, or anything, he spread it out so it could be seen in detail, washed it, and even had it cooked for his own table. No customer on all the store's list was more particular and exacting than he.

"What was the result?" I asked him.

He smiled. "The salesmen with inferior stuff to sell called me a crank and stayed away. Those with really good stuff began to call around and invite inspection. I began to draw a particular class of trade, by which I do not mean necessarily a wealthy class. One of the most particular women I've known was the wife of a wage-earner.

"We began to make money, which, after all, was the real test of the policy. I saved time in dealing with customers because they learned to accept my word when I said an article was right. Eventually I didn't have to go out and seek business, because it came to the store unsolicited, brought by word-of-mouth report. At the end of eleven months the store had earned $3,100 net."

Kroger's ten per cent of this profit was $310. He offered the partners to invest this money in the store in return for a one-third interest in the business. They countered with an offer of $15 a week, and fifteen per cent of the profits. An argument ensued, at the end of which Kroger resigned.

He had saved $62 from his wages. This gave him a total of $372 in cash. An Irish friend said he could borrow $350.

"ALL RIGHT," said Kroger. "We'll join up and open a store of our own. I know just the place."

The place was at 66 East Pearl Street, Cincinnati, and it rented for $40 a month. On top of this extravagance, Kroger bought a smart-looking horse, a set of gilt-mounted harness, and a shiny new wagon lettered in gold with the name, "Great Western Tea Company."

"Who owns that company?" demanded one housewife when the glittering equipage drew up before her door.

"I do!" said Kroger proudly.

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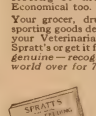

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"Humph!" snorted the woman. "I see nothing great about you. You'll have to do a bit of growing to fit that name."

A railroad train evidently had the same notion. Two weeks after the Great Western Tea Company had swung wide its single door, Kroger's Irish partner tried to beat an express train over a grade crossing. He got across, but the horse was killed, the wagon smashed, and $68 worth of groceries were strewn along the right-of-way—a total loss of $518.

Not long after, in January, one of Kroger's brothers who had gone to Denver died there. The funeral cost Kroger $400. In less than a month came the third blow: the Ohio River overflowed its banks, invaded the lower parts of the city and flooded the store of the Great Western Tea Company, causing a total loss of its stock, valued at $300.

"All we had left," said Kroger, were the fixtures, the cash register, and some mud."

Yet at the end of that first year when Kroger and his partner balanced their books, they found they had assets in the store amounting to $2,620. They had no bad debts and owed nobody. The store was a going, profitable business. The reliable concerns from which Kroger had been buying his goods had not hesitated to allow him credit when he most sorely needed it. That credit had enabled him to meet and beat threatened disaster.

"Here's my proposition," he informed his partner. "I'll sell out my interest in the store to you for $1,000; or I'll buy out your interest for $1,500. Take your choice."

The partner decided to sell and to set up a business of his own in Minneapolis. Kroger stayed in Cincinnati, now sole owner of the store; and immediately he was faced with a threatening problem.

THE store was located in a market place, considered one of the best sites in the city. Many, in fact, had attributed Kroger's success to the store's location rather than to any unusual ability on the part of the owners. The lease on his store was up and the landlord did not care to renew it except on what Kroger regarded as exorbitant terms.

"I'll move," said Kroger grimly. "You'll lose your trade," warned friends.

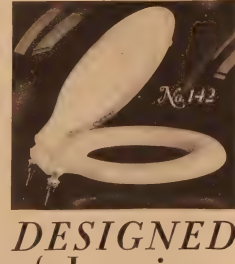
"Not if the store's policy is right. It's a chance to prove that policy."

He left the market place entirely and moved back onto a side street, into a location which made every rival storekeeper smile.

What was their astonishment, even before the expiration of three months, to hear that Kroger had opened a second store. At the end of six months he had three stores; by the end of the year, four!

"Individual store owners," Kroger remarked to me at this point, "rail at the so-called chain stores. They forget that they are right on the line where the chain store man began with his single store. We have 3,600 stores to-day but we began with one store. I've told you of how much capital was in that first store out of which the others grew.

"What did I do? Simply duplicate and reduplicate what was demonstrated to be a successful thing. If a policy succeeds in one neighborhood there is no reason why it should not succeed elsewhere. The fact



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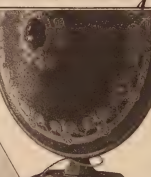

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that we now have more than 3,600 stores merely means that we have started in business anew just that many times, and succeeded each time. We've never had a failure.

"Too many men starting in business are overprone to say, 'Oh, let it go!' when something is not as it should be. The little store-owner buys from a large wholesaler. A portion of the goods which are delivered to him may be just a trifle below standard. The store man knows and sees the fault, but he is conscious of his smallness. The fault is trivial, after all. 'Oh, let it go,' he says, because he doesn't want to appear to be a crank. He forgets that even a small fault is big in the eyes of a particular customer—and the majority of customers are particular.

"Think over your own experience. Do you continue to buy at the store where invariably some little defect is to be found in the transaction, or at the store where you find no cause of complaint?

"In the old days when we were small I personally investigated every purchase before it went onto our counters. I can't do that now. We have grown too big. But I have established a department in the business which does this work for me far better than I could myself. This is a chemical laboratory. In it the goods of manufacturers are subjected to test, for purity, cleanliness, quality, and other items of worth.

"And I've learned this from that laboratory: The big firms, the real profit makers in business to-day, are without exception the reliable firms who are cranks on quality. In all of my experience in this store business I can't recall one instance of a reliable company being a failure when properly managed; and I can recall no instance of an unreliable company being long successful, regardless of management. I use the word reliable as it applies to quality of product.

"BUT that's all old stuff,' you say. "It is and it isn't. Our chemists could tell you many a story of the company which began right, permitted its goods to deteriorate, and eventually smashed. They tried to cheapen a little to increase profits, or to increase volume. They became over-confident in their success, with resultant carelessness in supervision. Finding it not easy to be constantly cranky they let down, perhaps unconsciously, and began to say, 'Oh, let it go.'

"It is human nature, after the first fine burst of enthusiasm, to 'let down' a little, to cease being quite so careful, to assume that because things are going well they will continue to do so by virtue of their own momentum. It is just as easy, and far more disastrous, to fail after success as it is to fail in attaining it. Once a crank you must continue to be one."

TWENTY years ago, when Nell Donnelly married, she resolved that she wasn't going to let housework make her look like a wielder of mop sticks and frying pans. That resolution finally led to the establishment of a factory in Kansas City which specializes in gay-colored work dresses. Next month, in "It's All Right to be a Wife if You Don't Look Like One," Mrs. Donnelly tells why she doesn't wear a "married" look.

I'm a Regular Old Omens' Home

(*Continued from page 57*)

giving off the general aroma of a garage. Having his share of sensibilities, he gave a boy a dollar to hold the coat out on the sidewalk until he came out. Altogether, he put in a most uncomfortable afternoon.

"Do you ever walk under ladders any more?" I asked him recently.

"Very seldom under ordinary conditions, and never when on my way to weddings," he replied.

You'll find a great many people who scoff at omens, embracing them in a showdown. Only last week on a fishing trip the conversation on the train drifted to the omen about its being bad luck to light the cigars or cigarettes of three smokers with one match. One of the men declared it absurd, and said, "All omens are the bunk. Only the ignorant pay any attention to 'em."

Two hours later, at the hotel beside the lake, in paying him my share of certain expenses I gave him a two-dollar bill among others. The man let out a roar that would have sufficed for an African lion.

"Putting a jinx on me before we even get into a boat!" he bellowed. "Don't you know any better than to give a feller one of those things?"

"Thought you weren't superstitious?" I remarked.

"Aw, I'm not," he replied; "but a two-dollar bill is always bad luck. Everybody admits that."

I will not cross between the hacks or automobiles of a funeral procession, take the third light from the same match, or open an umbrella in the house.

Common sense ought to teach any man that life is in no way controlled or affected by so small a matter as the lighting of Swedish matches. But it doesn't. I know hundreds of men who turn pale and become semi-violent at the prospect of being one of three to take a light from the same match, and I am among them. And they are not all sentimental goofs, morons, or half-wits. I could name a scientist, three eminent physicians, a college professor, an editor, a policeman, a burglar, two apartment-house janitors, any number of lawyers, a district court judge, a steeplejack, the head of a great publishing house, and a half-dozen hard-boiled business men who almost faint when anybody offers the same match to a third person.

ONE of the real old-fashioned omens is that it is bad luck not to see a new moon first over the left shoulder. At least, t was the left shoulder in my home town, although there are some localities where the right shoulder gets the call. So whenever it is time for a new moon I begin taking furtive peeks at the skies, so I can get my first eyeful over the left shoulder.

There was a time when the old saying, 'Sing before breakfast, cry before supper' had me on its list. But that was back in the days when I was quite care-free, and the urge to sing before breakfast was

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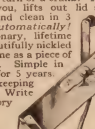

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acute. Now, with the responsibilities of life heavy upon my head, neck, and shoulders, my pre-cereal-and-coffee vocalizing impulses seem to have been badly blunted. And my voice being what it is, I think that if I sang before breakfast, or after it for that matter, I'd deserve bad luck, and certainly get it.

And I'm among the poor weaklings who knock wood after a boast of a good run of luck. You know the kind:

"Had any trouble with the flivver lately?" a friend asks me.

"No," I reply; "she's running great;" and then I proceed to knock wood with my knuckles toward off the pink-whiskered hoodoo that is supposed to be hanging around waiting to swoop down with miscellaneous tire and carburetor troubles whenever you boast immunity from the same.

Recently I made a boast about something in an office in down-town New York, and was thrown into a panic by the discovery I was in one of the modern all-steel skyscrapers. Even the office furniture was metal.

Just when it seemed the old jinx had grabbed his war club and had drawn back for a full, free swing at me, I noticed an umbrella with a wooden handle on it, and knocked on that. It seemed to suffice. Anyway, it gave me immeasurable relief.

I STRING along with the omens about Friday and the number thirteen, too. I wouldn't begin a new venture, move to a new house, or begin a vacation on Friday if I could avoid it. I don't think that it would portend disaster if I did; but I just feel that there is no point in defying a good old-fashioned omen. I have begun many adventures on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday that turned out unfortunately; I have moved to a new house on Thursday, and met bad luck there, and I have begun vacations on Saturday that were a bust from start to finish; but I didn't feel the same way about them as I would have if the day had been Friday. That's the superstitious man all over.

Three years ago I sailed from Naples for the United States on Friday the 13th. I was so eager to get home that I didn't realize the day and date until the day of the sailing. It was too late to make any change, and I was filled to capacity with misgivings as I boarded the ship. Although under any other circumstances I should have regarded the ship as one of the ablest I had ever seen—it was one of the newest and largest liners in the service—I remember feeling a conviction that it was most inadequate. I walked around the ship as soon as I got aboard and gave it a critical inspection; but the more I looked the more I felt it was no ship for a Friday-the-13th trip.

To add to my uneasiness, a storm blew up just as the ship weighed anchor, and we were in a howling gale all the first night. "Friday the 13th" I kept thinking. "Any time you think you can beat that superstition, you're goofy."

The next day the storm ceased; but we ran into a fog, and the siren kept whining at three-minute intervals. There are few sounds quite so depressing as a ship's fog siren. Now and then another fog horn close by would answer. It was most ominous. I rehearsed getting into the

life-preserver, and became resigned to a crash at sea.

To my great surprise nothing struck us, and after that we had a calm, uneventful trip. But I was never more relieved than when that ship finally docked at New York and I had both feet ashore.

"Didn't that prove to your satisfaction that this Friday-the-13th omen is the bunk?" you ask.

Not at all. Even an omen has spells when it isn't up to its best form.

Moving men count Friday as one of their dull days, and the clerks in marriage license bureaus say business with them is practically at a standstill on that day. For years I was bothered by the fact I proposed to my wife on Friday; but we seem to have lived that one down.

A friend of mine who scoffs at omens (but who, I know, prepares for a day of great luck in the hardware business whenever he puts his underwear on wrong side out) belittles this Friday omen, and takes delight in pointing out to me that Friday has always been the luckiest day in American history. Here's his data:

On Friday, October 12th, 1492, Columbus discovered the Western Hemisphere.

On Friday, September 11th, 1609, the "Half Moon" entered New York Bay.

On Friday, February 22d, 1732, George Washington was born.

On Friday, June 16th, 1775, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified.

On Friday, October 17th, 1777, Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga.

On Friday, October 19th, 1781, Lord Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown.

"What have you got to say after that?" my friend demands.

I have nothing to say. But I continue to avoid any new ventures on Friday. After all, I'm no Christopher Columbus, Pilgrim Father, George Washington, or Bunker Hill.

I STRING along, too, with the omen about it being bad luck to break a mirror. Nobody handles a mirror more carefully than I do if, called upon to transport it from one dresser to another; and every time the wife buys a new wall mirror and asks me to hang it for her, I am a nervous wreck until I have it safely in place.

I believe that no good luck comes of rocking a chair in which nobody is sitting; that thirteen people at a dinner give no occasion for cheering, and that for two people to look into the same mirror at the same time is a sufficient cause for both of them to feel fidgety and watch their steps.

There was a time when I believed it bad luck to pass another person on the stairs, but I had to let this one go after I came to New York and began running in and out of subways.

To this day the omen that it means a quarrel if the salt is upset at the dinner table is in good standing in my home. My wife and I don't really believe, of course, that we have to depend on this for our quarrels; we have lots of our very best battles with no help from the salt. Still, we feel that when the salt is upset when all is peaceful, it would seem like inviting trouble if one of us didn't nail the omen by picking up a pinch of salt and tossing it over the left shoulder.

The one about the falling silverware has a home with us, too. If a knife drops

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to the floor a gentleman will call; if a fork falls a lady will visit us. Whenever I drop a knife and fork the same evening I get out the cards in anticipation of a bridge party.

I haven't disowned the good old prehistoric omen that if my right ear burns somebody is talking about me in a friendly way, and that if my left ear itches somebody is giving me a severe roasting; but I don't pay as much attention to these ear auguries as I once did.

Howling dogs at night make me especially miserable. Years ago this omen, that a howling dog means bad luck, reached me in some way and I have never been able to shake it off. The best I can do when I hear a howling dog at night is to drown it out by leaping to the radio and tuning into a male quartet.

A FEW years ago, during rehearsals and try-outs of a play on which I collaborated, I had a chance to discover that, as superstitious as I was, I was a mere amateur omen fancier compared with the average theatrical man or woman. Practically everything that happens in the show business before the opening of a new play is put down as for the best or worst. I was nearly lynched for whistling in a dressing-room in Wilmington, Delaware. I was talking with a comedian before the first-night performance there, and during a lull I turned to a window and began whistling softly.

He let out a war whoop, jumped up, clapped his hand over my mouth and pushed me into a chair. There was a look of horror in his eyes.

"Don't do that!" he cried. "Never whistle in a dressing-room!"

"Why not?" I asked.

"It means two-weeks notice!" he said dejectedly.

He told someone else about my whistling, and it spread among the other members of the company. They regarded me with supreme disfavor from that time on. Of course there was nothing to the omen that it would last only two weeks. I kept track of it. It lasted three weeks and four days!

Many of the biggest men and women in the profession are extremely superstitious, and this applies also to the hardheaded producers. It is an old and respected omen of the theatre that no member of a cast should speak the very last, or "tag," line of a show during rehearsals. To do so kills any chance of the play's success, the players are certain. Most performers believe it a hoodoo to applaud a song or piece of business during rehearsal. Knowing nothing of this, I was nearly tossed out of a Shubert theatre some years ago for clapping at the conclusion of a musical number that made a big hit with me. I was present as a newspaper reporter, and as a very unpopular one after this incident.

The superstitions of prize-ring fighters are many. Nearly all professional pugilists believe that a certain bathrobe, pair of trunks, belt, or cap brings good luck. Even such a cave-man as Luis Firpo had a gaudy bathrobe without which he would never enter a ring. One of the most amusing mascots of recent years in the prize ring was a little round hat that Kid Norfolk, a well-known colored pugilist, always wore in the ring

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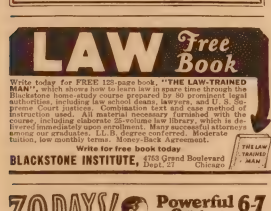

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up to the minute the bell for the opening round clanged.

Many horsemen are more or less superstitious, I have found, and I have yet to see a racing stable without a mascot of some kind, from a pig to a wildcat. A few years ago a well-known trainer saw a kangaroo in a Fourteenth Street animal shop window, and promptly bought it, to bring a change of luck in his racing affairs. He had it carted to the race track and put into a stall near his horses. He began winning races within a few days, and attributed it to the kangaroo.

Whenever anybody tells me I am too superstitious I think of men who go in for kangaroos and wildcats, and then I know there is a limit. Wildcats are absolutely out. And I wouldn't take on a kangaroo. Unless, of course, it was an exceptional kangaroo, and could show proof of jinxes subdued or exterminated.

ONE of the things that comforts me when my superstitions crowd me is the realization that I have so much company. I've yet to meet a man who would deny under cross-examination he had a few superstitions tucked away among his inhibitions. It is a well-known fact that many of our supposedly hardest-boiled industrial leaders have them. The president of one of the biggest business organizations in the country, a man who is supposed to be guided in every act by nothing but the hard facts and the cold figures, is said to be spurred to bold decisions in momentous questions by the presence of pigeons on the ledge of his office window in lower Broadway. If the birds are there in numbers he accepts it as auguring well. If they shun the sill, he takes it as a tip to be most cautious. It is said, however, that he is not above carrying cracked corn to his office and sprinkling it on the window sill as a special lure to the birds and to his luck.

It is said a famous banker who wears a massive watch charm that passed out of style with the cowhide boot and the flannel undershirt does so in the firm belief it is his "lucky piece."

Some of our Presidents have had their superstitions and made no great secret of them. Kings have been notoriously superstitious. Julius Cæsar and Napoleon Bonaparte were women enthusiasts. I know a college president who runs a fever at the thought of thirteen at dinner. My caddy is superstitious. All my golfing companions have implicit faith in certain lucky clubs. Even my cold-hearted, matter-of-fact landlord believes in signs; he dropped in the other day as I was undoing a new shirt, and nearly got apoplexy picking up the pins!

President Coolidge wets his bait before he casts for pickerel.

So, why should I feel ashamed to be credulous?

P. S. If the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE has any doubt of my sincerity, he can test it by paying me off for this particular article in $2 bills. Two-dollar bills are among my pet aversions. He will get them all back by special delivery. Well, maybe he won't get them all back, but he will get half of them back, anyway, because, come to think of it, there is an old saying that it is bad luck to return intact a specific sum of money.

+ + + + +

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Scattergood Stirs Up More Than Rubbish

(*Continued from page 49*)

man jerked his head around suddenly.

"Elsie!" he exclaimed.

"Nobuddy else," said Scattergood. "Her and me, we been talkin' you over some. But mebbe you hain't int'rested in that."

"You've been talkin' to Elsie about me! How'd you know—"

"How long's it take a kitten to git its eyes open?" Scattergood asked. "W-al, I come with mine starin' wide. She calc'lates you got idees. Looks like you been talkin' big to that girl."

"Did she say that?"

"Uh-uh. Near's I could gather, she calc'lated you didn't do yourself justice. Um. . . . If this store busts up, what you figger to do?"

"Git me a job."

"On jest a job, it 'ud be quite a spell 'fore a feller could save up enough to git married on. But if a feller was to have, say, a partnership in with his grampa in a payin' store—"

Wade turned slowly and looked into Scattergood's eyes; then his gray eyes lightened and his straight lips twitched. "I calc'late you gen'ally git what you aim to git," he said. "You talk mighty convincin'."

"Calc'late to git my way as frequent as I kin. So you're willin' I should go ahead?"

"Go as fur's the tether'll let ye!" said Wade.

SCATTERGOOD did exactly that; but even Wade could not quite understand all the old man's maneuvers. That he should put plate-glass windows in the store was comprehensible, and that the stock should be sorted out and replenished, and a set of books bought and started. But just why the old hardware man was so interested in moving out the rubbish on the third floor and storing it in a vacant store building across the bridge, he could not see. Nor did he know at all how Scattergood and Mandy, his wife, labored at odd times over that stock, sorting it, arranging it on the two floors of the building, and making it ready, as if the place were to be opened as a new enterprise.

Wade did understand that Scattergood was finding money somewhere for the improvements and the new stock, but he asked no questions; nor was he present at the meeting of the Finance Committee of the bank when Scattergood, in effect, guaranteed Grampa Lumley's loans, and arranged for indefinite extension.

"Now, we got a set of books," said the old man to Wade, "seems as though we ought to have 'em kept. Kin you write up a set of books?"

"No."

"I got somebuddy in mind. Studied it in one of them business schools. Kind of dependable person, and can be got reasonable."

"I dunno what Grampa'll say."

"I kin imagine," Scattergood said.

"Who you speakin' about?"

"Young woman by the name of Elsie Fitch."

"Gosh!" said Wade.

"And," said Scattergood, "if you 'n' her was to marry, she couldn't quit to git a better job!"

So it was that the new store opened for business before Grampa Lumley's rheumatism set him at liberty. It was not merely an opening; it was a revolution. Nothing was the same from roof to cellar; but the greatest change of all was in the atmosphere of the place and the attitude it bore toward its patrons. There was a snap to it, an up-to-dateness, a desire to serve and to please. Even young Wade was a changed man. No longer was he careless of his dress, a thing which was due, no doubt, in part to the presence of Elsie Fitch, who occupied the cashier's and bookkeeper's desk, and was by no means a blight upon the scenery herself.

IT HAD not been a simple task to keep news of the revolution from Grampa Lumley, but Scattergood had managed it. He did it characteristically, by taking all and sundry into his confidence, and by making the village a party to the secret Somehow, he succeeded in imposing upon everyone a feeling of responsibility for keeping Grampa in the dark. Which, besides being good psychology, was good advertising for the new store.

Even Wade was astonished at the volume of the first week's business.

"If 'twan't for the load of debts," he said to Scattergood, "we'd be ridin' high. If this here kin keep up we got a business wuth hangin' onto like grim death."

"If I was you," said Scattergood, "I wouldn't start worryin' over them debts till you git where they're worryin' about you."

"But this all has cost a sight," said Wade.

"Then stir around and earn it back agin," Scattergood said.

"What I can't git through my head," Wade said, "is why you went to all the trouble of cartin' that rubbish to your old store."

"Jest fer exercise," said Scattergood. "Mandy's been feedin' me too good. I'm gittin' too close to the two-hundred-and-fifty mark. Um. . . . When's your grampa goin' to be fit to git out?"

"He allows he's comin' down Monday, or bust," Wade said; "and when he gits in that frame of mind, you want to stand out of the road, or you'll git trampled!"

"This is Thursday," Scattergood said. "I calc'late we kin be ready fer him."

In order to be thoroughly ready, he sent no less than four long telegrams that evening, two to Boston and two to New York. Then he waited.

Monday was one of those glowing June days when the peonies are their reddest, and the mountains are their greenest. Grampa Lumley groaned out of bed and muttered into his clothes and, a little later than was his custom, hobbled down the street toward the store. Halfway there he met Scattergood Baines, for Scattergood had been lying in wait.

"Mornin', Wade," he said. "Spryer'n I expected to see ye."

"I still got two kicks and a stagger left

in me," the old man said valiantly. "Seems like I couldn't endure another day, pent up there to the house. Wade's a good boy and all, but he's young. I feel I got to keep an eye on the business."

"Us old heads is still perty useful," Scattergood said.

"Backbone of the country," Mr. Lumley said with a waggle of his head. "Can't heft what we could forty year back; but what we lost in muscle we made up in experience of things."

"Jest so," said Scattergood. "And the' hain't a day goes by but what we garner in some more of it!"

THEY turned the corner and were face to face with the new store front. Grampa looked, almost came to a full stop, and blinked. But he gave no other sign. Not a word of surprise, not an exclamation of dismay. No, sir; he was not one to be shaken from his balance by anything. Nevertheless, he rolled his eyes to shoot calculating sidewise glances at his friend, and his jaw set—set with determination to show the world it could wring no cry of amazement from him, no matter what happened.

His pace increased and he forgot the remaining twinges of rheumatism as he drew nearer the door. Through it he marched without a word.

"Mornin', boy," he said to Wade, and nodded to Elsie as if she had been sitting at her desk for the past fifty years. He even made pretense that he was not boring with his sharp old eyes into every corner, and seeing every new object and alteration.

He walked to the back of the store, while Scattergood stood gazing after him with twinkling, appreciative eyes, and hung up his hat. Then he stepped behind the counter, puffed out his cheeks, and was ready for business. But all this had to come to an end. Something had to happen. Young Wade trembled in his shoes. When the explosion came, where would it strike?

Grampa Lumley craned forward suddenly over the counter and pointed to a vacant spot.

"Where," he demanded of his grandson, "is that there box of prunes that's been settin' right there?"

"Oh, yes. That there box of prunes. Why, Grampa, they was wormy, and we throwed 'em out."

"Huh! . . . Throwed 'em out! Huh! Wormy. . . . Good enough fer the boys to steal, I calc'late!"

That was the explosion. It had come and gone. Young Wade recognized it for what it was, and breathed freely again. Scattergood suffered from a fit of coughing.

"Calc'late I'll go up-stairs," said Grampa. "I got a chore to do up there. You tend store till I git back."

"'Fore you go up," said Scattergood, "I want you should do kind of a favor for me. Got time to walk over to my old store—the one that's been standin' vacant?"

"Guess I kin manage it," said Grampa; "though I'm kind of pressed this mornin'."

"You too, Wade," Scattergood said. "Elsie kin tend to anybody that comes in fer a minute."

"Kin she?" Grampa said, and shot an appraising look at the girl. "Um. . . . Seems as though."

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"Sees all—knows all"

They walked the few steps to the other store, and entered. On the first floor, on tables, was arranged a marvelous conglomeration from the old third floor; remnants, tinware, bolts of cloth, hats, shoes, china—the loot of a thousand attics. Grampa stared sharply, but gave no sign. Scattergood led the way to the upper story, where, nosing about among chairs and tables and clocks and china and crockery and glassware were four strange gentlemen.

"Some folks I want you should meet, Wade," said Scattergood. He introduced the strangers: "Mr. Toms, and Scanberg, and DeVinne, and Walker."

"Howdy," said Grampa. "Hope you find yourselves in good health."

"In extraordinary good health," said Mr. Toms.

"Except the natural shock," said Mr. Scanberg.

"At my age," said Mr. DeVinne, "astonishment isn't so good."

Mr. Walker only shook his head, as one does who has experienced something unbelievable.

"DUNNO'S I foller you," said Grampa. "What kin I do fer you gentlemen?"

"First," said Mr. Toms, "you can tell ûs about it. Where has it been hidden that we never heard of it? I thought one of the four of us had everything important in the country spotted."

"I'd have taken my oath to it," said Mr. DeVinne.

"But, what I can't understand," said Mr. Walker, "is where Mullins is?"

Scattergood cleared his throat. "Mr. Mullins come up here a week ago," he said. "I kind of figgered we'd need some advice, so I paid him to make us an appraisal."

The four looked at Scattergood, and frowned.

"So," said Scattergood, "everythin' mebbe hain't so rosy as you fellers figgered."

"Say," said Grampa, staring, "what's this, anyhow?"

"You might," said Scattergood, "call it Salvation. It's dum close to it. Recognize any of this stuff, Wade?"

"To be sure. Seen most of it one time or another while I was pokin' around. Ought to of. Been over my head since I was knee-high to a grasshopper."

"Run a store, don't ye?" asked Scattergood.

"Calc'late to."

"Gen'al idee is to sell things out of it?"

"Allus figgered so."

"No objection to sellin' this stuff?"

"No objection to sellin' anythin'—if I kin git my money out of it."

"Money's been in some of this quite a spell," said Scattergood.

"Longer'n that," said Grampa. "But somehow I hain't never jest found the right day to git it out."

"W-al, this here's the right day," Scattergood said. "These fellers is customers, and they got a notion of buyin'."

"Buyin' this here?"

"To be sure."

"Go ahead then and pick out what you want. But what in tunket you want it fer's more'n I kin see."

Scattergood turned to the strangers. "Would you ruther set a price on the hull lot, or buy in piece by piece?"

"As for me," said Mr. Toms, "I want it all!"

"Me, too," chorused the others.

"I don't mind saying," added Mr. DeVinne, "that whoever gets those desks and that highboy and the Bennington away from me will have to travel some."

"Fair way," said Scattergood, "is for each of you to write down what he bids on a piece of paper, and then we'll open 'em up and see from there."

The gentlemen sought separate spots and nibbled on lead pencils while their eyes moved about the room in calculation. Grampa Lumley picked at Scattergood's elbow.

"What's goin' on, anyhow," he whispered. "What you expect to git out of this junk?"

"Whatever we git is that much ahead," said Scattergood.

"I hain't a-goin' to sacrifice. Agin my principles. No, sir, not for nobody. Them fellers needn't to think they kin buy all this here stock, even if it is old, fer nothin'."

"They don't think it," Scattergood said.

"I won't take a cent less'n two-three hundred dollars."

"Don't blame ye," said Scattergood.

The four gentlemen, having set down their bids and folded their slips, handed them to Scattergood. The old hardware merchant opened them and then handed them to Grampa, who looked at the first, then bent forward to look again.

"Calc'late suthin's on my specs," he said. "I can't seem to make this out. Don't make no sense."

"What's it say?" asked Scattergood.

"I dunno; but it looks like it says eleven thousand dollars."

"Um. . . . Mebbe you can read this one better."

Grampa peered at the next and shook his head. "That writin' looks like fourteen thousand, but—"

"And this one," Scattergood said.

"Eyes have most certain gone wrong. Calc'late the rheumatiz got into 'em. Twelve thousand five hundred, it looks like."

"Here's another."

"You read it out. No use my tryin'."

"Thirteen thousand seven hundred and fifty."

"It reads that to you?"

"Them's the figgers."

"Um!" Grampa was shaken but not staggering. He cleared his throat and elevated his chin. The world would not live to see him exhibit the weakness of amazement.

"'TAIN'T quite as much as I expected," he said. "Them's good articles, the furniture in special. Well made and all. No, them prices hain't satisfactory. If that's the best you gentlemen got to say, why, I got to be goin' back to the store."

Scattergood concealed a grin of delight. He did not look at young Wade, who was tottering on the brink of collapse, big eyes, and mouth dropped open.

"Jest what I think," he said to Grampa. "These gentlemen got kind of conservative. Want to think it over some more, or be you through biddin'?"

"Mullins appraised this?" asked Mr. DeVinne.

"He done so."

"Would you mind telling us what figure he set?"

"He put a price on each piece. For instance, that there hunk of furniture, he set down at fifteen hundred dollars, and them razor-back chairs, he called 'em—"

"Not razor-back," corrected Mr. Toms.

"Well, some kind of a back. Don't matter what. Said they was wuth upward of two hundred apiece, and he's a dozen of 'em. And so on. Them brown mugs and Bible bottles and what not, that he says was made in Bennington; he says the lot's wuth—"

"You needn't go on. You're posted, all right."

"Calc'lated to be," said Scattergood.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. DeVinne to his companions, "let's not make a massacre of this. We all know this is something unusual, and not to be found again. Not one of us is going away from here without a share in this, if we can manage it."

"You know it," said Mr. Toms.

"Then I propose we talk it over, but in partnership, and handle the lot as a syndicate. We can send the whole to the auction-rooms and take a joint profit. What say?"

"Where can we talk?"

"Give ye the hull end of the store," said Scattergood.

The antique dealers withdrew and conversed in whispers for twenty minutes. Then they returned.

"MR. BAINES," said Mr. DeVinne, "we know pretty well what this will fetch in the auction galleries. It will need attention, crating, repairs, advertising. And we're entitled to a profit."

"To be sure."

"So here's our offer. I tell you fair you can get more if you arrange for a New York sale yourself; but it's out of your line."

"I know that perty well."

"So we think a fair offer is twenty-five thousand flat. That's the best we can do."

"Gentlemen," said Scattergood, "pervidin' Mr. Lumley agrees, I calc'late you bought you a pig."

Grampa nodded. "The figger I had in mind," he said, "was that. Cash."

Again Scattergood concealed a grin. "Cash," he said.

"Done," said Mr. DeVinne. "And I don't mind saying I thought the age of miracles was over. Since everybody in the country has taken to wanting houses furnished with antiques, and paying any kind of price to get 'em, we've been through New England with a fine-toothed comb. Never did I expect to run onto an untouched collection like this again. I should say it was a good day's work for everybody."

"Fair," said Grampa Lumley, "fair to middlin'!"

"Kind of set you on your feet," said Scattergood. "And when we clean up the stuff down-stairs in a week's rummage sale, we'll git enough to pay for most of the alterations out of it. Folks likes to buy at sales."

"What alterations was you speakin' about?" he asked.

"Jest some little changes in the store you hain't had time to notice yit," said Scattergood.

Grampa breathed deeply once. "Jest the same," he said, "by dad, I'm a-goin' to miss that box of prunes!"

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REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF THE NEW JERSEY ZINC CO.
The Permanently White
OUTSIDE PAINT

Free Book for Dog Owners

EVERYONE who has a dog should read this famous book written by Dr. H. Clay Glover. Tells how to feed and care for dogs. Explains dog diseases, their symptoms and remedies. A handy reference book that will be mailed free if you write to: H. Clay Glover Co., Inc., Dept. A, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Teach Your Child How to Care for Dogs

IN one sense, all children care deeply for dogs. But most children, and grownups too, know little of the intelligent, vital care necessary to prevent and to remedy dogs' many ailments. Yet at your drug store or pet shop you can get Glover's Imperial Dog Medicines—used and endorsed by leading dog fanciers and kennel men for dogs of all breeds. These medicines are known the world over for their efficacy and tested safety.

The Care Most Essential

Practically all dogs at all ages, unknown to their masters, are infested with stomach worms. To eliminate them and keep a dog free from their dangerous effects give him Glover's Worm Capsules or the liquid, Glover's Vermifuge. Puppies should get this medical care monthly and older dogs regularly four times a year.

GLOVER'S IMPERIAL DOG MEDICINES

Here are a few of Glover's Medicines which dog authorities advise keeping on hand. Ask for them at your drug stores or pet shop. And do not accept substitutes—when a dog needs medicine he needs the best.

Glover's Worm Capsules	65c
Glover's Vermifuge	65c
Glover's Distemper Medicine	$1.25
Glover's Mange Medicine	65c
Glover's Condition Pills	65c
Glover's Digestive Pills	65c
Glover's Laxative Pills	65c
Glover's Fit Medicine	65c

for fleas
Dogs and their owners alike will welcome this new improved flea soap. It not only does away with fleas, but keeps the dog's coat and skin in the finest condition. 25 cents a cake.
GLOVER'S
KENNEL & FLEA SOAP

I Have Made a Million Dollars But I Haven't Got a Cent

(*Continued from page 13*)

until midnight. I wanted to make a big thing of my advertising work. Advertising held a great fascination for me then. It holds a greater fascination for me to-day.

The story as I have told it thus far covers a period of ten years.

I felt I had reached the peak of my earning power in Philadelphia, so I came to New York and got a job as advertising manager on the New York "Press." This paid me a very much larger salary, and a commission on all business done in excess of a certain figure. I established a home in Brooklyn.

With this larger salary, I should of course have kept a little money ahead, but I didn't.

Numerous opportunities came my way through my business friends to make investments. I recall in particular one opportunity. I was told to buy stock at eight dollars a share in a public utility, which advanced to one hundred and nine dollars a share in a few months.

Suppose I had kept that fifteen hundred dollars I got at one time in Bridgeton, New Jersey, instead of spending it like water, and suppose I had had in addition another one hundred dollars. I could have bought two hundred shares of this stock and made a profit of twenty thousand two hundred dollars. This is only one sample of the many opportunities I have had to pass up in my lifetime because of not having any money put by.

IN FEBRUARY, 1896, a big opportunity came to me to make and save money, without denying any comforts to my family or any serious checking of my desire to entertain friends in our home.

I was offered, and accepted, the advertising management of the New York "Journal," which had recently been purchased by William Randolph Hearst. I remained with Mr. Hearst for over twelve years, resigning to go into another business, which proved a failure and plunged me pretty deeply into debt.

Mr. Hearst paid me a fortune during this period. I was receiving more money than any other newspaper advertising manager in New York (or, as far as I knew, anywhere else). Larger salaries are the vogue to-day, however, for advertising is recognized as a greater necessity than it was then, and there is a great deal more of it.

Mr. Hearst knew of my penchant to spend money. He was very sympathetic, generous, considerate, and appreciative. He let me borrow a lot of money from the office, which finally amounted to a great many thousands of dollars. He never registered a protest because I did not pay any of it back.

Soon after going to work for the "Journal," the third child in our family was born—a second daughter. A few months later she was stricken with pneumonia, which left her in a weakened condition. The doctor advised me to send her South, which I did—her mother, brother, and sister going with her.

My employer learned that I was under pretty heavy expense at this time. Thereupon he sent me a substantial check, which was ostensibly given to me as an appreciation for getting an advertiser in the paper whose business he wanted very much.

Two years later the family moved to Montclair, New Jersey, again upon the doctor's advice, who said my daughter would thrive better in the country. My employer learned about this too. Along came another fat check, which he explained was a small reward for getting another contract which pleased him.

After having been on this important job for several years I obtained a contract from the John Wanamaker store which amounted to $157,600. I did not think it was an unusual accomplishment, but Mr. Hearst did, and he rewarded me in quite a wonderful way.

He authorized the cancellation of my total indebtedness to the paper (mind you, amounting to many thousands of dollars), and in addition I was given a check for one thousand dollars.

THAT was the time I should have put a brake on my spending—make up my mind to get out of debt, and to save at least ten per cent of my earnings. At that time I owed very little more money outside of the indebtedness I have just mentioned.

Heaven knows, I was making a large enough salary to pay my debts and save as little as ten per cent of it. My family and friends would not have been denied anything. The slight cut-down in expenses would not have been noticed. But I simply couldn't learn to save.

At Montclair, I continued to live beyond my income. I spent money like the proverbial drunken sailor. I was prosperous. I was full of good nature and good health. Nothing was too good for my family or my friends. Our home was open house.

In speaking of this period of my life to a woman friend of the family, whose husband in his lifetime was as foolish about spending money as I was, she made this comment:

"You were in your flaring forties then, the most dangerous period in a man's life. The period of flaming youth is nothing in comparison to it. A man in his forties, unless he puts a strong grip on himself, is apt to do the most foolish things of his career. In your case, you gave full rein to your extravagant tendencies."

"Flaring forties" was a new phrase to me, but it fitted my case exactly. The worst blunders of my life were made between forty and fifty.

Let me recite some of the absurd things I did:

From the time I was a boy on the farm I had always liked horses. My wife had always driven a horse as a young girl. In fact, while I was courting her she always met me at the station with a fine bay horse, and buggy just large enough for

two. I wanted her to have a fine horse and turnout. I also wanted my daughters to have a pony and cart, and I wanted my son to have a riding horse. Then I thought I needed a team to take me around with the family, driving them to a closed coupé or an open trap. I got them all. Instead of one horse and a carry-all, or perhaps a team, which would have been sufficient for our needs and something we could have afforded, I had to have a stable, with all that goes with it. This outfit cost me nearly one fourth of my annual income.

Then I took up golf. This was in my forty-first year. I went at my play the same as I went at my work—put my whole heart in it. I learned to play pretty well. My son and elder daughter played with me, and they learned to play well too.

IT WAS necessary that my younger daughter should spend the winter in the South and summers in the Adirondacks; but instead of her mother going with her alone, I felt it would be fine if the son and other daughter went along with them. This arrangement was carried out. They went to Pinehurst, North Carolina, every winter and to expensive resorts in the Adirondacks or in New Hampshire in the summer.

All this took a great deal of money. My son and elder daughter were keen about golf and spent a lot of money on it. I also disbursed quite a little on golf courses around New York. Between the three of us we won 180 prizes, most of which are now in storage. I sat down one day and calculated what these prizes had cost me. I discovered that each trophy had cost me $250, or a total of $45,000, over a period of fifteen years, an average of $3,000 a year. Ridiculous, wasn't it?

I entertained lavishly at my home. Montclair folks thought I was a millionaire. I frequently invited groups of business men to have a day of golf at the club, and then to have dinner with me in the evening. They would have been satisfied with a plain home dinner, but, no, I must serve them an elaborate affair staged by a famous caterer. These dinners never cost less than ten dollars a plate, which did not include the money spent for music while they were dining. I had a negro quartet come to the house. Our dining-room comfortably seated twenty people, and it was filled to capacity many times.

It was all very lovely, and I was glad to be their host. In fact, I was very happy over it. I never stopped to think how rapidly I was piling up debts. The day came when they began to bother me a lot. I had entertained so many guests at the golf club one month, paying for luncheons, cigars, and greens fees, that my bill was four hundred and fifty dollars. This attracted the attention of the directors of the club, who were all good friends of mine and very much interested in my welfare. They made it their business to tell me that I was spending entirely too much money, and they wished for my sake that I could check my expenses.

This gave me a bit of a jolt. It made me think seriously long enough to get rid of my horses and traps—at a big sacrifice of course. I gave up our home and moved back to the city; but I did not leave any

Sound Sleep

—*its importance to* your *success*

Now over a million men enjoy instant, all-night sleep that brings energetic, wide-awake days . . . by using the new Swiss food-drink

We offer you a 3-day test

Ambition. Mental alertness. The power of concentration. The energy to accomplish big things. All these qualities, which are in the make-up of every successful man, are largely the reward of sound, *restoring* sleep.

This is the consensus of opinion of famous specialists who have been studying the contributing factors of success.

And now modern science has found a natural way (a way without drugs) to *instant*, restful sleep that restores your tired mind and body.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening. *That is the experience of most Ovaltine users.*

A 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Why Ovaltine brings restoring sleep

FIRST—It digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

SECOND—It supplies your system with certain health-building essentials which are often missing from your daily fare. One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

THIRD—Ovaltine has the unusual power of digesting 4 to 5 times its own weight of other foods you eat. Hence digestion goes on speedily and efficiently. As a result frayed nerves are soothed because digestive unrest, the main cause of sleeplessness, is overcome.

This is why, when taken at night, a cup of hot Ovaltine brings sound, restoring sleep in a natural way. And as you sleep the quick assimilation of nourishment is also restoring to the entire body. Thus you gather new strength and energy for the next day.

Hospitals and Doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful, pure food-drink. It contains no drugs. It is the special food properties of Ovaltine—*and absolutely nothing else*—that bring its wonderful results and popularity. In use in Switzerland for 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was served as a standard ration to invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it, not only for sleeplessness, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for nerve-strain, malnutrition, backward children, and the aged.

A 3-day test

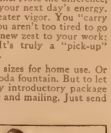
Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of the day.

All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in coupon with 10 cents.

OVALTINE

Builds Body, Brain and Nerves

© 1927 W. W. Co.



I had not had real restful sleep in over five years. Since taking Ovaltine I sleep better and have more ambition to work. It makes sleep come naturally.
George Knox,
Burlington, Vt.

The first night I took Ovaltine I fell asleep quickly and slept better than for months past. Ovaltine is wonderfully soothing and it is also a very pleasant beverage.
A. L. Mulholland,
Albany, N. Y.

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. A-2
57 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

One package to a person

your dog

"The Last of Six"

Polk Miller Products Corp.
Dear Sirs:
Am writing to ask you to send your free book on the care of dogs. I have a white Collie dog, but as he is the only living one of six born last June, I am anxious to take the best care of him. One just died today. Trusting to hear from you."
(Name on request.)

All dogs should be wormed regularly. It may save their lives. Reasons are given on Page 15 in Polk Miller's Dog Book. Use Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules.

Take Care of Your Dog

Yearly, thousands of valuable and beloved dogs suffer and die because their masters do not know how to take care of them. Yet it is easy to know how to care for your dog and treat his diseases. There are proven remedies for every dog ailment and it is a simple matter to find out when and how to use them.

Guard your dog against sickness with Sergeant's Condition Pills. Read carefully Page 20 in the Dog Book.

Famous Dog Book Free

Don't wait until your dog is ill. Write now for Polk Miller's Free Dog Book. In clear, non-technical language it explains proper methods of feeding and breeding. It tells the symptoms of dog diseases and gives full directions for the best treatment for each. A unique symptom chart makes it simple to tell what's the matter with your dog. This famous book, familiar to millions of dog owners, is revised yearly and kept strictly up to date. It has saved the lives of untold thousands of valuable animals.

Distemper kills many valuable dogs. Do you know the symptoms? Described on Page 21 of the Dog Book. Use Sergeant's Distemper Medicine.

Expert Advice, Free

If your dog develops a condition that puzzles you, do not hesitate to write us. Our skilled veterinarian and his staff will diagnose the case and answer personally. Full instructions for care and treatment will be sent you *without charge*.

Sergeant's Dog Medicines, standard for more than fifty years, are sold by dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write us direct. Address Polk Miller Products Corporation, 1566 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

Write for your free copy of Polk Miller's Dog Book.

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"A medicine for every dog ailment"

Write for FREE sample of our No-Tar-Odor Mange Medicine for Human Hair and Scalp.

unpaid bills in Montclair. I borrowed the money to pay them. It was always easy for me to get all the money I wanted, despite my well-known financial shortcomings.

HERE are two sidelights on my experience during my "flaring forties."

Besides spending money foolishly and perhaps recklessly, I loaned it with equal abandon. In cleaning out my desk at home before moving to the city I looked over a package of due bills, the total of which was over forty thousand dollars. That was money handed out to just anybody who came along. I tore them all up; but I realized that if I had that money in hand I wouldn't owe a dollar.

One of the prosperous business men I had entertained many times and who in turn had entertained me, said to me: "Billy, I've got to stop going on outings with you. You spend entirely too much money for me. I can't keep up with you."

Think of that coming from a man who was making more money than I was! It should have struck home, but it didn't. I went on spending just the same, and foolishly thinking that I was having a good time, and with no thought of the future. This man is now one of the vice presidents of one of New York's greatest financial institutions, and is reported to be worth many millions of dollars.

In the fall of 1908, after my disastrous experience of six months in another line of business following my resignation from the Hearst organization, I resumed newspaper work as advertising manager of the New York "Evening Mail." I had known Henry L. Stoddard, editor and owner, back in the Philadelphia days, when he was political correspondent for the "Press."

Despite the fact that I was bothered by debts, I did the best work of my life on the "Evening Mail," and made more money during the five years I was associated with it than I had ever made before. Moreover, Mr. Stoddard gave me the privilege of syndicating advertising talks, which ran in his paper for one thousand consecutive publication days, and earned for me more than fifty-five thousand dollars.

Mr. Stoddard was very generous in many other ways, and frequently paid me special sums of money for doing what he considered unusual things in the way of developing business. During this period, I was so deeply in debt that, in order to keep things moving as smoothly as possible, but without retrenching in the slightest way in my expenses, I borrowed money from Peter to pay Paul and from Paul to pay Peter. That item of fifty-five thousand dollars earned from syndicating advertising talks would have more than paid all my debts and left a nice nest egg besides. But all of it was spent as easily as though I hadn't a care in the world.

In 1915 I went on my own in the advertising business. From that time until the spring of 1922 my fees ran into very big figures. I was still making more money than I ever did, and was spending it just as fast as I made it, until finally my friends got tired of making me loans.

If I had shown the slightest inclination to curb my expenses to the extent of only ten per cent, these wonderful men would have been willing to divide fifty-fifty with me, letting me pay them five per cent of it and saving five per cent. They did not care so much about the return of the money they had loaned me, as that they wanted to see me pull myself together.

The crash in my affairs came five years ago. Two friends who had stood by me loyally became impatient, and told me frankly that I needed a drastic lesson. They gave it to me all right. I was forced into bankruptcy, which nearly broke my heart. I felt that every person I knew was pointing the finger of scorn at me. This was very foolish. While there was comment, it was not at all unfriendly. It was expressive of keen regret that a man who had attained so much prestige in his profession, and had earned so much money, should have allowed himself to get into financial difficulties.

Proud and sensitive to the core I felt the disgrace of bankruptcy so keenly that I decided to go to Florida, where I had once done a special piece of work for a client. It seemed to me to be the coming El Dorado. I figured that maybe I could make sufficient money in a few years so that I could return to New York, not only with a competency but with enough to pay all my debts in full. For a time it looked as though I would realize this ambition; but I was caught in the big real estate collapse. So here I am back in the old town where I once had big earning power and hundreds of friends and well-wishers.

ONE thing is certain: I have learned my lesson at last. I feel sure that opportunities will come my way to redeem myself, and that my earning power will be restored to me. And when that time comes I know that I shall be able to live as well as I ever did, on *forty* per cent of my income. Then I shall divide the remaining sixty per cent into two parts, setting aside thirty per cent to pay my creditors and thirty per cent for insurance and savings.

If I allowed myself to feel depressed over my past, or filled my mind with worries, I would not be capable of carrying on the fight to redeem myself.

Besides, I would be ungrateful to my Maker for having endowed me with wonderful health all my life. Is there any greater blessing?

I would be ungrateful to the memory of my parents, whose splendid training has kept me anchored pretty safely to moral standards. Slipping from moral moorings is infinitely more serious, in the end, than slipping from the thrift standard.

I would lack appreciation of the encouragement and support I have had in generous measure from hundreds of business men and to many good friends who helped me build a fine reputation in my profession.

These memories are the sunshine of my life. And I shall use them to pave the way to my future achievement.

With abundance of health, unfaltering faith, unflagging energy, unceasing optimism, and unbounded confidence that a man can win his fight, even though he commences late in life to realize the kind of fight he must make—is there anything but death to stop him?

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Just 15 Minutes *a Day*

What it will mean to you is told in the FREE BOOKLET below

HERE are two men of equal position and business income. Which of them represents you?

They read about the same number of hours each week. But one has no plan for his reading; at the end of the year he has little or nothing to show.

The other talks like a man who has traveled widely, though he has never been outside of the United States.

He knows something of science, though he had to stop school at fifteen. He is at home with history, and the best biographies, and the really great dramas and essays. Older men like to talk to him because he has somehow gained the rare gift of thinking clearly and talking interestingly.

What's the secret of his mental growth? How can a man in a few minutes of pleasant reading each day gain so much?

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, from his lifetime of reading, study, and teaching, forty years of it as President of Harvard University, answered that question in a free booklet that you can have for the asking.

"For me," wrote one man who had sent in the coupon, "your little free book meant a big step forward, and it showed me, besides, the way to a vast new world of pleasure." This free booklet describes the contents, plan and purpose of

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

Every well-informed man and woman should at least know something about this famous library.

The free booklet tells about it—how Dr. Eliot put into his Five-Foot Shelf "the essentials of a liberal education," how he so arranged it that even "fifteen minutes a day" are enough, how in pleasant moments of spare time, by using the reading courses Dr. Eliot provided for you, you can get the knowledge of literature and life, the culture, the broad viewpoint that every university strives to give.

Every reader of this magazine is invited to have a copy of this entertaining book. It is free, will be sent by mail, and involves no obligation of any sort. Merely clip the coupon and mail it to-day.

This Free Booklet gives Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY
250 Park Avenue, New York City

By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the most famous library in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics), and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot. Also, please advise how I may secure the books by small monthly payments.

Name { Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....

Address .....

5248-HCC-L

The publishers cannot undertake to send the booklet free to children

Since 1875
COLLIER
Good Books

Most Men Shave *the Wrong Way*

They use a blade a few times, throw it away and use a new one. That's wrong! They don't get nearly as good a shave with the new blade as they would if they stropped it before the first shave. Then they put up with a second, third and fourth rate shave on the second, third and fourth days. And finally they throw away a perfectly good blade with a lot of good shaves in it.

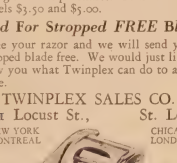
A Twinplex Stropper would completely change the shaving ideas of these men. (Maybe you are one of them.) A few turns and Twinplex puts an edge on a new blade that is a dream for smooth shaving. And ten seconds stropping each day before shaving will make that one new blade shave marvelously for weeks and weeks.

You'll find Twinplex will make shaving easier, quicker, cleaner and vastly more comfortable. You can now buy a Twinplex for as little as $2.50—less than a year's saving on blade purchases. Other Twinplex models $3.50 and $5.00.

Send For Stropped FREE Blade

Name your razor and we will send you a stropped blade free. We would just like to show you what Twinplex can do to a new blade.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1691 Locust St., St. Louis
NEW YORK MONTREAL CHICAGO LONDON



Twinplex Stroppers
FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

The Most Valuable Citizen in My Community

FIRST PRIZE

"I May Be Prejudiced, But—"

EVERY morning he opens his store at six-thirty, while the other storekeepers in the town open their doors at seven-thirty and eight. He is a druggist in a town of five thousand people, and one of the old school.

He is his own prescription druggist and bookkeeper. Often, when he is working on a prescription, he has to stop and go to the front to wait on a customer who wants nothing more than a two-cent stamp. Again, it is a tourist who wants information, or a lady who wants a check cashed, or a child wanting samples. His telephone is the busiest in the town, and sometimes there are two or three people waiting to use it. These customers who buy nothing—and some of them are habitual—are greeted with the same friendly word that is given to all who enter.

His store is open until ten-thirty every night, and though he is now sixty-six years old he works regularly every other night. Sundays are no different from other days to him, save that the store is closed during church service, which he attends faithfully. He is subject to call at all times, and more than once I have seen him routed from bed at two o'clock in the morning to fill a prescription. Thirty minutes is the most he allows himself for each meal.

No one has ever been refused medicine by him for lack of money. Frequently he has worked for an hour on a forty-capsule prescription, and charged only fifty cents for it, because the person could not afford to pay more.

This man is the most valuable citizen in his community because he is rendering the greatest service. Perhaps I am prejudiced in his favor, but then I ought to be, for, you see, he is my father.

C. L. C.

SECOND PRIZE

Thirty-Eight Years of Devotion to His Job

PROF. SMITH, with sprightly step and buoyant manner, despite his thinning white hair and tired smile, is watching the third generation in Our Town progress through the intricacies of the A B C's, just as he has watched the past two generations travel from the first grade, on into the maze of Latin verbs and, finally, to the thrilling days of commencement.

For thirty-eight years he has been superintendent of the public schools of this little town of three thousand souls.

For thirty-eight years he has fought for our school system, worked unceasingly for its improvement and given every minute of his time unselfishly to the thousand-and-one duties connected with his position.

For thirty-eight years he has encouraged boys and girls through their difficulties, praised them for their good work, and helped them prepare for a useful place in society. Over and over again these former pupils refer to him for reference, and he is never too busy to respond. Never does one of them receive an honor or achieve success in his work without receiving a message of congratulation and good cheer from the "Prof."

Out of this little school, during these years, have come a millionaire banker or two, a noted writer, artists, missionaries and ministers, doctors and lawyers, clerks and secretaries. Each one remembers some individual help, good advice, or friendly service which the "Prof." gave so gladly.

At one time the life of the school was threatened in a court proceeding. Day after day he fought in the thick of the battle. In the end, the school was saved.

Active in the affairs of the town, as well as the school, he has stood out as a leader in the community through these many years. (His name isn't really Smith. He is so modest he objected to my using his true name.)

M. E. M.

THIRD PRIZE

The Best Loved and Most Hated Woman in Town

OUR town is small, with a population much smaller in summer than in winter. It is a community of large families, low wages, strong superstitions and prejudices. We have among us one of those human dynamos, a citizen who can and will turn her hand to any service, for friend, town, or surrounding country.

To begin with, she feeds, houses, clothes, and amuses her own family of three children, one of whom has been a semi-invalid for years.

As chairman of the health committee of the school last winter, she helped the district nurse establish eye, ear, and throat clinics, was instrumental in getting glasses, tonsil operations, and hookworm treatment for many children who would never have been able to afford them, often loaning from her own pocket, with small hope of repayment.

Though not a nurse, last year she treated for hookworm practically the whole of a bitterly poor little settlement a few miles away. She interested outsiders in donating clothes and other necessities, and found work for some of the men.

She raised money and donations for a community Christmas tree, took charge of buying and distributing toys, nuts, oranges, and candy for three hundred children, and arranged for a service of Christmas carols at the tree.

After the winter's activities she emerged quite tired out, countless gallons of gasolene to the bad, four tires worn to shreds, the best known woman in town, but, owing to her fight with ignorance and prejudice, probably the best hated as well. However, there are many who will rise up and call her blessed.

M. T. L.

How to Protect the Throat When Smoking

What 9651* Doctors say on this subject

The signed statements of intelligent men and women whose voices are to them what the hands of the day laborer are to him—the means indispensable to livelihood or success in life—are convincing. Actors and actresses, great singers, men conspicuous in public life, radio announcers, testify that they like LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes because of their finer flavor and because they do not irritate the throat.

Before such statements by laymen were published, questions had been addressed to a number of physicians in various sections of the United States—many of them leading physicians—and some replies had been received. The following is the result of the questionnaire:

Q1—In your judgment is the heat treatment or toasting process applied to tobaccos previously aged and cured, likely to free the cigarette from irritation to the throat?

9651 doctors answered this question "YES."

Q2—Do you think from your experience with LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes that they are less irritating to sensitive or tender throats than other cigarettes, whatever the reason?

11,105 doctors answered this question "YES."

© Mishkin, N. Y.

Titta Ruffo,
Noted Metropolitan Star,
writes:
"Like scores of others whose everything is their voice and a clear throat, I, when I smoke, prefer the toasted cigarette—Lucky Strike."

Titta Ruffo

* *WE HEREBY CERTIFY that we have examined signed cards answering Questions One and Two and that there are 9651 affirmative answers to Question One and 11,105 affirmative answers to Question Two.*

LYBRAND, ROSS BROS. & MONTGOMERY
Accountants and Auditors
New York, July 22, 1927.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

What Are You Afraid Of?

(*Continued from page 19*)

the thought. But these boys do it without *thinking* of being afraid. They also go out when necessary any hour of the night without fear."

"Well," I said, "maybe that is because they are naturally courageous."

"Oh no, you are looking at courage wrong end to. The kind of courage these boys illustrate is in my judgment utter absence of fear, due chiefly to the fact that they have rarely, if ever, heard of fear."

"But," I asked, "did not their parents sometimes have to frighten these boys with punishment?"

"They punished the boys when necessary by depriving them of privileges and the like, but never by whippings or dark closets or 'bogies' of policemen and things that would cause fear.

"Why, think of it!" the doctor said, with indignation in his voice. "The policeman out there on the corner tells me that mothers frighten their children so much with the bogy of a big policeman coming to get them that the city police have great difficulty in helping children who are in real danger. He says, when they go to help a child across the street or something, it is likely to run and scream, and possibly dodge under a passing automobile and get hurt or killed."

"And that's only a sample of the way parents actually *train* their children to a life of fear.

"HERE is a true story which illustrates how parents start their children on lives of fear. It is that of a woman who has the very common fear that she will find a burglar under her bed or some other place, when she returns home at night.

"Think how ridiculous this fear is," the doctor smiled. "Probably not one person in ten thousand ever saw a burglar more than once in a whole lifetime. Yet these people act as though at least three houses out of five were burglarized every night of the year. I know one small town where there has not been a burglary in over fifty years; and yet half the women and children, and some of the men, are constantly afraid of burglars.

"I have a number of these cases of burglary fear now, but the one referred to is a woman of twenty-two. She was in such a hysterical condition when she came to me that you would have supposed burglars were going to make a mass attack on her house every night.

"I went back and back, probing into that woman's history. There is *always a beginning somewhere to every* fear. I probed for a long time and found nothing. She had never been frightened by an actual burglar; nor had she ever seen one.

"Finally, I discovered that when she was a child, her mother would double-lock the street door, then look under the beds and into the closets, as though burglars made these places a frequent resort. Lastly, she would look under the girl's bed, and securely lock her door.

"Of course the child grew up with the idea that burglars were about as common as flies in summer time. And now, here at twenty-two, she was so paralyzed with the fear of burglary that she could not sleep or live a normal life.

"All because of a mother's foolish attitude! After a long time, she has become complete master of herself and her fear, and she sleeps with only ordinary precautions."

"WHAT is the worst and most common fear you have to deal with?" I inquired.

"The fear 'I won't make good,'" answered the doctor instantly. "That's the greatest and most common fear of all. It's the curse of humanity, and entirely useless.

"Of course we all have had a normal and healthy fear at times that we might not make good in certain situations, such as dealing with the boss, or making a speech, or meeting a customer, and the like; but with these people it has become so chronic that it crushes the heart out of them, saps their nerve, and pretty well insures that they won't and can't make good."

"Does this fear always go back to childhood?" I inquired.

"Not always. It most frequently comes from *the demands made upon people to try things which are beyond their physical, mental, and temperamental capacities.*

"Our schools are the worst offenders in this. They require children to do things which our physical, mental, and temperamental tests *prove* that more than fifty per cent of them cannot do. These children can do other things just as important; indeed, far more important for the kind of lives they are going to lead and the work they are going to do. But just because of these foolish demands and false standards, which over half of the pupils can't possibly make good at, the schools actually drill into the children the habit of fear, and the feeling of failure.

"The children thus get the attitude, 'How am I ever going to get through this?' And usually they don't, and can't. They do their best and fail, and soon are filled with all sorts of fears and feelings of inferiority, which spread over their whole lives.

"I recall the case of a boy, who was about nineteen when he came to me. For some time he had been out of a job. Since leaving high school he had had several jobs. He gave obvious reasons why he had left each job, but I was not quite satisfied. Finally, I found out by questioning that each time before he had quit a job there was looming up before him the picture that he was going to fail. He felt each time that very soon he was going to fall down. So he 'got out from under,' and deceived even himself about his reasons for quitting.

"As I got more deeply into his story, it became clear that he had the ability to handle all these jobs; but I found, also, that his school had made demands upon him that he could not meet. This had got him into the habit of looking ahead with fears and *expecting* failure. I have numerous cases like this, and by proper handling can teach them how to overcome the difficulty.

"Modern psychology has proved that practically everyone can do far more than he thinks he can do. The lack of confidence which people have in themselves is astounding, considering their equally astounding abilities.

"Strangely enough, some of the most incompetent people are those who brag most about what they can do. The egotistical man who brags on himself is, nine times out of ten, not doing nearly as much as he could. But he is afraid he cannot do what is expected of him, and so he brags, as a compensation for his own fears. I heard a good epigram the other day, 'Your brags express your fears.' This is perfectly true.

"Of course many people are delighted in other people's successes and pained at their failures, yet most of us are a little relieved at the failures of others, because it releases us from the fear that maybe we are inferior. Other people's failures give us confidence in our superiority.

"The fear that you won't make good takes many forms. For a long time I had a man, one of the biggest executives of America, who got afraid to meet other people. His income ran into six figures. And yet he sat there in my office like a whipped dog, and confessed he was in mortal terror in meeting his subordinates.

"He told me that he never went into a conference with the managers of his factories and other officers without his heart fluttering, his breathing getting hard, and without wondering how he was going to get through. His underlying fear was this: 'What are these fellows thinking of me? Will they carry away the impression that I am really a big executive, or just a mollycoddle in a big job?' He often postponed important conferences because he was afraid to meet his men either singly or in a body.

It finally became clear to me where it all started. All fears start somewhere. His father had been a bear and tyrant in his family. Everyone had to refer all decisions to him. The boy grew up without any will or personality of his own. You can't do anything worse for your children than to keep them dependent upon you for their decisions. Little children must depend on their parents, but it is disastrous for children fifteen or sixteen years old.

"THIS boy was fond of football and a fine player, but his father made a coward out of him by refusing to let him play in a big game after the boy had received a slight injury. The boy invented other excuses besides his father's veto, and soon, when another big game was on, he played sick and refused to go to the field.

"He forgot this experience, and finally got away from his father and climbed to be this big executive. But unconsciously the fact that he had sneaked out of a big game made him try to sneak out of important engagements.

"He developed a habit of dodging, and when I saw him as a famous executive he hadn't an inkling there was any connection between those football games and his present form of fear.

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"But when I made him describe *just exactly how he felt when he was preparing for his conference*, he soon saw, himself, that each time he was simply *reliving that old football experience*. It was a big revelation.

"Now, you take a sensible man, and when he sees the cause of his fear, as a rule the fear vanishes. This man became calm and confident, and was soon going strong again."

"I suppose," I said, "that you teach your patients will power, nerve, determination, how to grit their teeth and go through things."

"Not a bit of it," Mitchell replied, with a tinge of sarcasm. "Perhaps you have noticed that you probably have seldom, if ever, heard me use the words 'will,' or 'will power.' I don't believe in what is popularly called 'will.' Most people imagine that will power is some mysterious mental pep or jazz or dynamo that you can summon by some sort of fierce effort or determination out of the nebulous nowhere, which adds something new to your own power. I do not believe that that view represents our best psychology.

"Will, in my belief, is a *system of habits*. You can, of course, greatly strengthen these habit systems—call them will power, if you like. In this way, your self-mastery grows rapidly, and you can immensely increase the drive of your powers. But you do not do it by some supreme inner effort, or some miraculous concentration. You do it merely by exercising a long series of choices of the right action, instead of the wrong action.

"By thus acting a great many times in the right way, you develop these habit systems. They gradually become the main body and drive of your whole life. In time, these habit systems grow so strong that they literally head off any thoughts of doing any other way. In this way, your will, or your desirable habit systems, as I prefer to call them, grows so powerful that in time, without hesitation, you express the whole force of your personality in the desirable direction. That, to me, is a strong 'will.'

"IT SOMETIMES takes a good while to build up new habits that are stronger than the old ones. Here, for example, was a young man who was so afraid of going up on high places that he could not go above the second story of the down-town office buildings. He could not bring himself to go up even in an elevator. You can imagine what a man would be up against, trying to make a living in New York, and never leave the ground floor.

"I found it all went back to three childhood situations: The first was that of a jovial old uncle who used to catch him and hold him dangling over an open well while the little fellow screamed with terror. This gay uncle did not realize that his little joke was ruining a boy's whole life.

"The second thing occurred when his teacher, in order to discipline him, used to threaten to drop him out of the third-story window.

"The third thing in this beautiful method of child-training, was when his father did precisely what he should not have done. He dragged him frequently to the edges of cliffs and high buildings, and said, 'I'll break you of this fear.' Oh, if parents would only ever get over this foolish idea of 'breaking children's wills,' and 'conquering' them! In this boy's case, the other children also made matters worse by calling him 'scared cat!' Parents should train their children not to frighten and ridicule each other.

"Well, it was a long process of reëducation. I first slowly built up his *confidence that he could overcome it*. I mapped out a program like this: 'You will go so many times this day to the second story of a building, and so many times to-morrow. You must call to mind all I have said about there being no *reality* to your fears. If there were, everybody would be afraid. Remember, too, there are only two natural fears. Keep all this in mind to give you confidence.'

"I built up his self-confidence in other ways, and soon had him going up in elevators and everywhere, without thought of being afraid. Don't you see I began at the bottom of the building and worked up? His father and teachers had begun at the top and worked down. That's what they always do, begin at the wrong end when they try to 'break' children's wills and fears.

"Just as the greatest fear is the fear that you won't make good, so the greatest cure is building up confidence that you *can and will make good*. And it is truly amazing what a simple process it is by which most people have lost their self-confidence, and what a simple mental trick it is to get it back.

"I ALWAYS give everyone who comes to me an intelligence test and show him what it means in his particular case. Practically always, one measures up in a higher rank than he has been imagining himself. Indeed, I frequently give intelligence and aptitude tests now by mail. They are not quite so reliable as if given by a psychologist personally under rigid conditions, but anyone can get a fairly accurate idea of his abilities by tests which he can give to himself.

In addition, I have a simple little scheme for restoring self-confidence that works astonishingly well. It is so simple that you may at first think it absurd. But just try it. It gets results.

"The scheme is this: I have my clients make a list of forty or fifty common everyday performances, such, for example, as driving a car, playing the piano, making a speech, superintending the work of others, acting as host or hostess, telling an interesting story, and the like. Next, I have them rate their own ability in these performances on a scale running from 1 to 5.

"I then say to them: 'If you think you are among the best ten per cent of the people you know, in doing these things, rate yourself 5; if among the worst ten per cent, rate yourself 1. If not in the upper ten per cent but in the upper thirty per cent rate yourself 4; if not in the worst ten per cent but in the worst thirty per cent, rate yourself 2. If about 50-50 rate yourself 3.' When they have done this, I have them add up the sum total of their ratings.

"Next, I have them rate ten of their friends in the same way on the same performances, and compare their total scores with the total scores of each one of their friends.

"The psychological point in the scheme is this: A man loses his confidence in himself by a general blanket judgment of his own inability and inferiority. And what this scheme does is that it substitutes in the place of a man's blanket judgment of inferiority, a set of particular judgments of his ability in particular performances. The part of the scheme which I keep up my sleeve is this: I know that a man is not so likely to list a performance in which he knows he is poor as he is to list something in which he is fairly good, or excellent.

"For example, I would never list for myself, 'Singing a solo.' I would rate zero on that. I ask each person to make his own list. Without any suggestion from me, they are astonished to find that they usually rank better than others on particular items.

"It is amazing how people cling to their fears. They are so thoroughly convinced of their inferiority that they actually fight against discovering the opposite. They are afraid if they let go of their fears they will have no place to light.

"It seems unbelievable, but people often fight against my proving that they have large unused abilities, for fear they can't make good on them. It reminds me of an incident related by Dr. S. I. Franz, psychologist of Leland Stanford. He had a man who had walked for years with a crutch. One day, Doctor Franz set a situation so the fellow got excited and ran nearly two blocks without his crutch. When he discovered he did not have his crutch, he yelled for them to bring it to him quick, as he couldn't walk without it!

"You see, just like that man, these people have been saying to themselves, 'I am no good; I can't make good.' They have also been saying about their friends, 'They are all right; they can make good.' They are applying a generalized judgment to themselves, and a judgment of particular performances to their friends. Now, this little psychological scheme of mine makes them reverse the whole thing, and apply a large series of particular judgments to themselves against the abilities of their friends.

"They thus nearly always come out with a higher standing in *their own judgment* than the very people with whom they have been comparing themselves unfavorably for perhaps thirty or forty years.

"THE great difficulty with these people who are fearful, blue, depressed, worried, and afraid they won't make good, is that they won't face *reality*. Frequently, their parents have shielded them so and made decisions for them until they are bewildered when they have to make decisions about real things for themselves.

"These over-mothered folks are certainly pathetic propositions—and the over-fathered ones too. Parents should realize that their big job is to teach a child independent *command of life*.

"I tell you, Wiggam, some day, and that very soon, we are going to revamp our whole system of education, and our ideas as to what makes an educated man or woman. Anyone who is afraid of the ordinary trials and difficulties of life, and fearful of failure, and that he won't make good, *is not in any true sense an educated person*.

"We shall begin first with the parents, and show them that when they talk fear and lack of confidence in the home, and when they dominate, threaten, rebuke, frighten, and ridicule a child, they are

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wounding its mind and heart, and marking it with the brand of fear and failure for life.

"We shall next take the school and the school-teachers, and show them the folly of setting tasks for children at which over one half are bound to fail. Every child's mental abilities will be measured, and tasks set at which each child can succeed with the joy of success.

After years of experience, Doctor Mitchell has tabulated the actual fears of hundreds of college students, school supervisors and teachers and a considerable number of salesmen, clerical workers, executives, and merchants.

THE surprising thing is to find, even among able, successful people, that the fear of failure is well-nigh universal. Fear of not being able to handle the situations of life which lie ahead is plainly one of the most devastating burdens of mankind. This fear takes several forms! but the following is a partial list of them:

Not being able to get a job.
Not being able to satisfy in the present job.
Not being able to hold the new job, if obtained.
Not being able to meet strangers.
Not being able to talk to the boss.
Not being able to meet subordinates and maintain authority.
Not being able to meet customers.

Summing up, Doctor Mitchell finds the following proportion of fears among normal people:

Fear of failure	75%
Fear of the dark	16%
Fear of thunder and lightning	16%
Fear of animals	13%
Fear of water and drowning	12%
Fear of falling from high places	4%

In addition, Doctor Mitchell finds a great many normal people have the following chronic fears:

Being alone
Traveling on trains
Crossing a bridge
Old age
Death
The dead
Poverty
Fire
Being kidnapped
Ghosts
Burglars
Firearms
Being buried alive
Being locked in
Dark holes
Disappointment
Mediocrity
A cellar
The sight of blood
The dentist
An oft-repeated dream
An insane person
The end of the world
Taking an anesthetic
Fast driving
Insanity
Injuring others when driving
Excessive heat
Getting lost
Points or sharp edges
Big eyes, mouth, or teeth
The opposite sex
Punishment and its instruments
Disease and germs
Loss of friends or relatives
Bad luck—the number 13, etc.
Skeletons
Very narrow or wide-open spaces
Becoming a drug addict
An eclipse
Machinery
A locomotive

Among the creatures which many normal people say they are "deathly afraid" of are:

Rats
Mice
Snakes
Dogs
Cats
Wild animals
Bulls
Horses
Bugs
Beetles
Caterpillars
Spiders
Pigs
Toads
Cows

Nothing is more valuable in building up your self-confidence than to compare yourself *item by item* with other people. You lose your confidence by a *blanket* judgment of your inadequacy. You build it up by an *itemized* judgment of your actual abilities.

In the accompanying chart, Mr. A—— K——, an actual person, has rated himself and ten other persons in fifty significant performances. Mr. A—— K—— had an overpowering fear of failure. This was his blanket judgment. Had his belief in his own inadequacy been true, he would have rated himself 1 on all these performances, and his friends 5. This would have given him a total score of 50 and his friends a score of 250.

But when he rates himself, item by item, his actual score in these 50 skills is 176. He thus has *3½ times the ability that he thought he had*. He rates only one person, Mr. B——, above himself; namely, 220. Only two have ratings near his own, Mr. E——, 173, and Mr. I——, 170.

Thus, in his own carefully analyzed judgment he is superior to nine out of ten of the very persons he is afraid of:

The following rating chart is given merely as an indication of the wide and varied range of performances you can use for comparative purposes. In making up your own list, you will doubtless prefer to substitute other subjects for some of those given here. For instance, if you are a woman, you will substitute more feminine occupations and talents for the purely masculine ones contained in the chart, and vice versa, so that your rating will have a real comparative value.

Performance Rating Chart of A. K.

	A. K.'s Self-rating	Rating of Ten Friends									
		A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J
Sing a solo	5	3	1	1	4	2	2	4	5	3	1
Play the piano	4	2	1	1	5	2	3	3	3	3	4
Paint a picture	1	1	2	1	5	1	2	5	3	3	5
Drive a car	5	4	5	4	1	1	3	1	1	1	4
Cook a meal	4	5	5	3	5	5	5	1	1	4	4
Make a dress or suit	5	2	1	1	3	3	5	1	3	3	4
Build a house	1	1	5	2	1	2	1	1	1	1	1
Grow flowers	2	4	5	1	4	4	4	1	1	2	3
Run a typewriter	1	3	4	1	1	4	5	4	1	1	5
Keep accounts	5	3	5	3	5	5	5	4	4	5	5
Lead a scout group	2	2	5	2	1	3	3	4	1	3	1
Tell an interesting story	4	1	5	3	3	5	3	5	3	4	4
Set up a radio outfit	1	4	5	3	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Repair a motor	1	5	5	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Review a book	4	1	5	3	3	3	3	5	3	4	3
Criticize a play	5	1	4	3	3	2	3	5	3	5	3
Write a story	5	2	5	3	3	5	3	5	3	4	4
Play tennis, baseball, etc.	1	4	5	4	1	1	3	1	1	3	3
Play cards	3	5	4	4	3	1	5	2	3	5	1
Dance	5	4	1	3	2	1	3	3	3	5	5
Write letters	5	2	5	3	4	5	3	5	4	5	4
Report a speech	5	1	5	3	5	5	5	5	3	5	4
Memorize poetry	5	3	5	3	5	5	4	5	4	5	4
Sail a boat	1	1	5	3	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Swim	1	4	5	5	1	1	4	1	2	5	2
Care for animals	4	2	5	4	5	4	5	2	3	5	5
Carry on a conversation	5	3	5	3	4	5	5	5	4	5	3
Preside at a meeting	4	2	5	2	4	5	4	4	3	4	3
Take part in a play	5	1	3	3	3	4	3	5	4	5	3
Make or repair furniture	1	4	5	2	2	2	1	1	1	2	2
Decorate a room	4	4	4	3	5	5	5	5	4	4	4
Repair electric lighting system	1	5	5	2	2	1	1	1	1	1	1
Teach a class	4	2	5	1	2	5	3	4	2	3	1
Sell real estate	5	3	5	2	2	4	3	3	1	2	1
Make a speech	5	1	5	1	2	5	2	5	1	3	1
Organize a political campaign	3	1	5	2	2	4	2	5	1	2	1
Paint a house	2	4	5	5	2	2	2	2	1	2	1
Diagnose physical ailments	3	2	3	4	3	3	2	1	1	2	1
Care for children	4	1	5	3	5	5	5	1	3	4	4
Keep a house in order	5	2	5	4	5	5	5	1	2	4	5
Exercise tact	5	5	5	4	4	5	4	5	5	5	2
Supervise the work of others	3	5	5	3	3	5	3	3	2	3	2
Follow instructions	4	4	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	4
Sing in a chorus	5	3	2	3	5	3	3	4	5	5	4
Influence other people	4	3	5	2	3	5	3	5	3	4	2
Conduct a business	3	4	5	3	2	4	3	3	2	3	2
Sell automobiles	4	2	5	3	2	3	3	5	1	3	1
Act as host or hostess	4	1	5	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	3
Control an unruly child	4	1	5	3	4	5	4	1	1	4	3
Make and retain friends	4	3	5	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	2
	176	136	220	138	155	173	164	158	123	170	138

DON'T give him ordinary good food. Take him to a place that offers the unusual in food and drink. Give him something worth rolling on the tongue to get the full measure of its delicate exciting flavor. Never mind whether it's as easily digestible as it might be. Delicacies that make people expand and grow mellow are somehow not always "health foods."

But before you leave him be sure to tell him the Gourmet's secret—ENO.

Tell him to take a sparkling dash of it in water before he goes to bed, another when he gets up. It will help to clear his system, rid him of many of the poisons that often follow overindulgence in food and drink, and thus help to keep his spirits high next day so that nothing will intervene to dim the genial memory of the night before.

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THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

I Buried My Financial Troubles In the Deep Blue Sea

AFTER having been a widow several years, I took three children to rear and educate. Their ages were nine, twelve, and fourteen years, two girls and a boy, the boy being the oldest of the three. From the start, I gave each child an allowance. The girls had ten dollars a month each, and the boy fifteen dollars.

My income was $260 a month. After deducting the children's allowance money, there was $225 to budget. This we did on the most expensive system book to be had.

I had put my savings into a home, and was paying out the balance on the purchase price "just like rent." When we moved into the new house and had purchased enough additional furniture to meet the needs of three more persons, I had $240 in the bank. Of course that was absolutely sacred. According to "the book," anyone who dipped into his savings was a lost soul.

But the budget failed to take into consideration the unsatisfactory lawn that the building company had put in for me, and it haughtily ignored the chicken runs that I had to have built at the rear of the lot.

Summer slipped by and time for school came. I had paid out $50 to have the lawn reconstructed. The enclosure for the chickens took $20, and the twelve hens cost $24. I had the use of the lot next door, and in order to get the benefit of the early rains I had it plowed. That cost $6. My $240 was now reduced to $140.

About this time the children started to school. In a few days, I received a letter from the health department saying that the youngest child must have her tonsils out. Her condition was so bad that she was held at the hospital a week. The operation cost $50, a hospital room $40, and the anesthetic $10. This left me $40, and I grimly resolved that it should stay in the bank if I had to go without shoes.

I HAD always been rather an easy spender. I earned more than enough for my needs, and as occasion arose I spent what I liked. But after coming under the influence of the budget book, I spent with groanings each penny that was not authorized by the budget.

Ordinarily, I would have paid poor little Edwina's hospital and surgeon's bills cheerfully, thankful that I had the money to meet the indebtedness. All my concern and sympathy would have been with her suffering. I paid, but I'm afraid I did so grudgingly.

We live in a state in which all school books are furnished, even to high-school students. However, by the time John had his mechanical drawing tools, his gymnasium suit, his football shoes, and his track suit, and Elizabeth and Edwina had cooking aprons, gymnasium suits and shoes, and all and sundry had paid locker fees and swimming pool fees, the $40 in the savings bank had become $3.65, and I a gibbering idiot. My once reliable sense of humor had died a horrible death. It had been smothered between the leaves of a budget book.

But I went grimly and stupidly on. Daily expenditures were recorded on a little tablet with the date and the purpose. Once a week these items were transferred to the budget book. Once a month the book was balanced, I was unbalanced, and the family peace and happiness were given one more shove toward annihilation. In other words, we spent the money once and then gloomed over its departure again during the daily, the weekly, and the monthly reckoning.

There is something in my make-up that forces me to follow a course once I have set out on it. I stuck to my budget book for a year. By this time it was September again and the children must start to school. I got an old friend to come and keep house for them for a week while I went down to the beach by myself. I took with me the budget book and all my canceled checks. And there I held a post-mortem that *was* one. I had promised to go to Catalina with a friend, so I made a neat package of the vouchers, the budget book, and a good-sized stone that I had found on the beach. Then I embarked for Catalina. At one point on the way to this island, there is a very deep place in the ocean floor. I learned from the captain when we were directly over this great depth, and there I quietly slipped the package of grief overboard.

WHEN I got home, I called the children together and told them that I had decided to abandon the budget plan. They would still have their allowance money, and out of the remaining sum we would first pay the instalment on the house, then the water, light, gas, and telephone bills, and set aside what we had found to be about an average for the table. The rest we would use as we needed it.

At the end of the month, wardrobes were gone over, and new clothes, repair bills, and cleaner's bills planned for. When this left anything for uplift, amusement, or savings, then those funds had a share. If one of us preferred to go to a show and wear a mended glove, that was his privilege.

Each child had a savings account of five dollars started for him. This was added to twice a year, the savings being kept in individual envelopes in my desk until the half-year rolled around. No one but the saver knew how much was in the envelope; and if at any time he deemed that he had a better use for any or all of the coins there, he consulted no one, but used as much as he saw fit.

Possibly I have outlined a sort of budget. If I have, I prefer it to be called by a less austere name. For us it has proved a flexible, variable, livable plan, and it has added enormously to the sum total of our happiness.

My children are all adults now. None of us is in the "poorhouse," and no one of us owns a budget book! M. J. P.

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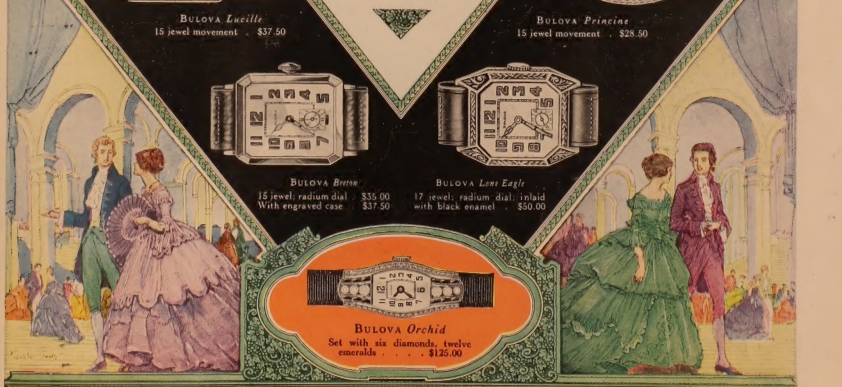

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